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THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

MAY TO AUGUST INCLUSIVE.

1841.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

MAY, 1841.

ART. I.—*On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures: Reported, with Emendations and Additions.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: James Fraser, 1841.

DURING the month of May, last year, Mr. Carlyle delivered these six lectures to admiring and enlightened audiences; and now that they are published, thousands will read and re-read them with ever-increasing delight and profit; for there is more thought, strength, and strangeness in the *duodecimo* than in all the books put together that have come under our notice for months.

“On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History!”—It is tantamount to a redundancy of speech to say that it is impossible for any one to predict how an original thinker will treat of any subject, even after the title of it be given out, and with some degree of particularity too. Certainly, at least, no one, or very few, will form any distinct notion of the meaning which Mr. Carlyle attaches to the words which appear in the title-page of his volume, much less of the sort of detailed handling of them in the course of the work. It will therefore be our endeavour, by a general account of the purpose and plan of the Lectures, and by extract or abstract, to convey an impression of the scope of our author’s views, of the matter of them as doctrines, of the manner of them, and also of some of the things suggested rather than expressed; reserving certain critical remarks to the conclusion of our paper, upon the merits of this extraordinary thinker and writer, as displayed in one of his most extraordinary productions.

A “Hero,” according to Mr. Carlyle, is a great man; the history of what man has accomplished in this world, being “at bottom, the history of the great men who have worked here;” in other words, the lives and characters of a few great men embody universal history, some one representing its spirit and essence at every distinct stage and epoch, both by being modified and the modifier in respect

of prevailing influences and impressions. Every such distinct and decidedly great man has obtained the worship of all other men in his particular epoch, although frivolity, selfishness, and scepticism may have been the characteristics of that epoch, as when the French worshipped or unlimitedly admired and copied Voltaire. "They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thought that dwelt in the great men sent into the world. The soul, the marrow of the whole world's history, were the history of these." A divine relation, he calls it, in all times unites a great man to other men; and Heroism is the term which he uses to express *the* greatness, the grand elements of which are sincerity, practical earnestness, and unceasing efforts to carry mankind to a higher sphere of light and action than any one man ever before contemplated. Such a one "is the living light-fountain;" his is "the light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of Heaven; a glowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness."

The chief fact in the history of such a man is his religion, just as it is of a nation's history. Not that by the term *religion* is meant the church-creed professed by the man, "but the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there; that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest." His religion, therefore, may be mere scepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself spiritually related to the unseen world or no-world."

Such is Mr. Carlyle's theory; and in following it out he first gives us the ancient incarnation of a hero, when he was regarded as a god, Odin being the man or character selected for the purpose of illustration. Here the author not only gives us broad lights belonging to Scandinavian legends, literature, and mythology, but takes bold flights over the regions of classical and eastern Paganism; the secret of all its forms being "transcendant wonder," and "that is worship." "To these primeval men, all things and every thing they saw exist beside them were an emblem of the Godlike, of some god." But of all emblems of the Highest God of all, "is man such an emblem;" Scandinavian paganism being more interesting to Mr. Carlyle, as he thinks it ought to be to all of us Northmen, than any other. The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology

he finds to be the impersonation of the visible working of Nature. "What we now lecture of as science they wondered at, and fell down in awe before as religion." And see how our lecturer sympathises with the system:—

"To me there is in the Norse System something very genuine, very great and manlike. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian System. It is Thought; the genuine thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things,—the first characteristic of all good Thought in all times. Not graceful lightness, half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods 'brewing ale' to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jotun; sending out Thor to get the cauldron for them in the Jotun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the Pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the Pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward gianthood, characterises that Norse System; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, a Giant made by 'warm winds' and much confused work out of the conflict of Frost and Fire—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the Sea, his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard, their Gods'-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdignagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giant-like, enormous; to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giantlike, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares, the Goethes!—Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors.

"I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its 'boughs,' with their huddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it;—or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; 'the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*.' Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfil the

Moesogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful ; altogether beautiful and great. The '*Machine* of the Universe,'—alas, do but think of that in contrast!"

Mr. Carlyle would not like to be compelled to say very minutely whence this old Norse view of Nature came ; but sure he is it came from the thoughts of the Norse-men ;—" from the thought, above all, of the first Norse-man who had an original power of thinking." Innumerable men had passed by, across this universe, with a dumb vague wonder, and a fruitlessly inquiring wonder, "till the great thinker came, the *Original* man, the seer, whose shaped-spoken thought awakens the slumbering capability of all into thought. It is ever the way with the thinker, the spiritual hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to say ; and thought once awakened does not again slumber, until it unfolds itself into a system, till that system has reached its full stature, and must give place to another." " For the Norse people, the man now named Odin, and chief Norse god, we fancy, was such a *first* man." Was he not a teacher—a captain of body and of soul—a hero, admiration for whom, transcending the known bounds, became adoration.

The second great man-hero appeared as a prophet, Mahomet being the pattern and example ; and certainly he has been the chief among mankind, who has been the object of human credulity and homage ; although we opine that many will startle when they read Mr. Carlyle's vindication of him for earnestness and sincerity, as well as for ability and influence.

Certainly the worship of a man-hero, not as a god, but as a god-inspired one,—as a prophet, is the second phasis of hero-worship. Not that Mr. Carlyle regards Mahomet as the truest of prophets, but that he esteems him as a sincere one, and as no quack or impostor, and of whom he is determined to say all the good that he can. We must find room for some of the preliminary generic remarks on this example, our author's method being, in every one of his lectures, first to introduce his subject in this philosophising and excursive way, and, secondly, to sketch the biography and character of each individual, deduced frequently from the influence he has had on mankind. Mr. C. observes as follows :—

" Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Imposter, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has

been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

"Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of any thing in God's true Creation, let us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an Age of Scepticism; indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway. A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, be verily in communion with Nature and the truth of things, or Nature will answer him, No, not at all! Speciosities are specious—ah me!—a Cagliostro, many Cagliostros, prominent world-leaders, do prosper by their quackery, for a day. It is like a forged bank-note; they get it passed out of *their* worthless hands: others, not they, have to smart for it. Nature bursts up in fire-flames, French Revolutions and such like, proclaiming with terrible veracity that forged notes are forged.

"But of a Great Man especially, of him I will venture to assert that it is incredible he should have been other than true. It seems to me the primary foundation of him, and of all that can lie in him, this. No Mirabeau, Napoleon, Burns, Cromwell, no man adequate to do any thing, but is first of all in right earnest about it; what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic."

Now, he who says this is professedly a sincere and earnest Christian. But Mr. Carlyle measures men and things, not only by deeply reverencing intellectual greatness wherever found, but looking upon it from other than sectarian grounds; it is by throwing himself upon the age when that greatness first became the object of worship, that he speaks and judges. In this way his embodiment of history is genuine, as well as hearty and honest, and remarkably courageous.

The third hero appeared in the shape of poet,—Dante—Shakspeare, being the types and models. Divinity and prophet are past; the poet who belongs to an age in which knowledge has attained to a higher degree, never passes away. And yet, wherever there is an hero-soul, "in no age is it other than possible that he may be shaped into a poet." Indeed, "*Vates* means both prophet and

poet," although they differ greatly "in our loose notions of them." Mr. Carlyle's idea of their relationship is this, that the former is "a revealer of what we are to do, the other of what we are to love." Concerning Dante, and as allied to, or contrasted with Mahomet, we thus read :—

"The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing; yet in truth it belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's. So always. The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods,—how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work there with him;—as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not he precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, yet living voiceless.

"On the whole, is it not an utterance, this mystic Song, at once of one of the greatest human souls, and of the highest thing that Europe had hitherto realised for itself? Christianity, as Dante sings it, is another than Paganism in the rude Norse mind; another than 'Bastard Christianity' half-articulately spoken in the Arab Desert, seven hundred years before!—The noblest *idea* made *real* hitherto among men, is sung, and emblemed forth abidingly, by one of the noblest men. In the one sense and in the other, are we not right glad to possess it? As I calculate, it may last yet for long thousands of years. For the thing that is uttered from the inmost parts of a man's soul, differs altogether from what is uttered by the outer part. The outer is of the day, under the empire of mode; the outer passes away, in swift endless changes; the inmost is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. True souls, in all generations of the world, who look on this Dante, will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes and hopes, will speak likewise to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante too was a brother. Napoleon in Saint-Helena is charmed with the genial veracity of old Homer. The oldest Hebrew Prophet, under a vesture the most diverse from ours, does yet, because he speaks from the heart of man, speak to all men's hearts. It is the one sole secret of continuing long memorable. Dante, for depth of sincerity, is like an antique prophet too; his words, like theirs, come from his very heart. One need not wonder if it were predicted that his Poem might be the most enduring thing our Europe has yet made, for nothing so endures as a truly spoken word."

If Dante was sent into the world to embody musically the religion "of the middle ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life," Shakspeare is said to have embodied for us "the outer life of our Europe," as developed in these ages, "its chivalries, courtesies, humours, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world," men during these periods had. Shakspeare is declared to be "the chief of all the poets hitherto;

the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of literature." He was also a prophet and a priest of mankind.

"Whoever looks intelligently at this Shakspeare may recognise that he too was a *Prophet*, in his way; of an insight analogous to the Prophetic, though he took it up in another strain. Nature seemed to this man also divine; unspeakable, deep as Tophet, high as Heaven: 'We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!' That scroll in Westminster Abbey, which few read with understanding, is of the depth of any Seer. But the man sang; did not preach, except musically. We called Dante the melodious Priest of the Middle-age Catholicism. May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious Priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times? No narrow superstition, harsh asceticism, intolerance, fanatical fierceness or perversion: a Revelation, so far as it goes, that such a thousandfold hidden beauty and divineness dwells in all nature; which let all men worship as they can! We may say without offence, that there rises a kind of universal Psalm out of this Shakspeare too, not unfit to make itself heard among the still more sacred Psalms. Not in disharmony with these, if we understood them, but in unison!—I cannot call this Shakspeare a 'Sceptic,' as some do; his indifference to the creeds and theological quarrels of his time misleading them. No; neither unpatriotic, though he says little about his Patriotism; nor sceptic, though he says little about his Faith. Such 'indifference' was the fruit of his greatness withal: his whole heart was in his own grand sphere of worship (we may call it such); these other controversies, vitally important to other men, were not vital to him.

"But call it worship, call it what you will, is it not a right glorious thing, and set of things, this that Shakspeare has brought us? For myself, I feel that there is actually a kind of sacredness in the fact of such a man being sent into this Earth. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of Light?—And, at bottom, was it not perhaps far better that this Shakspeare, every way an unconscious man, was *conscious* of no Heavenly message? He did not feel, like Mahomet, because he saw into those internal Splendours, that he specially was the 'Prophet of God.' I ask, was he not greater than Mahomet in that? Greater; and also, if we compute strictly, as we did in Dante's case, more successful. It was intrinsically an error that notion of Mahomet's, of his supreme Prophethood; and has come down to us inextricably involved in error to this day; dragging along with it such a coil of fables, impurities, intolerances, as makes it a questionable step for me here and now to say, as I have done, that Mahomet was a true Speaker at all, and not rather an ambitious charlatan, perversity and simulacrum, no Speaker, but a Babblcr! Even in Arabia, as I compute, Mahomet will have exhausted himself and become obsolete, while this Shakspeare, this Dante may be still young;—while this Shakspeare may still pretend to be a Priest of Mankind, of Arabia as of other places, for unlimited periods to come!"

Upon the whole, we hardly think that Mr. Carlyle has acquitted himself so well in the case of our great dramatist as in that of any.

of his other heroes. His admiration of the poet seems to be less discriminate, less clear and firmly held, partaking more of the vague idolatry and blown worship of the herd of adorers. But when he carries us forward to his hero-priest, Luther—Knox, he is grand, and mighty without a match. It is rather as reformers than priests, however, that he regards these two heroes. “The mild shining of the poet’s light has to give place to the fierce lightning of the reformer.” “Dante’s sublime Catholicism, incredible now in theory, and defaced still worse by faithless, doubting and dishonest practice, has to be torn asunder by a Luther; Shakspeare’s noble Feudalism, as beautiful as it once looked and was, has to end in a French Revolution.” Many are the speculations and the metaphysical notions which the author indulges in in the lecture on the hero-priest, that must be passed over by us, that we may come to some of the characteristics of each pattern selected, and the vindication of them from the modern lisplings of artificial refinement about their violence, brutal coarseness, and the like:—

Of Luther, the “prophet and idol-breaker,” we are told, that in the deep force of judgment, his force of all sorts, his god-like courage, that of *silence*, of tolerance and moderation, were notable. His was “a very genuine kind of tolerance: he distinguishes what is essential and what is not; the unessential may go as it will.” But still his courage was wonderful,—he was a true hero; “his words,” Richter says, “are half-battles.” Mr. C. continues in this nobly energetic strain:—

“The essential quality of him was that he could fight and conquer; that he was a right piece of human Valour. No more valiant man, no mortal heart to be called *braver*, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic Kindred, whose character is valour. His defiance of the ‘Devils’ in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken. It was a faith of Luther’s that there were Devils, spiritual denizens of the Pit, continually besetting men. Many times, in his writings, this turns up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg where he sat translating the Bible, they still show you a black spot on the wall, the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther sat translating one of the Psalms; he was worn down with long labour, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable Image, which he took for the Evil One, to forbid his work: Luther started up with fiend-like defiance; flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared! The spot still remains there; a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary’s apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition in a scientific sense: but the man’s heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against Hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before, exists not on this Earth or under it.—Fearless enough! They spoke once about his not being at Leipzig, as if ‘Duke George had hindered him,’ a great enemy of his. It was not for

Duke George, answered he : No ; ' if I had business at Leipzig I would go, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running.' "

Luther's merit in literary history is characterised by the lecturer as being of the greatest. Not that his quartos are well written. But in no books can a more robust, genuine, noble faculty be discovered than in these : " a rugged honesty, homeliness, simplicity ; a rugged sterling sense and strength."

But the most interesting phasis of the Reformation, especially for us English, is that of Puritanism ; and next to Puritanism, that of Presbyterianism, even so as to have become an establishment or National Church, and which has produced some very notable fruit in the world. Of this church Knox was the " chief priest and founder ;" in a country which, it may be said, " contains nothing of world interest at all but this reformation by Knox." A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacings : a country of " hungry, fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from their poor drudges," and having no way of changing a ministry, but by hanging the old ministers on gibbets. But what Knox did may be called a resurrection as from death. Mr. C. finds that Scotch literature, thought and industry ; that James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, and Robert Burns, could not have been but for Knox and the Reformation. The Puritanism of New England, as well as of England, sprung from Scotland. " A tumult in the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms ; there came out, after fifty years struggling, what we call the ' *glorious* revolution,' a *Habeas-Corpus* Act, free parliaments, and much else." But of what sort was the heroism of the great champion in this Puritanism ?

" It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world ; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen ! Had he been a poor Half-and-half, he could have crouched into a corner, like so many others ; Scotland had not been delivered ; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchmen to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million ' unblameable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness ! He bared his breast to the battle ; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms ; was censured, shot at through his windows ; had a right sore fighting life : if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two hundred and fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we, for our own sake, ought to

look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

“ For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his nation was not of his seeking ; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous. He was the son of poor parents ; had got a college education ; become a Priest, adopted the Reformation, and seemed well content to guide his own steps by the light of it, nowise unduly intruding it on others. He had lived as tutor in gentlemen's families ; preached when any body of persons wished to hear his doctrine : resolute he to walk by the truth, and speak the truth when called to do it ; not ambitious of more ; not fancying himself capable of more. In this entirely obscure way he had reached the age of forty ; was with the small body of Reformers who were standing siege in St. Andrew's Castle,—when one day in their chapel, the preacher, after finishing his exhortation to these fighters in the forlorn hope, said suddenly, That there ought to be other speakers, that all men who had a priest's heart and gift in them, ought now to speak ;—which gifts and heart one of their own number, John Knox the name of him, had : Had he not ? said the Preacher, appealing to all the audience : What then is *his* duty ? The people answered affirmatively ; it was a criminal forsaking of his post, if such a man held the word that was in him silent. Poor Knox was obliged to stand up ; he attempted to reply ; he could say no word ;—burst into a flood of tears, and ran out. It is worth remembering, that scene. He was in grievous trouble for some days. He felt what a small faculty was his for this great work. He felt what a baptism he was called to be baptized withal. He ‘ burst into tears.’ ”

Knox, our author goes on to say, deserves emphatically the title of Hero, he having the primary characteristic of such a man, viz. sincerity. “ He resembles, more than any of the moderns, an old Hebrew prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth : an old Hebrew prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh minister of the sixteenth century. We are to take him for that ; not require him to be other.” But then how much has been said of his cruelty and his coarseness ? Listen to the lecturer. He says—

“ On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches ; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit ! Knox was not there to do the courtier : he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the Nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious guises, and the Cause of God trampled under foot of Falsehoods, Formulas and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreea-

ble! 'Better that women weep,' said Morton, 'than that bearded men be forced to weep.' Knox was the constitutional opposition party in Scotland: the nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen;—but the still more hapless Country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: 'Who are you,' said she once, 'that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?'—'Madam, a subject born within the same,' answered he. Reasonably answered! If the 'subject' have truth to speak, it is not the 'subject's' footing that will fail him here.—

Even his intolerance is held by Mr. Carlyle to have been directed to essentials—falsehoods, iniquities—things which must not be tolerated. And was the man who had been "sent to row in French galleys, and such like, for teaching the truth in his own land,"—alluding to his banishment and that of others, after their Castle of St. Andrew's was taken, to be always "in the mildest mood?"

"An ill nature he decidedly had not. Kind honest affections dwelt in the much-enduring, hard-worn, ever-battling man. That he *could* rebuke Queens, and had such weight among those proud turbulent Nobles, proud enough whatever else they were; and could maintain to the end a kind of virtual Presidency and Sovereignty in that wild realm, he who was only 'a subject born within the same:' this of itself will prove to us that he was found, close at hand, to be no mean acrid man; but at heart, a healthful, strong, sagacious man. Such alone can bear rule in that kind. They blame him for pulling down cathedrals and so forth, as if he were a seditious rioting demagogue: precisely the reverse is seen to be the fact, in regard to cathedrals and the rest of it, if we examine! Knox wanted no pulling down of stone edifices; he wanted leprosy and darkness to be thrown out of the lives of men. Tumult was not his element; it was the tragic feature of his life that he was forced to dwell so much in that. Every such man is the born enemy of Disorder; hates to be in it: but what then? Smooth Falsehood is not Order; it is the general sumtotal of *Disorder*. Order is *Truth*,—each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it: Order and Falsehood cannot subsist together."

The next character of a Hero is a man of letters, who is illustrated by Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns. The opening paragraphs of the fifth lecture is very strange, that is, very original, but clear, grasping, and guiding withal. We must copy out two or three of them:—

"Hero-gods, Prophets, Poets, Priests are forms of Heroism that belong to the old ages, make their appearance in the remotest times; some of them have ceased to be possible long since, and cannot any more show themselves in this world. The Hero as *Man of Letters*, again, of which class we are to speak to-day, is altogether a production of these new ages; and so long as the wondrous art of *Writing*, or of Ready-writing which we call *Printing*, subsists, he may be expected to continue, as one of the main forms of Hero-

ism for all future ages. He is in various respects, a very singular phenomenon.

“ He is new, I say; he has hardly lasted above a century in the world yet. Never, till about a hundred years ago, was there seen any figure of a Great Soul, living apart in that anomalous manner; endeavouring to speak forth the inspiration that was in him by printed books, and find place and subsistence by what the world would please to give him for doing that. Much had been sold and bought, and left to make its own bargain in the market-place; but the inspired wisdom of a Heroic Soul never till then, in that naked manner. He, with his copy-rights and copy-wrongs, in his squalid garret, in his rusty coat; ruling (for this is what he does), from his grave, after death, whole nations and generations who would, or would not, give him bread while living,—is a rather curious spectacle! Few shapes of Heroism can be more unexpected.

“ Alas, the Hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes: the world knows not well at any time what to do with him, so foreign is his aspect in the world! It seemed absurd to us that men, in their rude admiration, should take some wise great Odin for a god, and worship him as such; some wise great Mahomet for one god-inspired, and religiously follow his Law for twelve centuries: but that a wise great Johnson, a Burns, a Rousseau, should be taken for some idle nondescript, extant in the world to amuse idleness, and have a few coins and applauses thrown him, that he might live thereby; *this* perhaps, as before hinted, will one day seem a still absurder phasis of things!—Meanwhile, since it is the spiritual always that determines the material, this same Man-of-Letters Hero must be regarded as our most important modern person. He such as he may be, is the soul of all. What he teaches, the whole world will do and make. The world's manner of dealing with him is the most significant feature of the world's general position. Looking well at his life, we may get a glance as deep as is readily possible for us into the life of those singular centuries which have produced him, in which we ourselves live and work.

“ There are genuine Men of Letters, and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious. If *Hero* be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero, as Man of Letters, will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest; and was once well known to be the highest. He is uttering forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him; all that a man, in any case can do. I say *inspired*; for what we call ‘originality,’ ‘sincerity,’ ‘genius,’ the heroic quality we have no good name for, signifies that. The hero is he who lives in the inward sphere of things, in the True, Divine, and Eternal, which exists always, unseen to most, under the Temporary, Trivial: his being is in that; he declares that abroad, by act or speech as it may be, in declaring himself abroad. His life, as we said before, is a piece of the everlasting heart of Nature herself: all men's life is,—but the weak many know it not, in most times; the strong few are strong, heroic, perennial, because it cannot be hidden from them. The Man of Letters, like every Hero, is there to proclaim this in such sort as he can. Intrinsically it is the same function which the old generations named a man prophet, priest, divinity for doing; which all manner of Heroes, by speech or by act, are sent into the world to do.”

According to Mr. Carlyle, Goethe is by far the greatest of all the literary men that have appeared for the last hundred years ; "heroic in what he said and did, and perhaps still more in what he did not say and did not do ;" although the lecturer regards the present general state of knowledge concerning this hero to be so defective, and his character as yet so problematic and vague to the majority, that it is much better to go back to a prior time, and to men who are much better understood.

Among other introductory matter to, and generalising upon, the characters of the three men of letters, Mr. C. presents a most forbidding view of the windy sentimentalism, as well as mechanicals of the eighteenth century. Notable exceptions to all this artificiality were to be met with in Johnson and the other two, whose several distinctive and striking traits are apprehended in a masterly manner, each of them being regarded as a genuine man, more or less,—“faithfully, for the most part unconsciously, struggling to be genuine, and plant themselves on the everlasting truth of things.” With regard to the first named, Mr. C. thus speaks:—

“As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man ; so much left undeveloped in him to the last : in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler ! On the whole, a man must not complain of his ‘element,’ of his ‘time,’ or the like ; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad : well then, he is there to make it better !—Johnson’s youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson’s life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less ; but his *effort* against the world’s work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparable connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus’-shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull incurable misery : the Nessus’-shirt not to be stript off, which is his own natural skin ! In this manner, *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts ; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth, eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at : school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better ! The largest soul that was in all England : and provision made for it of ‘fourpence halfpenny a day.’ Yet a giant invincible soul ; a true man’s. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford : the rough, seamy-faced raw-boned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn out ; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door ; and the rawboned servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window ! Wet

feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than *us*!—

“And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise.”

The lecturer cannot let poor Bossy pass without a word of approval; who, with all his conceit, could not approach the “great dusty irascible pedagogue in his mean garret,” but in an awe-struck attitude,—“a genuine reverence for excellence,—a *worship* for heroes, at a time when neither heroes nor worship were surmised to exist.” The same ignorance and insensibility, according to our author, prevail at the present time, when every little man's way of accounting for great men, is to say that the time called him forth. We go forward to Rousseau:—

“Of Rousseau and his Heroism I cannot say so much. He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong. He had not ‘the talent of Silence,’ an invaluable talent; which few Frenchmen, or indeed men of any sort in these times, excel in! The suffering man ought really ‘to consume his own *smoke* ;’ there is no good in emitting smoke till you have made it into *fire*,—which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming! Rousseau has not depth or width, not calm force for difficulty; the first characteristic of true greatness. A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsive-fits; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need for ever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time come for speaking and acting, is no right man.

“Poor Rousseau's face is to me expressive of him. A high, but narrow contracted intensity in it: bony brows; deep, strait-set eyes, in which there is something bewildered-looking,—bewildered, peering with lynx eagerness. A face full of misery, even ignoble misery, and also of the antagonism against that; something mean, plebeian there, redeemed only by *intensity*; the face of what is called a Fanatic,—a sadly *contracted* Hero! We name him here because, with all his drawbacks, and they are many, he has the first and chief characteristic of a Hero: he is heartily *in earnest*. In earnest, if ever man was; as none of these French Philosophers were. Nay, one would say, of an earnestness too great for his otherwise sensitive, rather feeble nature; and which indeed, in the end, drove him into the strangest

incoherences, almost delirations. There had come at last, to be a kind of madness in him : his Ideas *possessed* him like demons ; hurried him so about, drove him over steep places !”

Rousseau's *egotism*, or vanity with all its consequent fault and miseries, is next noticed and characterised. Of his literary talents Mr. Carlyle does not say much, and what he says is not according to the estimate of Frenchmen :—

“ His Books, like himself, are what I call unhealthy ; not the good sort of Books. There is a sensuality in Rousseau. Combined with such an intellectual gift as his, it makes pictures of a certain gorgeous attractiveness ; but they are not genuinely poetical. Not white sunlight : something *operative* ; a kind of rosepink, artificial bedizenment. It is frequent, or rather it is universal, among the French since his time. Madame de Staël has something of it ; St. Pierre ; and down onwards to the present astonishing convulsionary ‘ Literature of Desperation,’ it is everywhere abundant. That same *rosepink* is not the right hue. Look at a Shakspeare, at a Goethe, even at a Walter Scott ! He who has once seen into this, has seen the difference of the True from the Sham-True, and will discriminate them ever afterwards.

“ We had to observe in Johnson how much good a Prophet under all disadvantages and disorganisations, can accomplish for the world. In Rousseau we are called to look rather at the fearful amount of evil which, under such disorganisation, may accompany the good. Historically it is a most pregnant spectacle, that of Rousseau. Banished into Paris garrets, in the gloomy company of his own Thoughts and Necessities there ; driven from post to pillar ; fretted, exasperated till the heart of him went mad, he had grown to feel deeply that the world was not his friend nor the world's law. It was expedient, if any way possible, that such a man should *not* have been set in flat hostility with the world. He could be cooped into garrets, laughed at as a maniac, left to starve like a wild beast in his cage ;—but he could not be hindered from setting the world on fire. The French Revolution found its Evangelist in Rousseau. His semi-delirious speculations on the miseries of civilised life, the preferability of the savage to the civilised, and such like, helped well to produce a whole delirium in France generally. True, you may well ask, What could the world, the governors of the world, do with such a man ? Difficult to say what the governors of the world could do with him ! What he could do with them is unhappily clear enough,—*guillotine* a great many of them ! Enough now of Rousseau.”

And now of our own Bobbie Burns—he, around whom “ high duchesses and ostlers of inns” gathered—“ a strange feeling dwelling in each that they never heard a man like this ; that on the whole this is the man ! In the secret heart of this people it still dimly reveals itself, though there is no accredited way of uttering it at present, that this rustic, with his black brows and flashing sun-eyes, and strange words, moving laughter and tears, is of a dignity far beyond all others, incommensurable with all others.” How

different the manner, yet how akin to the substance or parts of "Wilson's Essay on the Genius and Life of the Ploughman-poet," are Carlyle's characteristics of him. Take a fragment or two—

"Once more we have to say here that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sincerity. A sort of savage sincerity,—not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with the truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

"Hero-worship,—Odin, Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. Johnson had his Boswell for a worshipper. Rousseau had worshippers enough: princes calling on him in his mean garret; the great, the beautiful doing reverence to the poor moonstruck man."

But Burns's genuine manhood nobly bore itself in spite of all admiration:—

"My last remark is on the notablest phases of Burns's history, his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanour there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a ploughman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him; next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jewelled duchesses to dinner; the cynosure of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out, was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns: that the 'rank is but the guinea-stamp;' that the celebrity is but the candle-light, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag—inflated till he *burst* and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as some one has said, 'there is no resurrection of the body:' worse than a living dog!—Burns is admirable here.

"And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion-hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for

him to live ! They gathered round him in his farm ; hindered his industry ; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults : the world getting ever more desolate for him ; health, character, peace of mind, all gone ;—solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of ! These men came but to see him : it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement : they got their amusement ;—and the Hero's life went for it !”

The sixth and last lecture treats of the Hero as king—Cromwell and Bonaparte being the examples. The most remarkable feature of this part of the series is one of the ablest and most earnest defences of the former, both as respects the honesty of his purpose and conduct, and the necessity to which he was subject. There is less novelty in the estimate of Napoleon.

Kingship, he who is the commander of men—our own name, *könning*, literally meaning able man—is the idea which Mr. Carlyle here fastens on. He laughs at the obsolete stuff that once was written about the “divine right of kings ;” but says, “find me the true *könning*, king, or-able man, and he *has* a divine right over me.” True, it is a fearful business, “that of having your able man to seek, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it !” Yet Cromwell was found out, and supreme power in a manner thrust upon him, not merely by the necessities of his own genius and nature, but of the nation. Yet, of all the Puritans of his time, he seems to be almost the only one that has “to hang yet on the gibbet, and find no hearty apologist anywhere. Him neither saint nor sinner will acquit of great wickedness ;” a betrayer of “the cause,” and so forth ; all which Mr. C. strenuously sets himself to rebut. He declares that—

“From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay, I cannot believe the like of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in history as false selfish men ; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows : we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for the surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small ?—no, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity ; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we ? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him ? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. It is like Pococke asking Grotius, Where is your *proof* of Mahomet's Pigeon ? No proof !—Let us leave all

these calumnious chimeras as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness."

Nor does Cromwell's participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with Mr. Carlyle:—

"Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing a King! But if you once go to war with him it lies *there*; this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand*:—whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay, worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather; but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power of deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable again and again. Not so Cromwell: 'For all our fighting,' says he, 'are we to have a little bit of paper?' No!"

Again:—

"Poor Cromwell,—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphuisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *unformed* black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections; the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-

distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him,—wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing* and struggling to see.

“ On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough;—he did harder things than writing Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is seeing and ascertaining.”

At the risk of occupying an undue space even with this extraordinary book, we shall quote another passage, having a general as well as an individual import: it characterizes the ambition of little, and also of great men:—

“ We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretched sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of an hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

“ Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be ‘noticed’ by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make him other than he already was. Till his hair was grown grey; and Life from the downhill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went,—he had been content to plough the ground and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, ‘Decide this, decide that,’ which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old, was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendour as of Heaven itself? His existence there as a man, set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatever he thought or

did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man 'ambitious,' to figure him as the prurient windbag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism."

From the examples we have given, any one, however unacquainted previously with the writings of Mr. Carlyle, will be competent to form an opinion of his manner; and probably will remark upon that manner before passing judgment upon his matter, the cast of his philosophy, or the accuracy of his theory of what constitutes a man-hero, and concerning the universality of hero-worship.

It is very likely that such a reader will pronounce our author's style to be exceedingly affected, and assert that there is a constant effort to appear singular, not merely by uttering paradoxes, but by expressing ideas which are often original only in form. The system of word and epithet coining, the profusion and cloud of figurative speech, and the torrent of eloquence when the language is as homely as the notions are extravagant, are points which in all likelihood will call forth the observation of the reader. And then, when the reasoning and philosophy of our author come to be more immediately regarded, it is probable that nine out of ten will declare that exaggeration, mysticism, and wild Germanism are his characteristics.

A longer and proper study, however, of Mr. Carlyle, as beheld in his writings, will modify the reader's opinion of him, and result in a strong conviction, that affectation and commonplace, in respect of mental powers or cherished ideas, belong not either to his manner or matter. The truth unquestionably is, that he is an originalist of a very high order; that while naturally his mind runs in peculiar channels, its grasp is large and potent, the whole frame of the man having been still further individualized by long and profound study of German authors. True, a more dangerous model than Mr. Carlyle, as regards style of composition, could not be chosen. Were the majority of our writers to ape him, our language would soon be *un-Englished*; while simplicity and soundness of thought would be lost amid a chaos of things and a confusion of sounds. But while no one ought to be more sedulously avoided as a pattern, no person capable of judging for himself will deny, that for independence as well as comprehension of thought, boldness of speculation, and, taken as a whole, completeness and clearness of views, perhaps there has hardly ever been a philosophical work more distinguished than the present volume. The earnestness, the heartfelt energy of the author, is of itself a grand feature in its pages; while the humanity which it breathes, and the sympathy which it cherishes and communicates, are notable and deeply attractive. Affectation would be incompatible with these excellences. Mr. C.

is too eager, too full of his subject, too conscious of power, and too firmly persuaded of the importance of the views which he inculcates for that ; so that whether pleasingly discursive, or masterfully abrupt, the mind of the reader never fails to accompany him, very seldom feeling inclined to dissent from the course adopted.

With regard to the choice of heroic characters by our author, we are inclined to think that the classification is good, and the number sufficiently complete, provided his theory be just. There does not appear to us to be partiality in the selection ; and the soul of history is very clearly indicated by the men. But we must observe, that although every one of these heroes may be made legitimately to stand as the representative of an epoch, and although the novel estimate which is frequently formed of their characters, both in respect of sentiment and of conduct, may be as just as it is striking, yet that panegyric and overlaying are general faults in the book ; Mr. Carlyle's admiration of the heroes, and enthusiasm in support of his theory, finding terms that are extravagant and unmeasured. Very often during the perusal of the work, and after having been carried away captive by the spell thrown over us by the author's genius and singular eloquence, the questions have after a pause forcibly suggested themselves,—what might not such a writer have made Mahomet or Cromwell, had he taken up another theory ?—What, if he had happened to look at first upon his hero in a different light ?—What, above all, is or will be the Eternal's judgment ?—So that however gratifying, purifying, and ennobling, are the spirit and the matter of these Lectures, something not short of distrust has accompanied our reading of them.

After all, and whatever may be the merits of our author's theory, and of many of the details, we cannot sufficiently admire the lesson and example taught by him, of weighing men and historical phases, not according to any hacknied current of opinion, but by boldly and philosophically speculating for himself, and as guided by the lights of each particular age, and inspired by generous sympathies. The science of historical and biographical writing can never by any other manner of spirit or of procedure be satisfactorily obeyed ; nor can the practical teachings afforded by any epoch or any hero be otherwise correctly and usefully apprehended.

ART. II.

1. *The Mineral Springs of England, &c.* By EDWIN LEE, Esq. M.R.C.S. &c. London : Whittaker. 1841.
2. *The Principal Baths of Germany.* By the same.
3. *Pilgrimages to the Spas in Pursuit of Health and Recreation, &c.* By JAMES JOHNSON, MD. London : Highley. 1841.

It would seem, that there is not only a pressing demand for information relative to baths and mineral springs, whether these be at

home or abroad, but that doctors, however much they may differ on other points, agree at times so as to appear in batches upon some one disputable subject or questionable case. At any rate, we must presume that baths and mineral springs in this restless and touring age, are becoming so much in vogue as to beget a class of literature of their own; for we have in the course of a few weeks had placed before us, not merely a new edition of the "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," but Dr. Granville's amusing and useful work upon the Spas of the northern division of England, besides the publications now named at the head of this article. This is pretty well for English literature in one season; and then if we consider how many of our fellow citizens or subjects may be prompted by what they read in these books to repair to some of the wells and bathing places of this or some other country, and how many volumes of light matter may during their sojourn be devoured, for which their daily avocations when at home allow little leisure, we may, without any violent stretch, designate a pretty large section of publications, by some such title as Spa-books, and be sufficiently well understood, without further description. And, again, no insignificant portion of the circulating library staple, to which the succeeding winter shall give birth, may be concocted in the course of the watering relaxation. There is one remark, which we believe to be just, and not unconnected with what we have been saying; bibliopoles are not nearly so restricted now as regards the publishing season as they were wont to be, finding, we suppose, that when families are idling at wells and bathing places, the lighter branches of literature are in general request by them.

Of Mr. Lee's two slender volumes, whose judicious, sensible, and able works on a variety of subjects, among others, mineral springs, we have heretofore had occasion to recommend to our readers, we need not say more than that they abide closely by the subject announced by them, and contain as much information and professional advice as most people may desire or expect in books on the mineral springs and baths mentioned by him. We consider him to be a searching and independent thinker, and the very reverse of fanciful. His personal experience too, with regard to wells and watering places, has been extensive, and his skill, we believe, called very often into exercise; so that a traveller in search of health cannot do better than afford a small corner in his portmanteau, whether he purposes visiting the particular spots mentioned, or only desires some general instructions at a cheap rate. The titles, in full, of the two small volumes, will serve to prove this,—“The Mineral Springs of England, and their Curative Efficacy, with Remarks on Bathing, and on Artificial Mineral Waters,” being the title of the one,—“The Principal Baths of Germany considered with reference to their Remedial Efficacy in Chronic Disease,” being that of the

other,—in fact, part-second of a work we remember to have favourably noticed.

We now come to the *Pilgrimages*, which have supplied such a variety of matter as calls upon and enables us to allow more space in our pages than Mr. Lee's little books require. Indeed Dr. Johnson's production, whether it be upon *Spas*, in a medicinal sense strictly, or, in his discursiveness, upon any other subject, and in any other vein, never fails to afford entertaining matter to the general reader. All who have perused any one of his books knows that it is impossible for him to write a dry volume, and that his acquaintance with mankind in various countries does not more frequently afford valuable hints and contributions to his writings, than his quaint humour and quiet satire keep up the reader's attention with an approving smile.

The substance of the Doctor's book, which, as he says himself, might have been expanded "into two, or even three goodly or at least costly volumes," (perhaps, we should rather say, the Doctor could at any time, and almost upon any theme, write a volume or two,) has been gathered in the course of several tours, and of visits to several foreign countries,—Switzerland, Belgium, and Germany; the old and comparatively forgotten spas as well as those now in fashionable repute having obtained the Pilgrim's notice.

The professional matter of the work gives the results of a medical analysis of the different waters, and describes also the diseases for which they should be used. There are, besides, numerous notices of scenes in the vicinity of the spas; while beyond this sort of information there is a great deal and diversity of light matter, in the way of description, incident, anecdote, remarks upon people in the course of journeys,—voyages on the Rhine, for example,—and also reflections as well as reminiscences; all fluently and pleasantly presented. Even the more professional portion of the notes is attractive and characteristic of the writer. We may here add, that among all the general theories concerning the efficacy of mineral waters, the Doctor does not appear to have come to any very decided medical opinion, although a strong impression will be received from his pages, that ill-advised application of waters, as to kind, manner, or time, may prove injurious and even fatal. Another important lesson may be gathered from him, viz. that the local doctors are to be much distrusted, not only on account of motives, but of theoretical crotchets. Particularly ought people to be on their guard when listening to stories of wonderful cures and an amazing array of cases. Indeed, even when striking recoveries have taken place, our author seems to think that much, perhaps most, of the benefit has been derived from other, although accompanying, causes, such as change of air, healthful exercise, a confiding or persuaded state of mind, withdrawal from cares, &c.

To practitioners whose advice is sought, as well as to persons who desire to judge for themselves to which foreign spa they ought to repair, Dr. Johnson's information, drawn not merely from his own experience and observation, but from the best authorities on each, will be found ample and clear. We have hinted that he is far from being a visionary, or a transcendentalist in his views. He is rather a plain matter-of-fact man, and a demolisher of quacks. He appears to be such constitutionally, and long medical experience has confirmed a habit of mistrusting modern miracles of every sort. In the present case, he declares, that his anxious endeavour has been to sift the grain from the chaff, and to steer clear of exaggeration as well as scepticism ; for that there has been too much of the former abroad, and of the latter at home. Accordingly he does not spare his predecessors who have written about the spas, whatever be his own merits ; even his friend Dr. Granville receiving at times a sly hit, and his sanguine temperament some degree of caustic ridicule. Take both for example, at Wildbad :—

“ I could not,” says Dr. Johnson, “ divest myself of the pleasing anticipations that Wildbad would realise the effects recorded by my friend Dr. Granville, and that I should retreat from this romantic valley at least ten years younger than when I entered it. I dispensed with the attendance of the bad-meister, locked the door, descended into the bath, and creeping to the identical spot where Dr. Granville experienced the ‘ ecstatic state of a devotee, blended with the repose of an opium-eater,’ I waited, not without some impatience, the advent of this foretaste of paradise. But no such good fortune awaited me. I eyed the gas bubbles that rose around me, not indeed ‘ in millions,’ nor even in dozens, but so sparingly that I could have easily numbered them, eager though they had been to ‘ quiver through the lucid water’ in their ascent to greet my friend and confrère a few years previously. With every wish to be pleased, and with the most minute attention to my own sensations, I must confess that I experienced no effects from the waters of Wildbad other than I did from baths of similar temperature and composition, as those of Schlagenbad, Baden, and Pfeffers. They have the same advantage as the Pfeffers in maintaining the same temperature, however long we may remain in them, the stream running in and out of the baths. Whether this may not sometimes tempt the bad-meisters to save the trouble and time of emptying the baths after each bather, I do not profess to know. With respect to the bed of warm sand at the bottom, I think it is more pleasant to the feelings than to the imagination. It is impossible that it can be changed ; and the idea of lying down in a bed which a leper may have just left, is not the most pleasant in the world. For myself, I should prefer the clear marble, or even the wood, to this substratum of sand. It is but justice to state, that there is a rule for all persons to go through the quarantine of a plain bath before commencing the medicinal. Such a rule, however, was not imposed upon me, nor, I believe, on the generality of casual bathers. I stayed in the bath half an hour, and felt myself exceedingly refreshed by it.”

We have alluded to the diversity of opinions which exist among medical men with regard to the efficacy of spas as remedies, and to the number of theories put forward on the question. As usual, these take the wildest and most opposite flights among the German philosophers, naturalists, and physicians. We are told, however, that there are three grand ideas respecting the causes and sources of thermal springs,—the electro chemical, the volcanic, and the vital. The following is an account of each :—

“ Three grand theories respecting the causes and sources of thermal springs divide the transcendental philosophers, naturalists, and physicians of Germany. These are the electro-chemical, the volcanic, and the vital. Wurzer expresses the opinions of the first class thus :—‘ As Nature is performing her operations in her immense laboratory, she has here a galvanic apparatus of immense size. Extensive masses of mountain, perhaps of unfathomable depth, probably form the individual plates of this voltaic column.’ This is tolerably bold. While Brande and Faraday are dissolving metals by the tiny galvanic apparatus in Albemarle-street, nature is manufacturing mineral waters at Wisbaden, Ems, and Carlsbad, on a magnificent scale! Lichtenberg, however, surpasses Wurzer in the sublimity of his ideas on this subject. ‘ In the distilling operations of nature, the belly of her retort sometimes lies in Africa, its neck extending all over Europe, whilst its recipient is in—Siberia!!’ Bischoff, Struve, Rastner, and others, are more moderate in their flights. They ascribe the origin of some thermal springs to volcanic operations in the bowels of the earth—of other springs to the gradual solution of their component parts in subterranean reservoirs. The third class of philosophers have boldly cut the Gordian knot, instead of untying it, and erected thermal springs and mineral waters generally into animated beings which transfuse their vitality into the bodies of the spa-drinkers, and thus cure all diseases! ‘ These and similar observations (says Dr. Peez, of Wisbaden) compel us to admit the existence of a *peculiar vital principle in mineral waters, communicating to the human body either an attractive faculty more consonant with the medicinal component parts of the water; or, acting by itself as a healing power upon the diseased organism.* The italics are those of Dr. Peez, and not mine. German mysticism could hardly be expected to go farther. But it has outdone itself, as the following extract will show :—‘ The partial effect of the medicinal component parts of mineral waters is pushed back, as it were, retreating under the ægis of a general power which directly excites the autocracy of the animated animal body, and *compels it to act according to the particular quality of the mineral spring determined by its component parts.*’—(104.) Here we have a good specimen of German ideality transcendental mystification! My friend, Dr. Granville, like every other man of genius, has a hankering after a theory; but he was too shrewd not to see that this monstrous German hypothesis of ‘ vitality’ would be too large even for the swallow of John Bull. He has therefore substituted a much more rational and intelligible reason for the effects of thermal spas—namely, their caloricity, as differing materially from that of common water heated to the same degree of temperature. It is very easy to conceive that cauldrons that have been kept boiling in the bowels of

the earth for thousands of years, will have diffused the caloric more uniformly and minutely through the waters, and dissolved more completely the mineral ingredients, than pots and kettles in the laboratory of the chemist. This, in all probability, is the solution of the mystery respecting the superior efficacy of thermal spas."

A variety of new ideas are constantly finding currency in Germany with regard to medicine, and spas among other subjects. For instance, cold water treatment is becoming the rage with some physicians, an account of the manner and some of the effects of which may interest our readers. As to the peculiar manner of this hydrotherapeutic bath, which is now established in many of the principal towns, we thus read :—

"About four or five o'clock in the morning, the patient is wrapped up to the chin (while in bed) in a thick woollen shirt. Outside of this is placed another covering of down, fur, or any warm and impermeable material. In a short time the disengagement of animal heat from the body thus enveloped, forms a fervid atmosphere around him, which soon induces a copious perspiration in the greater number of individuals. It has been observed that, in diseased parts, as for instance, in the joints of gouty people, the perspiration was longest in breaking out. When the skin is obstinate, friction and other means are used to accelerate the cutaneous discharge. When the physician judges that the perspiration has been sufficient, the patient is quickly disrobed and plunged into a cold bath, which is kept ready at the side of his bed. The first shock is very unpleasant; but that over, the invalid feels very comfortable, and when the process is likely to prove favourable, there is frequently observed on the surface of the water a kind of viscid scum, the supposed morbid matter thrown off from the body. The period of immersion in the cold bath is carefully watched, for if protracted too long it proves hurtful, or even dangerous. Some people will not bear the cold immersion above a minute—others are allowed to remain till the approach of a second shiver. Where the patient is very delicate or weak, the temperature of the bath is raised a little. In other cases, the bath is artificially depressed below the natural temperature of the water. On emerging from the bath, the patient is quickly dressed, and immediately commences exercise, and drinks abundantly of cold water. The limit to this ingurgitation is sense of pain, or weight in the stomach. The patient, although rather averse to the cold drink at first, soon becomes fond of it, and will swallow fifteen or twenty goblets with a keen relish. After the promenade and cold drink is over, a nourishing breakfast is taken. All stimulating or exciting beverages are entirely prohibited. The appetite generally becomes keen, and the digestion, even of dyspeptics, strong and effective during this course. Between breakfast and dinner is variously employed, according to the strength of the patients, or the nature of the disease. Some take riding or pedestrian exercise—others gymnastics—and a few have more cold water, as a plunging or shower-bath. The dinner is to be light, and soon after mid-day. It is generally taken with a keen appetite. During the three or four hours after dinner, all exercise of mind or body is forbidden, but sleep is not to be in-

dulged in. Towards evening some of the stronger patients repeat the same process which they underwent in the morning; but those who are weak, or in whom the crisis is approaching, only take cold water to drink in moderation. After a slight supper the patient retires to sleep, in order that he may early resume the routine of the water-cure. The professors of this system vary the mode of application most infinitely—especially the external application of the cold water, according to the general or local seat of the complaint. They act very much on the doctrine of revulsion or derivation. Thus, when there are symptoms of fulness or congestion about the head or the chest, a half-bath or hip-bath of cold water is employed, disregarding the first impression of cold on the lower parts of the body, but looking to the reaction which is to take place there, and to the consequent derivation of blood from the head and chest. Foot-baths, cold lotions, fomentations, and poultices, are variously used, according to the nature or seat of the malady."

The Doctor goes on to state, that the transition from a hot bath to a cold one, even when covered with perspiration, is not half so dangerous as many people imagine, provided that perspiration be the result of a hot bath, or by the accumulation of heat generated in the body, and not from bodily exercise, especially if fatigued or exhausted, when the measure would be attended with danger. It is well known, he says, that if we jump out of hot water into cold, we resist the shock, and bear the effects of the latter better than if we took the plunge without any such preparation. The Russians are in the habit of steaming themselves in a vapour-bath, and then directly rolling themselves in the snow. And here with some advantage may be read our author's reasoning upon the physical phenomena that attend bathing, in the waters of Pfeffers, for instance:—

"The waters of Pfeffers have neither taste, smell, nor colour. They will keep for ten years, without depositing a sediment, or losing their transparency. In their chemical composition, they have hitherto shown but few ingredients; and those of the simpler saline substances, common to most mineral springs. It does not follow, however, that they contain no active materials, because chemistry is not able to detect them. Powerful agents may be diffused in waters, and which are incapable of analysis, or destructible by the process employed for that purpose. The only sure test is experience of their effects on the human body. It is not probable that the Baths of Pfeffers would have attracted such multitudes of invalids, annually, from Switzerland, Germany, and Italy; and that for six centuries, if their remedial agency had been null or imaginary. Their visitors are not of that fashionable class, who run to watering places for pleasure rather than for health—or, to dispel the vapours of the town by the pure air of the coast or the country. Yet, as human nature is essentially the same in all ranks of society, I have no doubt that much of the fame acquired by the Baths of Pfeffers has been owing to the auxiliary influence of air, locality, change of scene, moral impressions, and the peculiar mode of using the waters. Their

temperature—100. of Fahr.—certain physical phenomena which they evince and the nature of the diseases which they are reported to cure, leave little doubt in my mind that their merits, though overrated, like those of all other mineral springs, are very considerable."

Further :—

"The baths are arched with stone—the window to each is small, admitting little light, and less air:—and, as the doors are kept shut, except when the bathers are entering or retiring, the whole space not occupied by water, is full of a dense vapour, as hot as the *Thermæ* themselves. The very walls of the baths are warm, and always dripping with moisture. Such are the *Sudatoria* in which the German, Swiss, and Italian invalids lie daily, from two, to six, eight, ten hours—and sometimes sixteen! The whole exterior of the body is thus soaked, softened—parboiled; while the interior is drenched by large quantities swallowed by the mouth—the patient, all this while, breathing the dense vapour that hovers over the bath. The waters of *Pfeffers*, therefore, inhaled and imbibed, exhaled and absorbed, for so many hours daily, must permeate every vessel, penetrate every gland, and percolate through every pore of the body. So singular a process of human maceration in one of Nature's cauldrons, conducted with German patience and German enthusiasm, must, I think, relax many a rigid muscle—unbend many a contracted joint—soothe many an aching nerve—clear many an unsightly surface—resolve many an indurated gland—open many an obstructed passage—and restore many a suspended function. The fervid and detergent streams of the *Pfeffers*, in fact, are actually turned, daily and hourly, through the *Augean* stable of the human constitution, and made to rout out a host of maladies indomitable by the prescriptions of the most sage physicians. The fable of *Medea's* revival of youthful vigour in wasted limbs is very nearly realized in the mountains of the *Grisons*, and in the savage ravine of the *Tamina*. Lepers are here purified—the lame commit their crutches to the flames—the tumid throat and scrofulous neck are reduced to symmetrical dimensions—and sleep revisits the victim of rheumatic pains and neuralgic tortures."

Still, it is not very clear from these passages what are the Doctor's precise opinions with regard to the efficacy and the mode of operation in the way of cure. We read him with more satisfaction when he enters upon cautionary remarks, and speaks of the dangers of bathing and drinking waters—mineral waters (thermal) in general, a subject little touched upon by writers at the spas themselves. The English, on account of their constitutional as well as acquired character, confirmed by habits and circumstances, ought particularly to attend to the following statement :—

"I cannot too often or too strongly warn every one against warm baths, who has the slightest degree of local chronic inflammation going on in any of the organs of the body, as evinced by white tongue, dryness of the skin, accelerated pulse, evening thirst, or scanty action of the kidneys. The exciting

mineral waters, taken internally or externally, will be almost certain to raise the chronic into a sub-acute, or even acute inflammation, with a corresponding grade of constitutional irritation. Of this I have seen many instances, both at home and abroad. The existence of such conditions should be carefully ascertained before the spa is introduced; and proper means taken to remove all traces of inflammation. But even where there is no proof of any inflammatory action, the state of plethora or general fulness of the vessels renders warm bathing hazardous. In all, or almost all organic diseases of internal parts, especially of the heart, brain or lungs, the warm bath is to be eschewed. The tide of the circulation carried to the surface by the hot bath, must have a subsequent recoil, and then the weakened organ may suffer. Besides, the warm, and still more, the hot bath, excites the heart and great vessels into increased activity for the time, and the blood is carried with greater force towards the brain, endangering congestion there. But what are the admonitions, symptoms, or phenomena by which the patient may judge when danger is approaching? The spa doctor is not always at hand in these emergencies. He is often too much employed at such times. When giddiness, sleepiness, chillness, confusion of thought, weariness, headache, pains in the limbs, unusual sounds in the ears, sparks before the eyes, loss of appetite, oppression after food, peevishness, thirst, languor, depression of spirits, inability to sleep at the usual hour, malaise, or in fact, any uncomfortable feeling, not previously felt, occurs soon after drinking the waters, and especially after bathing; and if these, or any of these occur after the second or third day, let the waters be suspended till advice is taken. I am well aware that the spa doctors will say, 'all these are critical, or even favourable symptoms, demonstrating the efficiency of the spring.' All I say is—*Beware!* you are standing on a precipice."

Dr. Johnson talks of a "bath fever," which, when it occurs to the English invalid, who has little confidence in a foreign practitioner, may produce great alarm and even danger.

Much has been said and written about cold, hot, and vapour baths; but there is still another sort that is coming into vogue among the Germans, which our author seems to regard with a preference. The substance however is not literally mud, but the peat or bog of Frauzensbad, which consists of peculiar materials, viz. "the fibres of plants not decomposed, and whose organization is recognizable,—matters soluble in water, such as vegetable substances rich in carbon, and of a yellow colour,—sulphate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of iron, alum, bituminous extractive matter, oxide of iron, fine sand." Therefore the boggy substance in question contains a variety of materials which are known to exercise a considerable physiological action on the body, and to operate medicinally on the constitution. We copy out the account of the manner in which the mud-baths are prepared, and what are the effects upon those who use them:—

"The peat-bog is carried to the neighbourhood of the baths, and there

allowed to dry to some extent. It is then sifted and separated from the woody fibres and coarser materials, when it is mixed with the mineral water of the Louisenquelle into the consistence of a very soft poultice. In this state it is heated by steam to a temperature varying from 80 degrees to 100 degrees of Fahrenheit, when it is ready for the bather, being worked up by wooden instruments and the hands into a complete black amalgam. I took the mud-bath here, at Marienbad, and Carlsbad, and do not regret the experiments. I confess that at first I felt some repugnance, not fear, in plunging into the black peat poultice: but when up to the chin, (temperature 97 degrees,) I felt more comfortable than I had ever done, even in the baths of Schlangenbad, Wildbad, or Pfeffers. The material is so dense, that you are some time in sinking to the bottom of the bath; and I could not help fancying myself in Mahomet's tomb, suspended between heaven and earth, but possessing consciousness which I fear the prophet did not enjoy. There was one drawback on the mud-bath or peat-poultice: we cannot roll about like a porpoise or whale, as in the water-bath, without considerable effort, so dense is the medium in which we lie; but I found I could use friction to all parts of the body with great ease, in consequence of the unctuous and lubricating quality of the bath. After twenty minutes' immersion, I felt an excitement of the surface, quite different from that of the common mineral warm baths—even of those of Wisbaden, Rissengen, or Schwalbach—attended, as I fancied, by elevation of spirits. * * * *

“ Both on this and on subsequent occasions at Marienbad, Carlsbad, and Teplitz, I experienced a degree of exhilaration, strength, and elasticity from the mud-bath, which I had never done from any other. The iron in these baths, instead of corrugating the skin, as I expected, imparts to it a glossy or satiny feel and softness quite peculiar, and much more in degree than the waters of Schlangenbad.

“ The bog-earth is well picked, and in some places sifted, so as to remove all the fibrous and woody parts, leaving the fat unctuous substance to be mixed with the mineral water of the place. In general these baths produce a pricking sensation, and sometimes an eruption on the skin; an effect which I did not experience. They are therefore much used in old and obstinate cutaneous complaints, as well as in glandular swellings, sequences of gout, rheumatism, &c. They are very exciting to the nervous system, and should not be used where there are any local inflammations, or much general excitability of the constitution. They do not lose their heat so rapidly as the water-baths, and consequently they maintain the volatile and penetrating principles longer than the latter. They are much employed in paralysis, chronic ulcers, and cutaneous affections.

“ Here and at other spas where mud-baths are employed, I met with several veteran warriors, whose aching wounds reminded them too often of battle-fields and bloody campaigns. They almost all agreed in attributing more efficacy to these than to the common baths; and I think, from what I have seen, heard, and felt, that there is much truth in these statements. The Schlamm-bads have one advantage over the others, which is more prized on the Continent than in England—the facilities which they afford the bathers, both male and female, of receiving morning visits from their friends while in the mud, and that without any violation of delicacy, propriety, or

decorum ; for their persons are more completely veiled than in any dress, even of the most dense any sable furs of Russia. An English lady of rank at Teplitz was visited by her physician and friends while immersed to her chin in peat-bog. They read to her, and conversed with her till the signal was given for exchanging the black varnish for the limpid and purifying wave, when they retired."

But another kind of bath has come into use, viz. gas-baths, the ground which furnishes the earth for the mud-baths exhaling a gas ; and to have a reservoir of this, it is only necessary to build a house and prevent the carbonic acid from being dispersed in the air : it is then collected, and baths are constructed for its ready application :—

"The gas is conveyed into the bath through a cock at the bottom, and the patient, being either dressed or undressed, sits down on a little stool, while a wooden lid or cover, with a hole that fits tolerably close to the neck, is placed over the body, the head being in the open air. They have small tubes through which they can apply the gas to the eyes, ears, or any part of the body, in a stream, the velocity of which can be augmented or diminished at pleasure. They can also diminish the intensity of the gas by applying a piece of muslin or taffeta over the pipe, or over the eyes or ears that are subjected to the stream. I did not try the gas-baths here ; but at Marienbad I used them generally and locally, accompanied by my kind friend Dr. Herzig of that place. Standing in the bath, the cock was turned without my being aware of it ; and in a few seconds I felt a sense of heat ascending quickly along my legs towards the body. Without thinking of the gas, I stooped and put my head down towards the aperture of the tube, by which I inhaled as much of the carbonic acid as caused a sudden faintness. Dr. Herzig and the bath-man quickly extricated me from my perilous situation ; and I went on with the bath, while my head was in the open air. I found that the following representation of the sensible and physiological effects of the bath, as given by Baron Aimée, is sufficiently correct ; 1. The gas excites and even irritates the skin, producing a pricking, and soon afterwards a strong itching on the surface, accompanied by heat, and ultimately perspiration. 2. The gas stimulates the nerves of all parts to which it is applied. I had a stream directed on my eyes which caused a most profuse flow of tears, with strong sense of heat. When it was applied to my ears, a sense of heat, and a considerable noise were the effects produced. 3. It is asserted by physicians of the Continent that this gas is extremely useful when applied to old, ill-conditioned, and irritable ulcers, as soothing and promotive of healthy discharge, and ultimately of cicatrization. 4. Although the breathing of this gas is as mortal as that of the Grotto del Cane, yet if diluted with plenty of atmospheric air, it is thought that it might prove serviceable in some states or stages of phthisis, asthma, &c. 5. The action of this gas on the eyes and ears I have already mentioned. Its remedial agency is much extolled in certain disorders or diseases of those organs, attended with atony or morbid irritability of their nerves and structures. 6. These baths are chiefly employed in cases of paralysis attended with stiffness, feebleness, or

spasmodic movements. 7. In chronic, inveterate affections of a gouty or rheumatic nature, chronic sores, glandular swellings, and various cutaneous complaints, the gas-baths are applied, and, as is affirmed, with success. 8. In uterine affections, irregularities, &c., attended with torpor, debility, and irritability."

The Doctor is disposed to think that gas-baths are active agents, and that they may be made useful when carefully applied.

So much for the Spas directly. With regard to the society at such places we find many particulars in these pages, and especially has our author's account of the characteristics of the Germans amused us, everything being done by them with the greatest decorum, quietude, and activity.

We shall give one proof, before closing, of the ability and the stores of the Doctor, and to show that he never can be at a loss for matter to fill up a page, whether the place he visits be barren or fertile as a theme. Take him while steaming it near to Flushing, where, he says,—

"Memory, that mysterious power, quickly reproduced the drama on which the curtain had fallen for more than thirty years. The hundred pendants floating in the air—the masses of troops, where polished arms gleamed in the sun—the frowning and hostile ramparts, batteries on each side of the pass covered with thousands of soldiers and citizens—the daring rush of three men-of-war (in one of which, the *Valiant*, of seventy-four guns, I then was) into the Scheldt, while shells were bursting over us and the heavy shot whistling through our rigging—the debarkation of the British troops—the bombarding and battering of Flushing—the conflagration of the town—the sorties of the garrison, repulsed, scattered, and driven back by British bayonets, as quickly and certainly as the ocean's surge is shivered into foam by the perpendicular rocks—the devastation on the ramparts by the showers of shot and shells for ever thundering against them—the awful preparation for storm—the capitulation of the garrison—all these and many other scenes rose on the intellectual mirror, and flitted round the mental diorama, as fresh as when they were first spread before the national eye. Then came the still darker side of the drama, on which memory even yet shudders to dwell."

Thus the Walcheren Expedition contributes to the Pilgrim's pages, thirty years after its occurrence.

Dr. Johnson has a theory about the legends of the Rhine, introducing some of them, viz. that each of them has been intended to convey a moral, and this moral he endeavours to append; but the effort is not the most successful, or, at least, never to us very interesting. We conclude with a "curiosity of literature :"—

"A curious, not to say ludicrous, attempt has lately been made by an American author to transplant the poetry of Goethe and Schiller into English by literal translation, the said author maintaining that poetry will be

poetry still; and that the more close and servile the translation, the better will the spirit of the original poetry be preserved! The following rather favourable specimen of this attempt to clothe German ideas in English words, is quite a 'curiosity of literature,' and worth preserving:—

'To a Naturalist.

'What Nature hides within'—
 O thou Philistine!
 'No finite mind can know.'
 My friend, of this thing
 We think thou needst not
 So oft remind us:
 We fancy: Spot for spot
 Within we find us.
 'Happy who her doth win
 The outmost shell to shew!'
 Now that these sixty years I've heard repeated,
 And, oft as heard, with silent curses greeted.
 I whisper o'er and o'er this truth eternal:—
 Freely doth nature all things tell;
 Nature hath neither shell
 Nor kernel;
 Whole every where, at each point thou canst learn all.
 Only examine thine own heart,
 Whether thou shell or kernel art."

ART. III.

1. *Society in India.* By an Indian Officer. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1841.
2. *The History of India.* By the Hon. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE. Vols. I. and II. London: Murray. 1841.

So long as fortunes were rapidly to be accumulated in India by individual adventurers from Europe, comparatively little attention was paid to anything but money-making and to the objects which most obviously presented themselves for that end. In the earlier periods, too, of British dominion in the East, every one contemplated returning to his native country, and with all possible haste; and therefore not only was each person eager to make the most of his time when abroad, but to regard the land of his temporary sojourn as one almost entirely removed from his sympathies. Then again, there were for many years so much uncertainty relative to the permanence and the future nature of our position in India, that people were induced to look chiefly to the passing moment and to what was immediately before them. In this way that vast country was seldom made the subject of minute and pains-taking research;

and even at this day its natural capabilities and productive resources, as regards merely the soil,—the vegetable, mineral, and animal characteristics,—are only beginning to receive anything like a rightly directed curiosity and enlarged economical speculation.

While such has been the case with regard to the physical nature and culture of India, there has been an inadequate degree of attention directed to the social and moral character of the natives; so that not only has the neglect of their improvement and chief interests been much overlooked, but their character has been very generally mistaken,—the peculiar genius and habits of the people, and even the enervating temperature of the climate, serving to repress investigation as well as to guide to erroneous conclusions.

It is unnecessary to state to those who regularly peruse our journal that almost every new month, during recent years, has furnished evidence that the neglect and the want of concern now alluded to have been decreasing, on the part not merely of British residents in India, but of the British people at home; the simple fact, that their daily wants and temporal affairs are becoming more obviously interested in the development and the welfare of all that is Indian, exciting and ever enlarging inquiry and speculation. Consequent upon and agreeable to all this anxiety is the cordiality or eagerness with which many readers receive any new book that professes to convey information concerning our Eastern empire; although we have still to lament that not only the million, but that thousands of well-informed persons appear to regard India with a comparatively slight sympathy, or as altogether removed from their influence.

We have said, that not a few peruse with eagerness any new work that sheds light upon our Eastern empire. And this is the case, although the book may be but a fiction, provided it be written by a person who has had opportunities of picturing from the life, or from reality, that which he professes to represent. Accordingly, "*Society in India*," by an Indian Officer, will be, as it deserves, perused with pleasure and profit, although in its structure it be a fiction, in so far as the story goes, and coloured accordingly. But then this colouring is manifestly drawn from real sources, and by an observing eye of one who has enjoyed many opportunities of studying that which he sketches,—of one too who can skilfully handle the pencil. Accordingly, we have many graphic and truthful pictures of scenery, of character, and of society. The author has succeeded in his endeavour to work all these things into, or to hang them upon, an interesting tale. In this way native and Anglo-Indian life appears vividly in his pages, if with overlaid colours in the details, yet without caricature, and with distinct but harmonious effect. We shall quote one passage which conveys to us very clear ideas of some domestic matters as well as of female habits, in a sphere where luxury and indulgence can be reached:—

“ He now pushed aside a painted curtain that hung before the principal door in the corridor, and entered a small but neat square room, stuccoed with fine marble plaster. It was occupied by a large low cot or charpae : the legs were scarcely nine inches in length, but were raised above the ground by massy cylindrical blocks of wood on which they rested in brass cups, filled with water, to prevent the ascent of noisome or venomous insects from the floor ; the head-rail, feet, and supporters were neatly carved, gilded, and painted, after the most approved fashion of Bareilly ; upon it was spread a snowy sheet, confined at the four corners by silken crimson cords with long ends, and tassels of gold and silver tinsel, and in the middle were arranged four or five of the large pillows to which the natives of Hindoosthan assign each distinctive office and appellation. There was the sirhana, broad pillow, for the head ; the pyrana, a round bolster, to sustain the knees and feet ; the gao tukiya, to support the back and shoulders in a sitting posture ; the gul tukiya for neck and throat, and tukeenas innumerable ; smaller cushions of various degrees of softness and size, luxurious appliances for a hot or restless night. The occupant of the couch was worthy of the elaborate comforts it proffered. She was a slim fair girl, with a peachy hue upon her rich olive cheek, and apparently about sixteen. She wore a pair of loosely flowing trousers of crimson and gold brocade, her vest was of white muslin bordered with a deep sunjaf of azure satin, and flowing from the bosom half way nearly to the knee ; her hair was dressed in twenty or more plaits, and in each her attendant was weaving a single white jasmine ; garlands of which flower were lying profusely around, being, although somewhat overpowering to European nerves, an universal favourite with the girls of Hindoosthan. Her forehead, nose, neck, and arms were decked with a profusion of massy gold ornaments of fanciful workmanship, and around her ankles and on the toes of her bare little feet were chains and rings of silver, her superstition not allowing her to desecrate the more precious metal to adorn such ignoble members. The artificial black fringe to the eye, the pink tinge to the fingers and feet, were not omitted ; and though no ‘ gems flashed on her little hand,’ yet the arsee, with its little circular mirror, was not wanting on her thumb, in which to gratify her vanity by admiring, or her taste in arranging her various charms of dress and person. At the foot of the bed lay her embroidered slippers with high red heels and curved points, and in a recess in the wall stood a small but exquisite silver kullian, exhaling the essence of conserve of roses, apples, and pomegranates, combined with the rarest tobacco of Persia. Near this young person lay an ample veil of rose coloured gauze, deeply fringed with broad silver tissue, the produce of a Benares’ loom, and on a smaller charpae, similar to her own, there slept, under a light frame lined with mosquito gauze, an infant babe of five weeks, carefully fanned by its attendant nurse.”

Our readers may wish to have a slight hint of the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of this Eastern beauty. Mr. Tanfylde had won her affections, and a guilty intercourse was the concomitant. But Helen, a “ griff,” arrives, and is a prize, independent of her European birth, which he wins. His connexion with the fair Indian is therefore broken off ; and the reader must figure to himself the

scene that occurs at the interview when his resolution to desert her is communicated. Her marriage with an inferior person at a remote station is procured, which turns out distressingly, the man being convicted of murder. Helen has the power of intercession; the distracted Indian girl hurries to her: we must not tell more; only that the tale is contrived with sufficient skill to afford numerous points upon which to hang characteristic "Sketches of Society in India."

If these sketches be worth perusal on account of the light which they throw upon scenes, modes, and characters, with which it concerns every British subject to be acquainted, how much more deserving of deep and patient study must be the elaborate, comprehensive, learned, and philosophically able work, which stands second on our paper! And the modesty as well as the candour and calmness of the author are not less evident than are the proofs of his ability and diligence.

Mr. Elphinstone appears to have anticipated that his History would be deemed superfluous after the elaborate work of Mill, and certain late compilations from accessible sources in Europe; and lays claim only to the merit of viewing the great subject from a new point, and as guided by the "impressions" he has received in India. Now, while a long residence in that country, unusual opportunities for observation even for a resident, extended and protracted research and study, have all been directed to the completion of this sterling history, the author's capacity to seize characteristic points, his habits of seeking dispassionately and without prejudice to penetrate national forms and to weigh the whole social system, and his considerate philosophy, have rendered these impressions as valuable and trust-worthy as they are strikingly fresh. The reader feels that he obtains in these pages a sight of a whole liberally construed. One of the principal advantages which the author has enjoyed over Mill lies in this,—that he has largely examined for himself the native materials and other oriental authorities.

The present two volumes of Mr. Elphinstone's work (in another publication the history of European possessions and transactions in India, especially, of course, the British, will appear) give us first of all a condensed but lucid sketch of the natural features of India. Next we have a view of its institutional, social, and literary characteristics. Next, again, the ancient history of the Hindoos occupies the author, together with a rapid glance at the period distinguished by Alexander the Great's invasion. And lastly, we have the Mahometan conquests, with the other revolutions and vicissitudes of sovereignty, down to Nadir Shah's triumphs over the Great Mogul, in 1739.

The first two branches of this division furnish the best scope for a record of the author's "impressions;" the other pair for the results

of his reading and learning,—great labour and no small degree of art being required to give unity and life to periods, concerning which either little that is certain is known,—or, where from the multiplicity of changes and the general similarity of their character, selection and proportionate treatment is indispensable, in order to engage the reader ; to all which Mr. Elphinstone is quite equal in so far as pains and judgment are concerned, although he may want the poetic power of conferring a glowing aspect upon ordinary events. It is probable that he has so watchfully guarded himself against the exaggerations and figurative language of his Oriental authorities, as in part to subdue the animation which he could have imparted even to repetitions of revolution and convulsion.

Our first extracts shall consist of a few general notices of existing things, and concerning which the author has drawn chiefly from his personal observation and experience. Thus, he speaks of Caste as a doctrine and as it obtains in practice :—

“The loss of caste is faintly described by saying that it is civil death. A man not only cannot inherit, nor contract, nor give evidence, but he is excluded from all the intercourse of private life, as well as from the privileges of a citizen. He must not be admitted into his father’s house ; his nearest relations must not communicate with him ; and he is deprived of all the consolations of religion in this life, and all hope of happiness in that which is to follow. Unless, however, caste be lost for an enormous offence, or for long-continued breach of rules, it can always be regained by expiation ; and the means of recovering it must be very easy, for the effects of the loss of it are now scarcely observable. It occurs, no doubt, and prosecutions are not unfrequent in our courts for unjust exclusion from caste ; but in a long residence in India, I do not remember ever to have met with or heard of an individual placed in the circumstances which I have described.”

In another part of the work, where the author is collecting evidence to show the antiquity of the Hindoo religion, philosophy, and literature, he instances the long course of gradual declension that has occurred in the system of caste, which, as instituted by Mena, consisted of four classes, viz. the sacerdotal, the military, the industrious, and the servile. Now, however, the two lowest are replaced by a great number, who neither eat together, nor intermarry, nor partake in common rites. In one neighbourhood where, he says, they are probably not particularly numerous, “there are about 150 different castes.”

The following passage conveys a graphic picture of the expertness and agility of Indian horsemen, as well as of the horses :—

“The military men, notwithstanding their habitual indolence, are all active and excellent horsemen. The Marattas in particular are celebrated for their management of the horse and lance. They all ride very short, and use tight martingales and light but very sharp bits. Their horses are always

well on their haunches, and are taught to turn suddenly, when at speed, in the least possible room. They are also taught to make sudden bounds forward; by which they bring their rider on his adversary's bridle-arm before he has time to counteract the manœuvre. The skirmishers of two Indian armies mix and contend with their spears in a way that looks very like play to a European. They wheel round and round each other, and make feigned pushes, apparently without any intention of coming in contact, though always nearly within reach. They are, in fact, straining every nerve to carry their point; but each is thrown out by the dexterous evolutions of his antagonist, until at length, one being struck through and knocked off his horse, first convinces the spectator that both parties were in earnest."

Of Hindoo battles, and especially the charge of cavalry, we are told,—

"The most important part of the Hindoo battles is now a cannonade. In this they greatly excel, and have occasioned heavy loss to us in all our battles with them: but the most characteristic mode of fighting (besides skirmishing, which is a favourite sort of warfare) is a general charge of cavalry, which soon brings the battle to a crisis. Nothing can be more magnificent than this sort of charge. Even the slow advance of such a sea of horsemen has something in it more than usually impressive; and, when they move on at speed, the thunder of the ground, the clashing of their arms, the brandishing of their spears, the agitation of their banners rushing through the wind, and the rapid approach of such a countless multitude, produce sensations of grandeur which the imagination cannot surpass.

"Their mode is to charge the front and the flanks at once; and the manner in which they perform this manœuvre has sometimes called forth the admiration of European antagonists, and is certainly surprising in an undisciplined body. The whole appear to be coming on at full speed towards their adversary's front, when, suddenly those selected for the duty at once wheel inwards, bring their spears by one motion to the side nearest the enemy, and are in upon his flanks before their attention is suspected. These charges though grand are ineffectual against regular troops, unless they catch them in a moment of confusion, or when they have been thinned by the fire of cannon."

Mr. Elphinstone appears to us to have grasped the Indian character fully, and to have fairly described it; that is, with due allowance for all circumstances, so as to give a tolerating interpretation to many things, which strangers would pronounce to be deliberately gross vices. His inferences, just as do his principles and grounds of construction, differ widely from those of Mill. His representations upon the whole are favourable to the people. Take a specimen:—

"The natives of India are often accused of wanting gratitude; but it does not appear that those who make the charge have done much to inspire such a sentiment. When masters are really kind and considerate, they find as

warm a return from Indian servants as any in the world; and there are few who have tried them in sickness, or in difficulties and dangers, who do not bear witness to their sympathy and attachment. Their devotion to their own chiefs is proverbial, and can arise from no other cause than gratitude, unless where caste supplies the place of clannish feeling. The fidelity of our Sepoys to their foreign masters has been shown in instances which it would be difficult to match even among national troops in any other country. Nor is this confined to the lower orders: it is common to see persons who have been patronized by men in power not only continue their attachment to them when in disgrace, but even to their families when they have left them in a helpless condition. A perfectly authentic instance might be mentioned of an English gentleman in a high station in Bengal, who was dismissed, and afterwards reduced to great temporary difficulties in his own country: a native of rank to whom he had been kind supplied him, when in those circumstances, with upwards of 10,000*l.*; of which he would not accept repayment, and for which he could expect no possible return. This generous friend was a Maratta Bramin, a race of all others who have least sympathy with people of other castes."

We have intimated that two of the sections of these volumes consist of sketches of Oriental things and scenes as witnessed and personally examined by the author. The other two are historical in their nature, evincing much antiquarian research, familiarity with Oriental literature and science, and also disquisitional power, always of a sedate character. Mr. Elphinstone is very far from being an airy theorist: on the other hand, it is with facts and legitimate deductions that he concerns himself; and as these deductions are closely pursued, although anxiously guarded and checked, the reader is made sensible of their soundness as well as importance, even when there are but few or apparently slender facts to go by. This will be particularly felt when the claims for antiquity set up by the Hindoos are weighed, and also with regard to periods in the early governments of that people, concerning which nothing certain is directly known, at least before the invasion of Alexander, which took place about four centuries anterior to the birth of Christ. Still, there are means and landmarks by which it can be rendered satisfactorily clear that the Vedas must have been composed long before the Hindoos had any intercourse with the Greeks, or could have borrowed from them either philosophy or language, as has been alleged by various learned persons. We quote one passage on this subject. Says Mr. Elphinstone,—

"In every Vêda there is a sort of astronomical treatise, the object of which is to explain the adjustment of the calendar, for the purpose of fixing the proper periods for the performance of religious duties. There can be little doubt the last editor of those treatises would avail himself of the observations which were most relied on when he wrote, and would explain them by means of the computation of time most intelligible to his readers. Now

the measure of time employed in these treatises is itself a proof of their antiquity, for it is a cycle of five years of lunar months, with awkward divisions, intercalations, and other corrections, which show it to contain the rudiments of the calendar which now, after successive corrections, is received by the Hindús throughout India; but the decisive argument is, that the place assigned to the solstitial points in the treatises (which is given in detail by Mr. Colebrook) is that in which those points were situated in the fourteenth century before Christ. Mr. Colebrooke's interpretation of this passage has never, I believe, been called in question; and it would be difficult to find any grounds for suspecting the genuineness of the text itself. The ancient form of the calendar is beyond the invention of a Hindú forger, and there could be no motive to coin a passage, fixing in the fourteenth century before Christ, a work which all Hindús assign to the thirty-first century of the same era. In an essay previously written, Mr. Colebrooke had shown from another passage in the Védas, that the correspondence of seasons with months, as there stated, indicated a position of the cardinal points similar to that which has just been mentioned; and, on that ground, he had fixed the compilation of the Védas at the same period, which he afterwards ascertained by some more direct proof."

Oriental scholars, and the curious in recondite antiquities, will find things in these volumes deeply to interest them on this and connected subjects; such, for instance, as regard the Institutes of Menu. But we hasten to a close, inserting two passages that can, in the isolated way in which our extracts must appear, be sufficiently understood. The first exhibits Mr. Elphinstone's critical discernment relative to the peculiar features of Hindoo poetry and imagery as contrasted with the Persian. He thus illustrates the difference:—

"In a description of a Persian garden, the opening buds smile, the rose spreads forth all her charms to the intoxicated nightingale; the breeze brings the recollections of youth, and the spring invites the youths and damsels to his bridal pavilion. But the lover is without enjoyment in this festival of nature. The passing rill recalls the flight of time—the nightingale seems to lament the inconsistency of the rose, and to remember that the wintry blast will soon scatter her now blooming leaves. He calls on the heavens to join their tears to his, and on the wind to bear his sighs to his obdurate fair. A Hindú poet, on the other hand, represents, perhaps, the deep shade of a grove, where the dark tamála mixes its branches with the pale foliage of the nimba, and the mangoe tree extends its ancient arms among the quivering leaves of the lofty pípala, some creeper twines round the jumbu, and flings out its floating tendrils from the topmost bough. The asoca hangs down the long clusters of its glowing flowers, the madhavi exhibits its snow-white petals, and other trees pour showers of blossoms from their loaded branches. The air is filled with fragrance, and is still, but for the hum of bees and the rippling of the passing rill. The note of the coil is from time to time heard at a distance, or the low murmur of the turtle-dove on some neighbouring tree. The lover wanders forth into such a scene,

and indulges his melancholy in this congenial seclusion. He is soothed by the south wind, and softened by the languid odour of the mangoe blossoms, till he sinks down overpowered in an arbour of jessamine, and abandons himself to the thoughts of his absent mistress. The figures employed by the two nations partake of this contrast : those of the Persians are conventional hints, which would scarcely convey an idea to a person unaccustomed to them. A beautiful woman's form is a cypress ; her locks are musk (in blackness) ; her eyes a languid narcissus ; and the dimple in her chin a well ; but the Sanscrit similes, in which they deal more than in metaphors, are in general new and appropriate, and are sufficient, without previous knowledge, to place the points of resemblance in a vivid light."

According to this illustration the Indian poets, who sing in Sanscrit, are the less artificial and the more picturesque. Our next and last specimen lets Mr. Elphinstone be seen in his staid historical narrative :—

"The army reached Delhi in the beginning of March, when both kings took up their residence in the royal palace. Nadir distributed a portion of his troops throughout the town ; he ordered strict discipline to be observed, and placed safeguards in different places for the protection of the inhabitants.

"These precautions did not succeed in conciliating the Indians, who looked on the ferocity of these strangers with terror, and on their intrusion with disgust. On the second day after the occupation of the city, a report was spread that Nadir Shah was dead ; on which the hatred of the Indians broke forth without restraint. They fell on all the Persians within their reach ; and from the manner in which those troops were scattered throughout the city, a considerable number fell sacrifices to the popular fury. The Indian nobles made no effort to protect the Persians ; some even gave those up to be murdered who had been furnished for the protection of their palaces.

"Nadir Shah at first applied his whole attention to suppressing the tumult ; and though provoked to find that it continued during the whole night, and seemed rather to increase than diminish, he mounted his horse at daybreak, in the hope that his presence would restore quiet. The first objects that met his eyes in the streets were the dead bodies of his countrymen ; and he was soon assailed with stones, arrows and fire-arms, from the houses. At last one of his chiefs was killed at his side, by a shot aimed at himself : when he gave way to his passion, and ordered a general massacre of the Indians. The slaughter raged from sunrise till the day was far advanced, and was attended with all the horrors that could be inspired by rapine, lust, and thirst of vengeance. The city was set on fire in several places, and was soon involved in one scene of destruction, blood, and terror.

"At length Nadir, satiated with carnage, allowed himself to be prevailed on by the intercession of the Emperor or his prime minister, and gave an order to stop the massacre ; and, to the infinite credit of his discipline, it was immediately obeyed.

"But the sufferings of the people of Delhi did not cease with this tragedy.

Nadir's sole object in invading India was to enrich himself by its plunder, and he began to discuss the contributions from the moment of his victory. His first adviser was Sadat Khan: that nobleman died soon after reaching Delhi, when the work of exaction was committed to Sirbuland Rhan and a Persian named Tahmasp Rhan: and their proceedings, which were sufficiently rigorous of themselves, were urged on by the violence and impatience of Nadir.

" They first took possession of the imperial treasures and jewels, including the celebrated peacock throne. They afterwards seized on the whole effects of some great nobles, and compelled the rest to sacrifice the largest part of their property as a ransom for the remainder. They then fell on the inferior officers and on the common inhabitants: guards were stationed to prevent people leaving the city, and every man was constrained to disclose the amount of his fortune, and to pay accordingly. Every species of cruelty was employed to extort these contributions. Even men of consequence were beaten to draw forth confessions. Great numbers of the inhabitants died of the usage they received, and many destroyed themselves to avoid the disgrace and torture. ' Sleep and rest forsook the city. In every chamber and house was heard the cry of affliction. It was before a general massacre, but now the murder of individuals.'

" Contributions were also levied on the governors of provinces: until Nadir was at length convinced that he had exhausted all the sources from which wealth was to be obtained, and prepared himself to return to his own dominions. He made a treaty with Mohammed Shah, by which all the country west of the Indus was ceded to him. He married his son to a princess of the house of Teimur; and at last he seated Mohammed on the throne, invested him with his own hand, with the ornaments of the diadem, and enjoined all the Indian nobles to obey him implicitly, on pain of his future indignation and vengeance.

" At length he marched from Delhi, after a residence of fifty-eight days, carrying with him a treasure in money, amounting, by the lowest computation, to eight or nine millions sterling, besides several millions in gold and silver plate, valuable furniture, and rich stuffs of every description: and this does not include the jewels, which were inestimable. He also carried off many elephants, horses and camels, and led away the most skilful workmen and artisans, to the number of some hundreds."

In the portion of the work that has not yet been published, we shall look for original matter and views even concerning the rise and growth of British sway in India, as depicted by native historians and acute Hindoo writers.

ART. IV.

1. *The French Stage and the French People, as illustrated in the Memoir of M. Fleury.* Edited by THEODORE HOOK, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.
2. *France since 1830.* By THOMAS RAIKES, Esq. 2 vols. Boone.

WE should have liked the first volumes better had the Editor exercised a little more pains to satisfy us how much of them was manufactured and fabricated for the Parisian market, and had he also pruned them of certain Gallic ingredients unsuited to our grave and decorous nation, instead of merely interjecting a *Fie* to attract the light-headed amongst us. As the work stands, however, there is a good deal of pure amusement to be derived from it, and sometimes impressive lessons, even when the gossip and the anecdotes are in themselves as frivolous as the egotism and adventures of a coxcomb player, and are on their own account deserving to have been long ago forgotten. Our meaning will be understood when it is mentioned, that M. Fleury flourished in his particular professional sphere immediately before and during the French Revolution at the close of the last century, and that owing to his talents as an actor and other fortuitous circumstances he came in contact with the fashionable circles of the period, and many of the courtiers,—nay, frequently with royalty itself. Accordingly, we discover in these pages not a few significant omens of the times, which omens might have been pretty accurately construed when they occurred, or which, at any rate, have long ago been fearfully fulfilled. Besides all this, there was pluck and character in the hero of the book, of a kind and to an amount that interests and amuses the reader, as will be seen and felt from the notices which we are about to present, and the passages descriptive of the part which he took in a variety of scenes; even supposing that, according to the French fashion of dressing up Memoirs, he has only been made a peg upon which to hang some of the more racy hits: for still he must have been considered an appropriate support, whose fitness would be generally recognised.

M. Fleury's birth and upbringing indicated in an age of glittering rottenness and tinselled vice, that he might figure to some extent in the terrific drama that was about to be enacted; or, at least, that he would have opportunities of access to persons who would be signalized in the dread catastrophe upon the brink of which the nation stood. Players and dancers at that epoch performed extraordinary parts even for France. We find that he was the son of a manager, that princes and an ex-king at an early period of his career noticed him, the latter even patronizing him. His sister captivated the heart of a Vicomte, who married her and took to the stage. Not long after, the strollers visited Geneva, when they were invited by Voltaire to Ferney, where the party

stayed about a fortnight, being "overwhelmed with kindness and attention by the great philosopher." We thus further read relative to that visit :—

"For my part, I had my share of censure as well as of praise, and both had their influence on my subsequent success. I have still present in the imagination that satirical countenance, every wrinkle of which seemed to laugh the whole world to scorn. Voltaire's wig was a memorable curiosity. I had for some time sacrilegiously premeditated an attack on this strange sanctuary of genius; and I made an attempt to put my design into execution one morning when the philosopher sallied forth after breakfast. Voltaire turned sharply round, and with his penetrating eye scanned my little figure from head to foot, while I stood as it were transfixed and spell-bound. After a few moments he said '*Per-met-tez-moi, Monsieur . . .*' Having uttered these words, dividing the syllables in his peculiar manner, he paused as if ransacking his memory, as if searching for some appropriate term of reproach. Then curling his mouth to the left side of his face as he always did when he wished to be particularly sarcastic, he continued, '*Per-met-tez-moi, Monsieur . . de . . Fleury . .* to tell you (here he softened his tone, doubtlessly thinking me sufficiently punished), that I am not royal enough to understand and tolerate pages' tricks. Remember that at the court of Ferney, wigs are respected in consideration of what may happen to be within them.' Observing my mortified and penitent air (which he seemed to suspect, and rightly, was partly assumed), he placed his hand under my chin, and raising my head, said, 'Come, let me look at you; if I mistake not, there is something in your face that tells me you will be a wicked rogue, and a good actor.'"

In Vienna, Fleury's sister, at this date deserted by her husband, obtained such high repute, that for a time she assisted in the education of Marie Antoinette; the brother in the meanwhile pursuing an uncertain theatrical career for himself; till at length he got an engagement at Versailles. He was afterwards, through the influence of Madame Campan and Marie Antoinette, promoted to the national classical theatre, an appointment of extraordinary importance at the period. It was a time in fact when the exalted of the land not merely took with characteristic levity a disgraceful interest in theatricals and the professors of the histrionic art, especially of its fair and frail representatives, some of whom swayed the councils of ministers and the destinies of nations, but when the theatre as an engine was working powerfully in furtherance of the impending storm. We need not therefore discredit our magniloquent hero when he talks of his familiar intercourse with the titled, or even acceptability with distinguished personages among the fair. His acknowledged comic powers, his extraordinary performances as a mimic, even his handsome figure, would find ecstatic admirers in that degenerate and profligate era. Can we better illustrate this degeneracy and the prevailing insensibility to the inevitable consequences, than by quoting a passage in which Marie

Antoinette not only figures as an enthusiastic getter up of plays; but as an actress in courtly theatricals? We thus read:—

“At first the Queen did not act, Louis XVI. having disapproved of her doing so. By degrees, however, Marie Antoinette succeeded in overcoming his scruples, and at length she acted at Trianon, there being a less strict observance of etiquette there than when the court was in Paris. At that theatre, comedies and comic operas were carefully rehearsed, and excellently performed. ‘*Le Roi et le Fermier*,’ and ‘*La Gageure Imprévu*,’ were certainly never played by such illustrious actors, nor before so noble an audience. In the former piece, the queen sustained the character of Jenny, and in the latter that of the soubrette. The other characters were filled by the distinguished personages forming the intimate social circle of their majesties and the royal family. The Count d’Artois not having relinquished his habit of improvising, it was not deemed prudent to intrust him with any important character. I happen to have in my possession a bill of fare of one of the performances at the theatre at Trianon. It will not, perhaps, be out of place if I transcribe it here. It shows the distribution of the parts in ‘*Le Roi et le Fermier*.’

The King Count Adhémar.

Richard Count de Vaudreuil.

Gamekeeper Count d’Artois.

Jenny The Queen.

Betsy The Duchess de Guiche.

The Mother Mme. Diane de Polignac.

The next pieces got up under the direction of her majesty were, ‘*On ne s’avise jamais de tout*,’ and ‘*Les Fausses Infidélites*,’ by M. Barthe. In general, comedies were not so spiritedly sustained as operas. In pieces of the latter class, the singing and music bore away the palm. The king’s disapproval of these amusements being somewhat abated, he felt a wish to see the queen herself perform; her majesty’s acting and singing being the theme of admiration among the courtiers and nobility. Accordingly, his majesty made it a rule to attend all the rehearsals. Caillot and Richer were engaged to superintend the getting up of operas, and to give any requisite instructions to the singers. For the superintendence of comedies, Preville and Dazincourt were chosen; but Preville being very much occupied by his professional engagements, I had the honour of being appointed in quality of supernumerary. With the view of gaining a greater sanction to enjoy an amusement, her taste for which was daily increasing, the queen wished that the Countess de Provence, with whom she had recently been on rather lukewarm terms, should take part in the performances. But the Count de Provence (Monsieur), after having to appearance given his consent, withheld it, and, in consequence, a little quarrel ensued between the two illustrious sisters-in-law. The Count d’Artois happened to be present on this occasion. He endeavoured to prevail on the Countess de Provence to accede to the queen’s wish; but the countess haughtily refused, on the ground that it would be beneath her dignity to act plays. ‘But,’ said Marie Antoinette, ‘if I, who am Queen of France, act plays, surely you cannot have any scruples.’ To which the countess replied: ‘Though I am not a

queen, madame, I am of the stuff of which queens are made.' Picqued at this comparison, the queen answered sharply, and in a manner which made her sister-in-law feel that she considered the House of Savoy as inferior to the House of Austria, which, she added, was quite as illustrious as the family of Bourbon. The Count d'Artois, who had been hitherto a silent listener, now smiled, and addressing himself to the queen, said, 'I did not before venture to intrude on the conversation, madame, because I thought you were angry; but now I perceive that you are only jesting.' This sarcasm put a period to the discussion."

We have already heard how our hero conducted himself, and was noticed by Voltaire at Ferney. A good deal more is told about this extraordinary man, part of which we now extract, the passage referring to his visit to Paris, to bring out his "*Irène* :—"

"On his arrival in the capital, the philosopher proceeded straight to the residence of the Marquis de Villette, situated on the quay which now bears the name of Voltaire, at the corner of the Rue de Beaume. On the day after his arrival, a prodigious host of visitors commenced calling on him; but he remained the whole week in his robe de chambre and nightcap, and in this garb received many of the most distinguished persons in the capital. Madame Denis and the Marquis de Villette did the honours of the house. When any one called, a valet was sent to inform M. de Voltaire, and when the great man made his appearance, the Count d'Argental and the Marquis de Villette introduced those whom he had not before seen or had forgotten. After receiving the compliments of those who wished to be presented to him, and answering them by some agreeable or witty remark, he would return to his cabinet to dictate to his secretary the corrections he was making in his tragedy of '*Irène*.' On the 12th of February, the members of the Academy sent a deputation with a complimentary address to their illustrious colleague. On the day after I joined the company of performers who assembled for the purpose of paying their respects to him. On this occasion, the compliments uttered by Bellecourt appeared to me somewhat too studied. Voltaire replied with the most pleasing affability; after making some allusion to the state of his health, he made an observation which indicated how completely his thoughts were absorbed by his tragedy: 'Henceforward,' he said, 'I can live only for you, and by your aid.' After the rest of the performers took their leave, I remained with Voltaire; I reminded him of his reception of me at Ferney, after my plot against his wig. Laharpe, who was present, remarked that he thought Bellecourt had delivered the complimentary address in very pathetic style. 'Both of us,' replied Voltaire, 'acted our parts in the farce very well.'"

During the Reign of Terror, our self-trumpeter, as indeed others of his craft who continued loyal, suffered imprisonment. Some of them were executed. Fleury's escape, like that of a few of his brethren, is ascribed to a clerk who made away with the proofs. But what was there that the Revolution had not changed during the season of his confinement! He exclaims :—

“What transformations had been wrought during our incarceration! Our old theatre in the Faubourg Saint Germain, now appeared under a new title and a new aspect. Its original name of *Théâtre Française* had been first converted into *Théâtre de la République*, and had been subsequently changed into *Théâtre de l’Egalité*. The internal arrangements and decorations were likewise completely altered. With the view of destroying all distinctions of rank, the partitions which separated the boxes had been removed, in order to enable the citizens to sit beside each other in union and fraternity. The boxes, by this alteration, looked like galleries; and though the elegance of the theatre was completely destroyed by the process, the plan was certainly quite consistent with republican equality. At intervals projecting columns had been erected, rising from the first to the third tier of boxes, adorned with the busts of the most distinguished martyrs, and most ardent friends of liberty. Among the latter, that of Marat occupied the most conspicuous place. The fronts of the boxes, the draperies, and the curtain, exhibited the three national colours, ranged in narrow perpendicular lines. Thus the interior of the theatre looked not unlike a vast tent, lined throughout with striped cotton. I cannot describe what were my sensations the first time this striped curtain rose before me, and, looking from the stage, I beheld the pitiable change, not only in the theatre but in the audience. Where were now the elegant decorations of the house? Where was the elegant company that was wont to grace it? Where was the gay Champcenetz and the brilliant Condorcet? Where were my valued friends Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe and her lovely daughter? All numbered with the dead! What a change in less than a year! Even the box which Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe had occupied, which was close upon the stage, had vanished. That box, whose draperies of fringed velvet formed so pretty a framework for the fair faces of its occupants, was no longer visible. The space it occupied was filled with a block of yellow marble, on which stood a colossal statue of Equality—the idol usurping the places of the victims who had been immolated at its altar.”

Hence we see that the storm had left the impression of its violence upon the theatre in return for the service which that engine had performed in hastening and completing its explosion.

We have alluded to Fleury’s achievements as a mimic, which with characteristic flourish are described by himself. Take an example:—

“When the Emperor Napoleon had his head quarters in Dresden, one of his favourite amusements was theatrical performances. A selection from the company of the *Comédie Française* repaired to the capital of Saxony, where the masterpieces of Corneille, Molière, and Racine were frequently performed. Unfortunately, an accident for a time deprived us of the services of one of the ablest handmaids of Thalia; Mademoiselle Mars, whilst taking a drive in an open carriage, was thrown out and seriously hurt. General grief and consternation prevailed, and the celebrated Dr. Desgenettes was immediately despatched by the emperor to tender assistance to the charming actress. Talma and I, as soon as we heard of the occurrence,

hurried to her house, where we anxiously awaited the arrival of the doctor, who soon appeared. He saw the patient, whose case was fortunately not so serious as we had anticipated. The doctor spoke to her for a few minutes, and gave her some prescriptions, and then immediately throwing aside as it were his professional character, he entered into general conversation with the ease and elegance of the most accomplished courtier. I was struck with this sudden transition. The playful, amiable manner, the animated and interesting flow of conversation which so peculiarly distinguished that eminent man, made a strong impression on me, and I carefully stored up in my mind my notes of observation, with the view of making Desgenettes the subject of one of my most favourite imitative sketches. An opportunity soon occurred, which led me almost undesignedly to finish up the picture, of which only the outline as yet existed in my mind. One evening, at a party given by Count Daru, the conversation turned on the accident sustained by Mademoiselle Mars, and Talma very naturally pronounced a warm eulogy on Baron Desgenettes. I did not fail to second him, and described the doctor's agreeable conversation on the day of his visit to Mademoiselle Mars. My imitative faculty came into play, as it were unconsciously; and the resemblance was so striking, that all who heard me exclaimed, 'It is Baron Desgenettes himself.' This mimicry was quite unpremeditated, and I was not fully aware that I was practising any imitation till warned by Talma. But it was too late; the attention of the company had been directed to me, and several persons of the ladies urged me to repeat the imitation. I was thus obliged to enact the character of the great doctor during the best part of the night. A few days afterwards, Count Daru described to Baron Desgenettes what had occurred at his party, and bestowed lavish compliments on me. 'Positively,' said he, 'Fleury is more like you than you are like yourself. You are so gay in society, and so grave in the exercise of your professional duties, that you are yourself only as it were in shadow. Fleury is an embodied likeness of you. Do come and see him, or I should rather say, come and see yourself. I expect him this evening.' I was again at Count Daru's, and was not a little astonished when Baron Desgenettes stepped up to me, and expressed a wish to see the personation of himself, about which he had heard so much, and begged I would for a few minutes become his representative. I could not refuse a request which conveyed so high a compliment to me, though I confess I felt somewhat diffident in attempting the imitation in the presence of my distinguished model. By degrees, however, I got inspired with my subject; I moved about, chatting first with people on my right, then with others on my left, placing my hand on the hilt of my sword, after the doctor's peculiar manner. I had at my tongue's end some of the happy mots which were currently assigned to him, and I contrived to bring them in, not perhaps very inaptly. Then advancing to a lady, and conjuring up all my recollections of my first interview with the doctor, on his visit to Mademoiselle Mars, I went through a great part of the consultation scene, winding up the whole with a gracious adieu to Talma and a bow to Fleury."

The performance of such wonders, and the applause he won, so uplifted the man, that he regarded himself as fit to be compared

with royalty, and the vicissitudes which he encountered with those which the Bourbon princes went through. But we shall not further draw from his pages, nor enlarge on their character; satisfied that we have shown, that, besides the amusing anecdotes that may be extracted from them, there is also matter for grave reflection.

Mr. Raikes, the author of an agreeable book, the result of a "Visit to St. Petersburg," published about two years ago, has furnished us in the present instance with a pair of volumes on France, having a more serious intention than appears to have actuated M. Fleury in the composition of his work. And yet, to a very considerable extent, the lesson that France in and since 1830 holds out to the world, as exhibited in the one publication, offers views and suggests comparisons that fall within the same chapter of social and political lessons that we have endeavoured to indicate as the moral to be derived from the garrulous and self-gratulating player's pages.

It is not so much France since 1830, as France at that period, and especially during the three days, which Mr. Raikes labours to delineate; but on this very account his work may be, whatever is the difference of style and purpose, profitably read in connexion with many passages of the preceding volumes. His rapid sketch, too, of France as represented by the higher classes from the days of the grand monarch to the reign of Charles the Tenth, although superficial, is a useful and pleasant abstract suited to general readers, and which enables the mind to grasp many of the causes and trace some of the main bearings of the two revolutions.

With regard to the Three Days, our author has had peculiar opportunities of forming correct judgment, for he was in Paris at the time, and personally witnessed a good deal of that which he describes; while, as regards far more which he did not and could not behold with his own eyes, nor hear with his own ears, he seems to have been singularly fortunate; that is, in having the aid of well-informed reporters and French writers, who have cleverly spoken of the Revolution. From these he appears to draw largely, his narrative being studded with a great number of striking and illustrative anecdotes which the mind delights to take hold of, both as regards the index and the embodiment of the history.

The frivolity, insensibility, and insatiation of courtiers and of royalty were sufficiently apparent in M. Fleury's pages; but the heart revolts with still stronger disgust at a repetition of similar follies, blindness, and tyranny on the part of those who proved themselves deaf to the most awful teachings, and were again driven into exile. In the pages of Mr. Raikes alone will be found a clear and spirited sketch of the events and vicissitudes to which we particularly allude, together with their proximate causes as well as effects. We shall, however, confine our extracts to the period which elapsed

between the publication of the Ordinances, and the safe-landing of royalty in England. The passages to be quoted are more pregnant of facts and intimations than any other in the history of the world that we can at present think of. Hear how warnings and omens were disregarded!—

“ The Ministers returned to Paris, carrying with them the ordinances signed in due form by the king. At five o'clock in the afternoon, M. Sauve, chief editor of the *Moniteur*, received the very unusual order to repair punctually at eleven o'clock that night to the hotel of the Keeper of the Seals. On his arrival thither, M. de Chauntelaue handed over to him the ordinances and the report to the king, with directions that they should be inserted in the *Moniteur* on the following morning. M. Sauve evinced considerable emotion on perusing the documents ; his voice seemed to falter at particular passages ; and M. de Montbal, who was present, remarking his agitation, said, in an inquiring tone, ‘ Well ! God preserve the king ! ’ ‘ May God preserve France,’ replied M. Sauve. ‘ So do we hope and trust,’ added the true Ministers. M. Sauve then retiring from the room, added, ‘ Gentlemen, I am now fifty years old ; I have witnessed all the events of the Revolution, and I confess that I leave your presence with a mind full of awful apprehension for the future.’ He closed the door, and the die was cast.”

Again,—

“ On the Monday morning, Charles the Tenth, with the view of avoiding all further comments as to the ordinances, or perhaps to divert his mind from the intrusion of any unpleasant reflections, commanded the necessary arrangements to be made for a hunting party at Rambouillet. Instead of setting off at his usual hour of nine o'clock, the horses were ordered at the early hour of seven ; long before it was possible that the *Moniteur* of that morning could arrive at St. Cloud. Instead of returning home at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, as had been his constant habit, it was past midnight before the royal party returned to the palace. The chase was dull and tedious, the king thoughtful and absent.

“ Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather, it was long before the hounds could find their game, and even then the stag was unwilling to show any sport : he made repeated turnings and windings, till at last the slot was lost. The king appeared to take no interest in this his most favourite amusement : he rode on, seemingly absorbed in thought ; and when one of the huntsmen pointed out to his Majesty some broken branches in the forest, as an indication of the track which the animal had taken, he listened without attention, and made no comment. The courtiers, who were in total ignorance of the promulgation of the ordinances, made every effort to amuse the king, and dispel the gloom which was hourly becoming more contagious. All was in vain ; the whole party, lost in conjectures, abandoned as hopeless all attempts to remove the king's depression of spirits.”

Monday, our readers are aware, was the first day, during which,

as also the second, Mr. Raikes saw no fighting. Still, matters were rapidly ripening, and every measure of the Government helping to hurry on the explosion. Wednesday commenced as if big with the fate of France, and the tottering monarchy's indecision as well as positive errors only served to work out the drama. Marmont's last despatch on the day mentioned, sent by his Aide-de-Camp, Komierowsky, and the verbal report also directed to be given by the Colonel, were thus received and treated :—

“ ‘ The king replied that he would read the despatch, and I retired to wait his commands. Having passed some time in fruitless expectation, I requested the Duc de Duras to go to his Majesty and implore an answer ; but he told me that the laws of etiquette forbade him from taking such a liberty. At the expiration of half an hour, I was recalled by the king into his cabinet ; who delivered to me no written instructions, but only charged me with his orders to the marshal to stand firm, to unite his forces on the Carousal and the Place de Louis Quinze, and to act on the enemy with masses ; these last words he repeated twice. The Duchesse de Berri and the Dauphin were both present in the room, but said nothing.’ As M. de Komierowsky took this opportunity of touching upon the serious aspect of the insurrection, the king told him to be brief. As he returned through the suite of apartments, he was surrounded by the courtiers and different officers of the household, who made various inquiries : all seemed to be in a perfect state of security, much enraged against the excitors of revolt, but quite incredulous as to their success. The Court passed these three days in giving unimportant directions, in the expectation of good news from Paris, and the disbelief of those which were unfavourable ; treating the bearers of such reports with ill humour, and affecting to doubt their veracity.”

Again.—

“ The day was passed in the usual routine of Court ceremony ; in the morning, the mass and the audiences ; in the evening, the rubber of whist with its formalities ; and it was thus, while the earthquake was rumbling in the neighbourhood, that precautions were taken to avoid it. Many ill-natured comments have been made on this whist party by the malevolent, as if Charles the Tenth had really occupied himself purposely with this trifling amusement while surrounded with such imminent dangers ; but those who have lived in courts must know that the daily life is regulated by a monotonous uniformity, which is not to be infringed because a variety of private interests are connected with its existence. Charles the Tenth did not of his own accord propose the game ; but every evening, at a stated hour, the lord in waiting approached his Majesty and said, ‘ Sire, the card-table is prepared, and your party is formed.’ On the evening of the 28th, the usual ceremony took place ; and the King indeed sat down mechanically in his accustomed manner—we all become gradually the creatures of habit, particularly as we advance in life : but the distant murmur of cannon was still audible, and the echo of civil war resounded in the vale below the château. Charles was evidently disturbed ; any idea of amusement was little in unison

with his feelings: the cards were left untouched; he rose from his chair, and went out on the balcony, where he remained some time looking towards Paris with considerable anxiety."

Even in his hasty journey towards England, courtly etiquette was observed in a manner that gives us but a poor idea of the common sense of the royal fugitives, and of their susceptibility of instruction and reformation. For example, we are told, that,—

"As they marched into Dreux, General Vincent stationed himself at the door of the King's coach, conceiving that the sight of a general officer in uniform, with his bare head, would create some feeling of respect for the King. 'Vincent, Vincent!' cried the Dauphin, 'this is the place of the Lieutenant of the Garde du Corps.'"

Contrast this with the waning incense offered by courtiers and dependants:—

"On the borders of the road taken by the Royal Family from St. Cloud were various fine châteaux, of which the proprietors occupied eminent places at Court, or owed their whole fortune to the Restoration: none of these, however, appeared at their thresholds to offer a passing hospitality to their fallen benefactors, except the generous Duc de Noailles, whose loyalty and attachment to his Sovereign was checked by no selfish considerations. * * *

"During the journey, those about the King had inquired how many persons he thought would probably accompany him out of France? His reply at first had been two hundred; and preparations were made accordingly at Cherbourg. Further on, the King said that he should take with him one hundred and fifty, then one hundred. The number was gradually diminished as they approached the coast; till at last, when arrived at Cherbourg, there were only ten individuals who in fact embarked with him."

One significant anecdote more, but coming too late in the day for any good it could produce for the person most interested in the doctrine it teaches:—

"The motion of the ship soon produced its natural consequences, and the passengers were affected with sea-sickness. The Duchesse de Berri, who suffered martyrdom, but struggled with great energy to combat the malady, observed to M. d'Urville, that she was not formed to make a good sailor. 'Madame,' said he, 'with the courage and heroism which you possess, you would soon overcome that difficulty.' On hearing which remark, Madame de Gontaut, who was reclining on a bed and suffering from the same cause, said, with a certain degree of acrimony, 'Sir, you should never flatter princes; it is their ruin.'"

ART. V.—*Italy and the Italian Islands, from the earliest Ages to the present Time, 3 vols. (Edinburgh Cabinet Library.)* By WM. SPALDING, Esq. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1841.

To treat of Italy and the Italian Islands from the earliest ages to the present time requires comprehensive, clear, and minute knowledge. Indeed the subject, to be in any considerable degree satisfactorily handled, and within the compass of three duodecimo volumes, seems so vast as to defy such compression, if the writer at all professes to do more than furnish a dry chronological array of events, and if he undertakes to vivify his narrative, as well as to dissertate independently upon the numerous principles and features belonging especially to his subject. Mr. Spalding, however, the Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, has acquitted himself with wonderful success; nor can we express our admiration of his performance in stronger terms than to say that the present portion of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library series addresses itself not only to the grandest and finest theme that has yet been taken up by that distinguished publication, and, we may add, that can be seized within the range of history, but that the execution will place the work at the head of the entire series of which it forms such a prominent portion.

Eminent logical talent was required as respects arrangement and distribution of the multifarious parts of such a subject, so as to produce simplicity, perspicuity, and adequacy, as well as mastery over innumerable details. A rapid account of the Professor's system and mode of treatment will enable our readers to form an opinion of his judgment in the respects mentioned; while some other remarks, together with specimens, will show that there is a fulness and an information in his volumes which no mere compiler could possibly introduce,—a warmth and vividness which no mere master of paper and paste labour could ever infuse.

However grand and large Italy and the Italian Islands may be, as the theme for a popular history and commentary, both of which Mr. Spalding's work eminently deserves to be called, it will, on a comprehensive glance, at least after our author has indicated an outline, be clearly perceived to divide itself into great and distinct parts or stages. The classical age has a general definite character, although it clearly admits of subdivision, not merely in the course of Roman history, but by conducting the mind to the period of the Etruscans, or the most ancient compartment. Then the middle or dark ages are sufficiently marked as a separate and unique period, although there are sections even in this stage of Italian history; while a third commences about the year 1500, when the freedom, commercial enterprise, literature, and arts that had awakened to-

wards the close of the preceding era, presented for a hundred years the most glorious fruits ; since which time these have waned down to our day, and thus rendering the last grand division capable of partition.

But even under each subdivision a variety of subjects offer themselves, and which require to be separately and consecutively taken up. What may be properly called the *history* of each section requires particular attention ; and here Mr. Spalding is brief but ample, because he takes a searching and philosophic view of each period without troubling himself with every event or an anxiously maintained chronological narrative. He sets himself to grasp the constitutional genius and political workings of each, according to their main features, and as exemplified by some felicitously selected particulars. Literature receives an analogous treatment, individual authors supplying him with illustrations. Art, of course, is dealt with in a similar manner ; while, among other distinct branches, society, with its characteristic modes, religion, &c. of the people, engages the Professors best powers.

It is impossible to be original always upon any one of the large topics handled by our author. It is rarely even to be found that one man has a competent knowledge of any of the distinct branches to which we have alluded. Mr. Spalding, however, has brought extensive reading to his task, careful and anxious study, and enlarged knowledge of mankind. And what is not to be overlooked when characterizing his work, he has resided in Italy, and communicates to his topographical descriptions and to particular local scenes, a picturesque effect, which no one less favourably situated, or no mere acquaintance with what has been written by others, can ever convey. We should say that even his criticisms of works of art are judicious and discriminating, owing, it appears to us, more to a correct independent taste and graphic power of the pen, than any purely professional knowledge of art. In a word, we pronounce these volumes to be beautiful and good,—attractive and useful,—to be imbued with the very genius of Italy, as modified at different periods. There is, no one, however conversant with the vast theme, who will not be benefited by the enlightened and often profound comment which is here presented. There is no person, however unlearned, that will not in the course of one perusal obtain from it a large and satisfactory knowledge of its parts. But this is not all ; for Italy's history is, in some senses, the history of the civilized world ; at any rate, Italy has exercised the most extensive and permanent influences upon the human race. Think of the countries which the Romans conquered carrying with them institutions and arts. Think of the Italian republics, at a later period, their navigation, municipal constitutions and assertion of political liberty. Then, forget not the soil whence arose the literature, the arts, and

the sciences which now shed their benign spirit, light, and power, wherever nations have passed from barbarity. Religion itself,—but we need not be more precise.

We have only one remark more to make before presenting to our readers samples of the Professor's volumes: it is this, the great and chief end of history, and indeed of all writing, has been kept constantly in the author's eye, and he never fails to take the reader along with him, viz. the political, social, and moral teachings which the present and future ought ever to search for in the past. The entire spirit of these pages, the broad cast of Mr. Spalding's sentiments, even the under-current and influential tone of the work, deposits impressive truths and striking conclusions. Take a passage which we have had pointed out to us as an example of what we have now noticed. It also furnishes a specimen of his selecting method, instead of continuous narrative,—of his disquisitional matter in combination with the historical. The passage regards the gross corruption of Imperial Rome:—

“For the aspect of the times in general, it may be enough to take one isolated feature from each of the three great sections of national life—the court, the senate-house, and the haunts of the people.

“The reign of crime in the imperial palaces during the worst times was a fearfully exaggerated prototype of those horrors which stained the petty courts of Italy in the latter of the middle ages. The Roman series of executions and confiscations, indeed, prompted solely by suspicion or avarice, has had no equal since its own days; but there have been repeated likenesses of the imperial mixture of lewdness, cruelty, unbridled passions, and extravagance of refinement. There was much of a modern taste in Nero's favourite amusement of scouring the streets by night, insulting every one he met, and sometimes returning to his palace soundly beaten; a recreation emulated successively by the Emperor Otho, Commodus, and Heliogabalus. But we can conceive ourselves studying the history of the Sforza or the Ducal Medici when we turn to the darker pages of Nero's annals; when we see him in his closet with the hag Locusta, trying experiments upon poisons; when he enters the banqueting-hall, and in the midst of his court sees his victim Britannicus drink the potion, and fall on the floor in convulsions; when we watch the speechless horror of the spectators, and behold among them the unfortunate Octavia, the sister of the murdered man and the wife of the murderer; and when, in the same night, amidst darkness, rain, and tempest, we follow the corpse to the Campus Martius, and see it thrust into its nameless grave.

“The general reputation of the Imperial Senate may be gathered from two sources; from the younger Pliny's contemptuous description of their monument on the Tiburtine road in honour of Pallas, the freedman of Claudius, with their act in honour of the same worthless favourite; and from the bitter but well-merited satire of Juvenal, in which he represents the Fathers of Rome as called together by Domitian to deliberate on the best way of

dressing a turbot. One other example, a simply told fact, will teach us how far official subserviency could carry the degradation of personal character. While Tiberius was on the throne, Titus Sabinus, an associate of the murdered Germanicus, was enticed by one of his own friends to enter his house, and there express his indignation against the tyrant. Three senators, hidden between the ceiling of the chamber and the roof of the mansion, were allowed to overhear the conversation; and as soon as Titus had quitted the place, the four traitors concocted a memorial to the Emperor, in which they set forth the seditious words they had heard spoken, and boastingly related the infamous meanness by which they had purchased their knowledge.

“The populace we shall better understand when we come to examine the public amusements, for these were their sole occupation. If they received their allowance of food and had the circus and amphitheatres opened to them, they were contented and most loyal subjects: for these reasons they did not hate the bad Emperors: on the contrary, they usually liked them better than the good ones. Most of those extravagant and profligate despots scattered their treasures freely among the mob, while their cruelty exhausted itself on the rich and noble. These the Emperors might always destroy with impunity: but it was not so safe to attempt executing any member of their own household; it was still less safe to provoke the imperial guard; and, pampered and wretched as the Roman populace were, an attack on them would have been the most hazardous adventure of any. Nero, with his mad jollity, his shameless exhibitions of himself, and the unequalled splendour of his spectacles was the idol of the rabble; who long hung garlands on his tomb upon the Pincian Mount, believing for many years that he was still alive, and would return to punish his enemies and restore the regretted days of licence.

“In the year of grace 69, the troops of Vespasian stormed Rome, which was held by Vitellius. The two parties fought in three divisions—in the gardens of Sallust, among the streets of the Campus Martius, and at the rampart of the Prætorian barrack. At all these points the populace of the city swarmed out and looked on, cheering the combatants as they would have done in the amphitheatre; the wine-shops and other scenes of guilt stood open in the middle of the fight; the people resorted to them to spend the money which they plundered from the dying and the dead; and, when the battle was over, they hurried to the Aventine to see the capture of Vitellius, their late favourite, followed him while he was dragged, with his hands bound, across the Forum to the Gemonian Stairs, and shouted as they beheld the soldiers kill him.”

It has been matter of speculation how the Romans, with their ramified and far-reaching government, their refinement, and necessary intercommunication, could conduct their public affairs, and learn constantly what was passing throughout Italy alone, without facilities analogous to modern newspapers and post-offices. Mr. Spalding, however, shows that they were not so destitute in these respects as has been imagined:—

“The Romans, though we are apt to everlook the fact, had registers of

politics and intelligence, which were really not unlike our own newspapers in their contents, but immeasurably inferior in the mode of circulation.

“ The journals of the Senate and National Conventions long contained little more than entries resembling those in our collected acts of Parliament. These furnished most of the materials from which till 625 the Pontiffs compiled their annals; and there is also proof that, after the Republic had extended its dominions, those official journals were regularly copied and transmitted to public men living at a distance. But these sources were not enough. Every man abroad had his correspondents in Rome; and when the task of collecting news became more difficult, several persons assumed newsmongering as a trade, taking short-hand notes of the proceedings at public meetings, and selling copies of them as well as of the common gossip of the day, and the official journals. Julius Cæsar, in 694, established a regular system for recording the deliberations both of the Senate and the Conventions, in a form much like our reports of Parliamentary debates; and he allowed these accounts to be copied and circulated. Although Augustus stopped the publication of the reports, the restraint was soon afterwards withdrawn; and even after their introduction by Julius, these and all other archives of the state were so unreservedly open to the public, and their contents were diffused in so many shapes, that we are often uncertain whether the sources to which the Roman authors refer are these official reports, or the notes of professional short-hand writers, or, finally, those collections of common news that were handed about with the other pieces of information.

“ But we are less curious to disentangle this confusion than to learn some of the subjects which were discussed in the news-journals. The accounts of the political debates embraced the acts and resolutions, the rescripts of the Emperors, the reports of magistrates or committees, the names of the voters, (like that of Thræsea Pætus, whose silent dissent was watched with such eagerness by the provincials,) the speeches, their reception, and the squabbles of the debaters. Stray articles of law-intelligence seem to have found their way into these collections. There were likewise occasional notices extracted from the local registers of births, and announcements of marriages, divorces, deaths, and funerals, as also descriptions of new public buildings, show of gladiators, and such ordinary themes. Julius Cæsar, who read the news-sheet every morning, gave strict orders that Cicero's witty sayings should be regularly added to the other current matter. The journals, too, like our own, were the receptacles for all tragical and marvelous occurrences; and Pliny derived from them many of the odd stories inserted in his *Encyclopædia*, among which the following may be cited. The gazettes related that on the day when Cicero defended Milo there descended a shower of bricks; that under Augustus a burgher of Fæsulæ walked to the Capitol in a procession formed by his own sixty-three descendants; that when a slave of the unfortunate Titus Sabinus had been executed by Tiberius, his dog watched the corpse, carried food to its mouth, and on its being thrown into the Tiber, swam after it and strove to bring it to land; and that in the reign of Claudius a phoenix from Egypt was publicly exhibited in Rome; which last story, however, Pliny truly pronounces to be a manifest invention.”

In one respect the Romans appear to have been, even in their palmy days, deficient as regards the organization and serviceableness of their police force, and inferior to most modern European states ; although, with considerable impunity, the sort of miscreants that still infest some of the highways of parts of Italy would induce us to pronounce it a privileged land for similar outrages. We refer to kidnappers and highway-robbers in much later times. These are represented by our author as forming professional bands, in the last ages of the Republic, and repeatedly under the Emperors. Kidnapping of travellers, to reduce or to sell them as slaves, was common. We are told that,—

“ Hadrian attempted to stop it by an ordinance for shutting up the private slave-prisons, in some of which the robbers contrived to conceal their captives ; but the private dungeons and the crime lasted as long as the Empire. The victims appear to have been sometimes detained for years at hard labour ; but the frequency of the outrage can scarcely be accounted for, unless we believe that the banditti held their prisoners to ransom, like the modern Italian robbers. One of the most noted haunts of the ancient highwaymen was the Pontine Marshes, which lay conveniently near the high-road from Naples to Rome ; and another, not less infested, was the Gallinarian Wood, which stretched northward from Cumæ, and by its situation enabled the bandits to sally out on those persons of rank who spent the summer-months on the coast of Campania. When the military police scoured those forests and guarded their outlets, they produced by their vigilance another and worse evil ; for the villains then fled to Rome, hid themselves amidst the labyrinth of the overgrown city, (as modern thieves find themselves safest in Paris or London,) and committed daring robberies by night on the persons and dwellinghouses of the citizens.”

Having heard something of a mode of procuring bondsmen in ancient Rome, we quote certain particulars further concerning the slave-system there practised :—

“ From the seventh century of the city, the market-places in Rome were, on the days of sale, not at all unlike what an Eastern slave-bazaar is at present. The slave-merchants, a class notorious for dishonesty, and strictly watched by the police, kept their victims in large warehouses, whence they were brought out in crowds, and exhibited in barred cages, with descriptive labels hung round their necks. If a slave had been recently made captive, a circumstance which greatly increased his price, he had his feet chalked ; if he was not warranted sound, a cap was put upon his head ; and if a customer desired it, he was made to come out of his den and show his paces on the pavement of the porticoes. There were three regular sources from which Italy was supplied with these unfortunate beings. The first was opened by the frequent wars of the Republic and Empire, from all of which were derived large number of prisoners. There was, secondly, an established slave-trade, which had its principal marts in the islands of Greece, on the

coast of Syria, and in Egypt, receiving its supplies partly from the incessant wars of the Asiatics, and partly from kidnapping and piracy. There were, thirdly, the slaves already imported, whose descendants were retained in the families of their proprietors.

“ If the bondmen were brought from a distance, their birth-place had great influence in fixing their reputation, their price, and the nature of their work. The natives of Asia Minor were the usual attendants on feasts, and the wretched ministers of their masters' debauchery; the Alexandrian Greeks were thought to make the best buffoons; the Greeks of the continent were most frequently employed as teachers, artists, or artisans; the errand-porters, litter-carriers, and other labourers, were selected from all nations, but oftenest from the Northern regions both of Asia and Europe; the Dacians, Getæ, and other Germanic tribes, were the favourite gladiators; and the barbarians of Britain, whom the Italians were pleased to think a tall and handsome race, commonly figured as assistants and supernumeraries in the theatres. The mountaineers from the half-conquered islands of Corsica and Sardinia were considered the fiercest and most useless of all menials; indeed, they very frequently destroyed themselves; and the natives of the latter were contemptuously characterized in a current proverb.”

It is probable that the traffickers in mankind to this day have tastes and preferences with respect to the land or locality which give slaves their birth, just as our jockeys and countrymen, knowing in horse-flesh, have their favourable districts for breeding and rearing in England. There does not seem to be much improvement as regards refined cruelty and terrible injustice in modern over ancient slavery; no, not even in Virginia.

Let us now see how the Professor acquits himself when he draws upon his own observation and personal experience. Take landscape outlines, general characteristics, and the first impressions of a Northman :—

“ When we first tread the soil of Italy, the loveliness of the landscape absorbs our whole attention. Association, indeed, does much to strengthen the spell which the scenery throws over us; and the force of the attraction is greatly increased by the Southern sky, with its balmy repose, its magical colouring, and its harmonious combinations of light and shadow. All the features of the picture, however, are in themselves both novel and beautiful. The climate and its productions do not, it is true, unfold their full luxuriance till we reach Sicily; but to the native of Northern Europe, the face of the country is new from the very foot of the Alps.

“ Italy is divided by nature into two very dissimilar regions. The first is Lombardy, or Upper Italy, bounded, as we have seen, on the North by the Alps, and on the South by the Apennines. This tract commences on the North and West, among Alpine heights and glens, whose aspect is that of Switzerland. The mountains then subside into broad meadow-plains, watered by large rivers, and crossed in every field by rows of poplars supporting vines; while the olive-groves on the lower eminences both of the Alpine and Apennine chains and the scattered cypresses and pines, impart the first characteristic images of the Italian landscape.

“Southward of the ridge of the Apennines is the second region, the strictly [peninsular] portion of Italy. On crossing the mountains which bound it on the North, we immediately lose the broad plains and full rivers of Lombardy. The Apennine accompanies us to the extremity of the peninsular, dividing it lengthwise, narrowing its flats, and forming deep hollows by the promontories which it everywhere sends out. The mountains, though in many districts lofty, are rounded in shape; and the undulating hills which cluster about their sides sink down into flat alluvial vallies, like the deserted beds of lakes. Woods of olive-trees, not unlike in character to the birch, cover the rising grounds with their gray foliage. Towns and villages on the plains, or oftener perched like castles on the hills, peer out from amidst vineyards, or clumps of the dark flat-topped pine and the tall pillar-like cypress; and the most uncultivated and lonely of the vales are clothed with a picturesque and almost tropical prodigality of vegetation, in the wild trees and shrubs, the broad leafy masses of the glossy ilex, the rich forms and colours of the arbutus, and the graceful outline of the fragrant myrtle. This aspect of the landscape, which prevails in Middle Italy, suffers some changes as we advance further South. The date-palm is now seen in sheltered nooks; in some districts the orange and lemon groves give odour to the air, and the aloe and cactus grow wild upon the rocks. These features are caught in glimpses even on the Northern side of the Apennines; they are more and more frequent as we proceed towards Lower Italy, in which they are not indeed the prevailing features, but in several quarters assume prominence in the scene; and in Sicily the picture unites Oriental vegetation with that of the Italian vallies. The panorama of the low country too has everywhere a background in the mountains; among which, as we climb their sides, the wide woods of chesnut, intermingled with oak and beech, give way to the hardier species of the pine and other vigorous plants, and these to the green pastures which rise to the very summits of the Apennines.

“The landscapes of Italy are excelled by those of Northern Europe in several respects, and most of all in extent and grandeur of forest scenery; but every defect is redeemed by the lucid atmosphere, the characteristic luxuriance of the vegetation, the singular beauty of form in hill and vale, and the brilliant pictures of rural and even woodland loveliness which we discover in so many spots.

“Italian scenery receives another charm from its buildings, which in themselves are singularly picturesque, and add much to the historical and poetical recollections they so often recall.”

Tourists and amateurs in Italy generally deal in a great amount of twaddle and commonplace about pictures. The Professor is not one of either. He is not a mannerist, nor, as it appears to us, a mere retailer of other men's criticisms. We like him because he appears to speak from that sort of knowledge and taste that is home-bred, but withal liberalised. Take his idea of Italian music:—

“It may excite surprise that music should not have been enumerated among the diversions of the people at large. The liking for this art, and the fine musical organization, are indeed general; but the result is not at

all what those who have not seen Italy are accustomed to believe. The music of the lower classes is of two kinds. That which can alone be considered as their own property has its seat among the peasantry, and scarcely approaches the towns, except in the airs which are played to some of the popular dances, like the tarantella of Naples and the Roman saltarello. The national music may have interest for the antiquaries of the science, who try to recognize in it the ancient scales ; or it may have charms for those connoisseurs whose taste is peculiarly educated ; but for the common ear it is as unattractive as it is unvaried. A few airs have indeed been collected, particularly about Venice and Naples, which possess a wild originality ; still the general character is very little superior to the nasal chant with which the shepherds in the Campagna of Rome imitate successfully the harshest sounds emitted by their favourite instrument the Calabrian bagpipe. The second kind of popular music is found in the towns, where we often hear excellent singing in parts, still oftener vocal solos skilfully performed, and occasionally serenades with the guitar, which acquire an additional interest from their romantic associations. But every thing in these performances is borrowed. The airs are usually those of the favourite operas ; and the performers, with their own national readiness, have learned them in the theatres, or 'by listening at the windows of houses in which concerts are given.

"Italian music, then, is the fruit of artificial cultivation, and its office is to minister to the amusement of the aristocracy. Its character and fame are fixed ; and it is no part of the plan which has been laid down for these pages, either to relate its history or to describe the means used for cultivating it. The opera, or musical drama, is its great field ; and in all the capitals, except Rome, the government in different ways contributes to the support of the chief operatic company. This indeed is distinctively the drama of Italy ; it is even considered as exclusively the poetical drama, for in ordinary talk, and in the playbills, a play without music is described as *prosa*. The immense theatres of the Scála at Milan and the San Carlo at Naples, which are the largest and finest houses, are also the most celebrated for their exhibitions. The performers may be said to sing for the pit ; since the fashionable audience in the boxes resort to the place as a lounge and place of rendezvous, and the conversation of such parties produces a hum which makes it difficult to hear the music, and is interrupted only by the commencement of a favourite air or of the ballet. The preparations for the stage are suited to this careless reception ; for not unfrequently two or three operas make up the whole variety during a season."

It will, of course, be understood that we do not bind ourselves down to the Professor's doctrines in every point. But it must be borne in mind that a monthly reviewer cannot be supposed to be in a condition to combat a champion of classicism and experience, such as our few, and by no means troublesomely quoted, passages exemplify. The fact is, that after reading these volumes we found, not the gems, but characteristic passages pointed out ; and knowing that Mr. Spalding's book will not only stand alone in its excellence,

but that two persons of ordinary information and judgment could not arrive at two different ideas regarding it, we have made no scruple to constitute the first examples that came to hand, as the proofs of our judgment.

It would be unfair to dismiss these most illustrious examples of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, without stating that the illustrative maps and plates on steel are purpose-like, as well as elegant accompaniments.

ART. VI.—*A Second Series of the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians. Two Volumes, and one of Plates. By SIR J. G. WILKINSON. Murray.*

THESE volumes are by a gentleman whose reputation, with regard to Egyptian antiquities, and also the manners and customs of modern Egypt, is of the very highest order, who continues in this series those subjects to which he found that he could not do ample justice in the former portion of the work—Religion and Agriculture now principally occupying him. Remote as is the period to which the author has directed his inquiries, and although many of the subjects he sets himself to illustrate have left no living examples, yet our readers are aware that Egypt is rich beyond all other countries in the relics of what may be called primeval civilization, and that the very bowels of its soil present and preserve the fashion of an old world, often as freshly as had one of Heaven's miracles struck the nation dead but yesterday, without any such convulsion as would destroy the cunningest works of its smitten inhabitants. Accordingly, antiquarians and scholars, by means of a most close and nicely pursued comparison of the existing paintings, sculptures, and monuments executed thousands of years ago, with the accounts left by ancient authors, have been able to lay open to us, and with an astonishing exactness, the daily life as well as the more formal institutions of a people who must have been far advanced in civilization at a period to which profane history cannot pretend to reach. But amongst all these labourers, not one has ever yet invested the details with such an interest as the author before us, or so completely aroused our sympathies in behalf of races who flourished at a period to which the mind with difficulty extends its living warmth.

In the present volumes we behold the Egyptians in the performance of their religious ceremonies, with a precision and fulness that will appear wonderful to those who have never accompanied such a decipherer of symbols as Sir Gardner. But his details of this sort do not complete his exposition and grasp of the religion of a people, the results of whose system were so extensive in the ancient classical periods; for with profound and scholarly talent, and after long re-

search, he seems to have discovered and satisfactorily established that their numerous ceremonies and rites, and their worship of insignificant and minute objects, which has been so much ridiculed, and which at first sight appear so childish, were but the emblems of recondite and abstruse ideas and doctrines. No doubt, as must always be the result of a system which employs a multitude of external objects to shadow forth hidden meanings, the bulk of the people would run away with the form and overlook the substance, would rest on the physical and miss the spiritual. Another consequence was, that strangers and foreigners who never penetrated the system, who only judged of it as exhibited in the grosser and more vulgar notions and practices of the people, to the forgetting or misunderstanding the mysticism of the initiated, perpetuated the reports of the absurdities of Egyptian philosophy and belief. But what, according to our author's speculations and details, was still more to be lamented, the Greeks and Romans who copied so much from Egypt, did so by taking up the outward and leaving the inward; and by a general and pervading corruption of all that they copied; so that what may be called classical religion was a perversion of a comparatively pure and spiritual system,—a system in which the grand doctrines of the Unity, the Atonement, and the Trinity were apprehended and intended to be signified. We must let Sir Gardner be heard on the Grecian and Roman abuse of Egyptian allegory. He says,—

“ From whatever source the Egyptians originally borrowed their ideas on these subjects, it is evident that they refined upon them, and rendered their metaphysical speculations so complicated, that it required great care and attention on the part of the initiated to avoid confusion, and to obtain a perfect understanding of their purport. Hence it happened that those who had only obtained a limited insight into this intricate subject speedily perverted the meaning of the very groundwork itself; and the Greeks and Romans, who were admitted to participate in a portion of those secrets, fell into a labyrinth of error, which gave to the whole system the character of an absurd fable. Indeed, they went still further, and taking literally certain enigmatical ceremonies, they converted speculative and absurd notions into physical realities, and debased the rites they borrowed from Egypt by the most revolting and profane excesses, tending to make religion ridiculous, and to obviate all the purposes for which it had been instituted; for, however erroneous the notions of the ancients were, however mistaken in the nature of the Deity, and however much truth was obscured by the worship of a plurality of gods, still the morality inculcated by religion, and practised by good men, was deserving of commendation; and we cannot but censure those who degraded what was good, and added to error by the misapplication of mysterious secrets.

“ The perversion of certain allegorical rites, and the misinterpretation given by the Greeks and Romans to some religious customs of the Egyptians, have in many instances led to the idea that the priesthood of Thebes

and Memphis, under the plea of religion were guilty of enormities which would shock the most depraved; and an erroneous judgment has been formed from the mode in which the worship of Osiris was conducted by his votaries at Rome. I will not pretend to say that the Romans did not find the ceremonies of that worship already degraded in the Græco-Egyptian city of Alexandria: this is highly probable: but the reason of its perversion there resulted from the same cause as at Rome—the misapplication by foreign votaries of tenets they failed to comprehend; for it may be doubted if such rites were at any time known to the Egyptians; and if any external ceremonies carried with them an appearance of indelicacy, they were mere emblematic representations, as in the case of the phallic figures, indicating the generative principle of nature. Here, as usual with the Egyptians, it was the abstract idea which alone occurred to the mind of those who understood the religion they professed; but the Greeks and Romans, owing to the grossness of their imaginations, saw nothing beyond the external form that presented itself to the eye, and instead of the power or abstract cause, they merely thought of its physical character. Hence the absurd worship of the mere agent in lieu of a first cause; and hence, in consequence, all those revolting scenes by which religion was degraded and the human mind corrupted; the more deplorable, since mankind is ever prone to commit the greatest excesses when their acts are believed to have the sanction of religion."

Our author's profound and prolonged study of the most ancient monuments and of one of the earliest races of mankind, whose history indeed is closely connected with that of the universe, and whose country it was that cradled civilization, has been much facilitated by the partial keys that have been made out for expounding or reading of the legends and the symbols engraved on adamantine rocks which have never been exposed to the sun, but where many of the living Egyptians find an abode. In the discovery of these keys, or alphabets, Sir Gardner Wilkinson has been much distinguished, every new achievement of the kind adding fuel to his enthusiasm, at the same time that it enlarges his skill in further interpretation. In this way he has at length been enabled, from the information derived from the monuments, to lay before us a singularly interesting, and what looks like a correct, theory concerning the theogony of the ancient Egyptians, and also to show that the reports and authority of Greek writers are often to be doubted. Upon the forms and principal characters of their gods he is particularly remarkable and original; his discoveries and decipherings on these points all guiding him to the conclusion, that the mythology of the Greeks and Romans was a mistaken copy of Egyptian religion, in which animals and natural objects were not more than the types of mysteries and spiritual ideas, instead of being considered deities, as was done by their corrupting copyists. The numerous plates which illustrate our author's writings indicate of themselves, and under the form of ani-

mals, mystic power, and knowledge, their heads being full of intellectual signification. We proceed to lay before our readers some of the opinions advanced by Sir Gardner with extraordinary clearness and calmness on this intricate subject.

The two main principles on which he thinks the religion of Egypt was based, were the existence of an Omnipotent Being, whose various attributes being deified, formed a series of divinities, each worshipped under its own peculiar form, and supposed to possess its particular office; and the deification of the sun and moon, from which it might appear that a sort of Sabeian worship had once formed part of the Egyptian creed. The sun was both a physical and a metaphysical deity, while numerous natural phenomena were typified by figurative or emblematical conceits. Nor were moral emblems wanting, as witness the figure of Justice with her eyes closed. We may have some idea of the multitude of allegorical beings who entered into their Pantheon, when we learn that not only every attribute of the Divinity was made into a separate deity, but that genii were invented to assume some office. Even the genius of a town or a river was worshipped as a god; and, according to Herodotus, every month and day were consecrated to a particular deity. Our author goes on to remark that—

“It may reasonably be supposed that in early times the religion of Egypt was more simple and free from the complicated host of fanciful beings who, at a later period, filled a station in the catalogue of their gods; and that the only objects of worship in the valley of the Nile were, 1°, the deified attributes of the creative power, and of the divine intellect; 2°, the sun and moon, whose visible power has so generally been an object of veneration among mankind in the early ages of the world; and, 3°, we may add, the president of that future state to which the souls of the dead were supposed to pass after they had left their earthly envelope. It is difficult to decide whether the Egyptians had originally the belief in a future state, or if the immortality of the soul was a doctrine suggested at a later period, when philosophy had remodelled their religious notions: suffice it to say, that the oldest monuments which remain bear ample evidence of its having been their belief at the earliest periods of which any records exist; and Osiris, the judge and president of Amenti, is mentioned in tombs belonging to contemporaries of the kings who erected the pyramids, upwards of 2000 years before our era.”

What then comes of the opinions which some hold with regard to the Jews in Old-Testament times, and a belief in a future state? Can it be supposed that Moses and other descendants of Jacob, deeply read in the philosophy and learning of the Egyptians, should remain ignorant of a grand doctrine which Sir Gardner Wilkinson is able to discover on stones at this day? or that, if once thus informed, they would deride and disbelieve the exalting doctrine,

especially when they proudly regarded themselves as the peculiar favourites of the Everlasting? Why, indeed, are we to imagine that a people whose Scriptures told them of the translation of Enoch, and who were the descendents of Shem, would not be the firmest and earliest holders of the doctrine of immortality? We go on to quote some exposures of the manner in which the Greeks perverted the Egyptian complicated system, and caricatured the people they affected to excel so immeasurably:—

“ ‘Greece,’ observes the Abbé Banier, ‘never had but a confused idea of the history of her religion. Devoted without reserve on this important point to her ancient poets, she looked upon them as her first theologians; though these poets, as Strabo justly remarks, either through ignorance of antiquity, or to flatter the princes of Greece, had arranged in their favour all the genealogies of the gods, in order to shew that they were descended from them. Whenever, therefore, any heroes are mentioned in their writings, we are sure to find Hercules, Jupiter, or some other god at the head of their genealogies; and if the desire to pass for very ancient is common to nearly all people, the Greeks were, of all others, the most conspicuous for this folly. It is, indeed, surprising that they, who could not possibly be ignorant of their having received many colonies from Egypt and Phœnicia, and with them the gods and ceremonies of their religion, should venture to assert that those same deities were of Greek, or Thracian, or Phrygian origin; for it is to this conclusion that their poets pretend to lead us. But two words of Herodotus, who says that the gods of Greece came from Egypt, are preferable to all that their poets have put forth on this subject:’ and Plato tells us that ‘when Solon inquired of the priests of Egypt about ancient affairs, he perceived that neither he nor any one of the Greeks (as he himself declared) had any knowledge of very remote antiquity.’ ‘And as soon as he began to discourse about the most ancient events which happened among the Greeks, as the traditions concerning the first Phoroneus and Niobe, and the deluge of Deucalion and Pyrrha, one of the more ancient priests exclaimed, ‘Solon, Solon, you Greeks are always children, nor is there such a thing as an aged Grecian among you: all your souls are juvenile; neither containing any ancient opinion derived from remote tradition, nor any discipline hoary from its existence in former periods of time.’ ”

But wiser and more modest people could continue to laugh at the vain deriders, as we further find illustrated:—

“ Justly did the priests deride the ridiculous vanity and ignorance of the Greeks, in deriving their origin from gods; and they assured Herodotus, that during the long period which elapsed from the commencement of the Egyptian monarchy, to the reign of Sethos (comprising 341 generations), ‘no deity had appeared on earth in a human form, nor even before, nor since that time;’ and when ‘Hecataeus,’ says the historian, ‘boasted of his genealogy to the priests of Jupiter at Thebes, claiming for his family the honour of being descended from a god, whom he reckoned as his sixteenth ancestor, they made the same observation to him as to me, though I had

said nothing respecting my ancestry. Having taken me into a large consecrated chamber, they shewed me a series of as many wooden statues as there had been high-priests during the above-mentioned period; for each high-priest, while yet living, had his image placed there: and having counted them all before me, they proved that every one had succeeded his father at his demise, beginning from the oldest, and coming down to the last. The same had been done before Hecatæus, when he boasted of his genealogy; and, in opposing his pretensions by the number of their high-priests, they denied that any man was descended from a deity. Each statue, they argued, represented a Pirómis engendered by a Pirómis (a man engendered by a man); and, having gone through the whole number of 345, they shewed that every one was the son of his predecessor, without a single instance of any being descended from a god, or even a hero.' Of their idea respecting the manifestation of the Deity on earth, which the Egyptians entertained in common with the Hindoos, but which is far more remarkable in their mode of treating it, I shall not speak at present. This question is totally different from that of the existence of the gods on earth, alluded to by Herodotus, and must be looked upon under a very different aspect, as the most curious mystery which has been traced in the religion of Egypt. That the images of the Egyptian deities were not supposed to indicate real beings, who had actually existed on earth, is abundantly evident from the forms under which they were represented; and the very fact of a god being figured with a human body and the head of an ibis, might sufficiently prove the allegorical character of Thoth, or Mercury, the emblem of the communicating medium of the divine intellect, and suggest the impossibility of any other than an imaginary or emblematic existence; in the same manner as the sphinx, with a lion's body and human head, indicative of physical and intellectual power, under which the kings of Egypt were figured, could only be looked upon as an emblematic representation of the qualities of the monarch. But even this evident and well-known symbol did not escape perversion; and the credulous bestowed upon the sphinx the character of a real animal."

We have the following additional proof of our author's profound and sweeping examination of authorities and antiquities:—

"In the early ages of mankind, the existence of a sole and omnipotent Deity, who created all things, seems to have been the universal belief; and tradition taught men the same notions on this subject, which in later times have been adopted by all civilized people. Whether the Egyptians arrived at this conclusion from mere tradition, or from the conviction resulting from a careful consideration of the question, I will not pretend to decide; suffice it to know that such was their belief, and the same which was entertained by many philosophers of other nations of antiquity. Some of the Greeks, in early times, had the same notions respecting their theogony, as we learn from a very old author, 'if it be true,' as the Abbé Banier observes, 'that Pronapides adopted them, who was the preceptor of Homer, as Boccaccio affirms, on the authority of a fragment of Theodotus. According to this

ancient theogony, the most rational of all, there was only one eternal God, from whom all the other deities were produced. It was not permitted to give any name to this first being, and no one could say who he was, Anaxagoras thought to have defined him by saying that he was *vous*—understanding. However, as the most simple ideas have been altered in after times, Lactantius, the scholiast of Statius, calls this sovereign being Daimogorgon, as does the author above alluded to, in imitation of Theodotus. His name signifies the Genius of the Earth; but, from the description given of this god, it scarcely agrees with the idea that the first philosophers entertained of him; for it is right to observe that the poets, who were the earliest theologians of Greece, have, as it were, personified their ideas, and made out theogonies according to their fancy, though they appear always to suppose a being really independent. Most of them agree in an eternity, an ontogony, or generation of beings, some of whom are heavenly, others earthly or infernal; but Daimogorgon and Achlys, according to their system, were before the world, even anterior to chaos. Their Acmon, their Hypsistus, existed before the heavens, which the Latins called *Coelus*, and the Greeks *Ouranos*. According to them, the Earth, Tartarus, and Love preceded *Coelus*, since we find in Hesiod that this last was son of the Earth: and some considered Acmon to be the father of *Coelus*, and the son of Manes. *Coelus* also was the parent of Saturn, who was himself the father of the other gods. The giants, sons of the Earth, came afterwards, and Typhon was the last of them; after whom were the demigods, engendered by an intercourse between the gods, and the inhabitants of the earth.' It is still doubtful if the Egyptians really represented, under any form, their idea of the unity of the Deity; it is not improbable that his name, as with the Jews, was regarded with such profound respect as never to be uttered; and the Being of Beings, 'who is, and was, and will be,' was perhaps not even referred to in the sculptures, nor supposed to be approachable, unless under the name and form of some deified attribute, indicative of his power and connexion with mankind. Many allegorical figures are supposed to have been adopted for this purpose; and Greek writers have imagined that the snake curled into the form of a circle, with its tale in its mouth, and other similar emblems, were used by the Egyptians to indicate the unutterable name of the eternal Ruler of the universe; but these are merely symbols of his deified attributes (if, indeed, the snake in that form can be admitted among the number); and neither the snake, the emblem of Neph, the hawk, nor any other emblem, can be considered in any way connected with the unity of the Deity."

We have not space for any of our author's minuter details concerning the great gods of the Egyptians, much less on the inferior ones, some of which have never before been noticed by historians or antiquaries, but which are described in these volumes, as well as figured in the plates. Other superstitions and other peculiar customs we must pass over entirely, in order to come to their agriculture, which constituted such a remarkable feature in Egyptian history, and was the parent of amazing arts and sciences, as well as of

activity and industry. Upon this subject Sir Gardner is singularly explicit and full.

There were two great natural causes for human ingenuity with regard to the cultivation of the soil, and by a people who might, by neglect or idleness, be suddenly reduced to famine, viz. the Nile, as a fertiliser, and the multitude and kind of its indigenous productions.

The fertility of Egypt naturally depended for its chief supply on the inundations of the Nile; and such was the wonderful richness of the soil, that it reared corn not merely to supply seven millions of people, but for exporting large quantities; whereas, but for art and science, not a tenth of this amount could have been raised. As respects art, embankments, canals, sluices, and the invention of many curious kinds which these works called into being, must have been employed, so as to regulate the irrigation. The vestige of an ancient Nilometer has even been discovered, which shows that the waters of the river must have been reduced to very nice admeasurement, and which would be the more necessary as the inundations varied much in different years. These very irregularities must have originated many scientific inquiries; such, for example, as regarded meteorological influences, and rising to the higher walks of astronomy. But, above all, must geometry have been called into being, so as to ascertain, after the subsiding of the waters, what were the exact boundaries of each one's property, and what proportion each had to pay, in the way of taxes, to the state. Accordingly, geometry was carried to such a high degree of perfection in Egypt, that Euclid thence drew his mathematical elements and reasonings.

With regard to the component parts of the Nile, we are told, upon the authority of Regnault, that they are—11 water, 9 carbon, 6 oxide of iron, 4 silica, 4 carbonate of magnesia, 18 carbonate of lime, 48 alumen; total, 100: the quantity of silica and alumen varying according to the places whence the mud is taken, which frequently contains a great admixture of sand near the banks, and a larger proportion of argillaceous matter at a distance from the river. We further read as follows:—

“ The same quality of soil and alluvial deposit seems to accompany the Nile in its course from Abyssinia to the Mediterranean; and though the White River is the principal stream, being much broader, bringing a larger quantity of water, and probably coming from a greater distance than the Blue River, or Abyssinian branch, which rises a little beyond the lake Dembea, still this last claims the merit of possessing the real peculiarities of the Nile, and of supplying those fertilising properties which mark its course to the sea. The White River, or western branch, likewise overflows its banks, but no rich mud accompanies its inundation; and though, from the force of its stream (which brings down numbers of large fish and shells at the commencement of its rise, probably from passing through some large lakes), there is evidence of its being supplied by an abundance of heavy

rain, we may conclude that the nature of the mountains at its source differs considerably from that of the Abyssinian ranges. Besides the admixture of nitrous earth, the Egyptians made use of other kinds of dressing for certain produce; and in those places where the vine was cultivated on an alluvial soil, we may conclude they found the addition of gravel beneficial to that valuable plant, a secret readily learned from its thriving condition, and the superior quality of the grape in stony soils; and some produce was improved by a mixture of sand. Nor were they neglectful of the advantages offered by the edge of the desert for the growth of certain plants, which, being composed of clay and sand, was peculiarly adapted to such as required a light soil; and the cultivation of this additional tract, which only stood in need of proper irrigation to become highly productive, had the advantage of increasing considerably the extent of the arable land of Egypt. In many places we still find evidence of its having been tilled by the ancient inhabitants, even to the late time of the Roman empire; and in some parts of the Fyoom, the vestiges of beds and channels for irrigation, as well as the roots of vines, are found in sites lying far above the level of the rest of the country."

As we have already mentioned, the number and excellence of the indigenous productions of Egypt must have suggested cultivation. We are told that those of the desert alone amount to nearly 250 species; and that, although the Egyptian herbarium be limited to about 1300, the indigenous plants constitute a large proportion of that number, few countries having a smaller number introduced from abroad than Egypt, which, with a few exceptions, has remained contented with the herbs and trees of its own soil.

From what we have already quoted or mentioned, the ancient Egyptians must have ranked high as pure agriculturists; so that some even of our most modern and approved improvements were familiar to them. Of this class the system of rotation of crops was resorted to, which so signally seconds the natural efforts of the soil to recover not only what it has lost by each crop, but constantly to carry that soil to a kindlier nature, and to exhibit increasing amelioration.

But there are many other proofs of the ingenuity and industry of the ancient Egyptians. Poultry, for example, of all sorts appear to have been an object of minute attention. What stronger evidence can we find of this fact, than that there were officers whose business it was to register the number of ducks, &c., and even of eggs, while the artificial hatching of the latter was, as it still is, the occasion of a distinct profession. Take an account of the process. We are told that, after sundry changes in the oven during a few days, the eggs are—

"Then held up, one by one, towards a strong light; and if the eggs appear clear, and of an uniform colour, it is evident they have not succeeded; but if they show an opaque substance within, or the appearance of different

shades, the chickens are already formed ; and they are returned to the oven for four more days, their positions being changed as before. At the expiration of the four days they are removed to another oven, over which, however, are no fires. Here they lie for five days in one heap, the apertures and the door being closed with tow to exclude the air ; after which they are placed separately, about one or two inches apart, over the whole surface of the mats, which are sprinkled with a little bran. They are at this time continually turned, and shifted from one part of the mats to another, during six or seven days, all air being carefully excluded, and are constantly examined by one of the rearers, who applies each singly to his upper eyelid. Those which are cold prove the chickens to be dead, but warmth greater than the human skin is the favourable sign of their success.

“ At length the chicken, breaking its egg, gradually comes forth ; and it is not a little curious to see some half exposed and half covered by the shell, while they chirp in their confinement, which they evince the greatest eagerness to quit.

“ The total number of days is generally twenty-one ; but some eggs with a thin shell remain only eighteen. The average of those that succeed is two-thirds, which are returned by the rearers to the proprietors, who restore to the peasants one-half of the chickens, the other being kept as payment for their expenses.”

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, like poor Emma Roberts, did not find travelling in the desert such a formidable affair as has often been represented. He also dispels certain long prevalent reports on the Oases and the Simoom. With an extract on these subjects we dismiss his volumes, which, for sterling learning and ably sustained exposition, will not soon be equalled. Never, before the publication of his works, has the world received such a full exhibition of the most remote civilization, or been acquainted with the practice of useful arts thousands of years ago, and in the infancy, so to speak of our earth, even after the country inhabited by this primeval people has been overrun, occupied for long periods, or pillaged by many nations. Now for our extract :—

“ From what has been said, it is evident that the oases are not fertile spots in the midst of a sandy plain, but depressions in the lofty table-land of Africa, where by the removal of the superincumbent limestone strata, the water has the power of rising to the surface ; nor is the desert a dreary plain of sand, which has overwhelmed a once fertile country, whose only traces are the isolated gardens of the oases, where the traveller runs a risk of being overwhelmed by sand, as the army of Cambyses was reported to have been. The notion is of old date, from Herodotus to the modern traveller who confines his experience to the valley of the Nile ; and if Strabo were listened to, it would require some degree of courage to visit the site of Memphis, lest, as he observes, the imprudent stranger should expose himself to ‘ the danger of being overtaken by a whirlwind on his way.’

“ Strabo, like other travellers, must have braved great dangers during

his voyage; the ancients were alarmed at the sand and wondrous monsters; and we now often read of narrow escapes from the effects of a *simoom*; but, however disagreeable this really is, and though caravans run the risk of losing their way if incautious enough to continue their route in its dense fog or dust, and consequently to perish in this waterless region, the very unpleasant death it has been reported to cause, is an exaggeration; and speaking from the experience of many a violent *simoom* in the most sandy parts of the desert, I can only say that it is bad enough without being exaggerated, but that it is much more frightful in a book of travels than in the country itself."

ART. VII.—*The History of Duelling.* By J. G. MILLINGEN, M.D.
2 vols. Bentley.

It is impossible to say anything that is not in every body's mouth about the folly, the wickedness, the bullying, and the moral cowardice which are inseparable from duelling. Neither can any thing new be uttered concerning the injustice, the cruelty, the wrong to the innocent, which attend the practice. Even those, who from a false sense of honour, may be dragged into the commission of the crime, will often be the loudest in denouncing it. Still, it may be possible to bestow upon the subject some unhackneyed observations, and to go deeper into its causes as well as probable remedies than our gossiping Doctor has done.

We set out then with stating that, in certain states of society, appeals of one sort or another, which no written law can answer, will be made; and especially such will be the case in a barbarous condition of mankind. Nay, in what we call the most advanced, as well as refined nations, and during the highest attainments that have ever yet been witnessed, with regard to the arts of peace, there will occur circumstances, which the majority of certain ranks will feel to impose the necessity of perpetrating a deed which the law declares to be murderous. Accordingly, as in ancient times, and among classical nations, single combats took place, in order to decide public rights; just as in the most civilized countries of Europe as well as during the dark ages, or in the half savage states at this moment, personal conflicts or duels are frequently heard of. Originating in an analogously supposed necessity, ordeal trials arose; in barbarous and superstitious nations, not only would an appeal to a mysterious and supernatural judge be made, but neither law nor public opinion would exist in such a state of things to meet and repress feelings of revenge or retaliation for insults, which, if silently borne, would exclude *men of honour* from their proper sphere in society. Nay, the fear of trial by ordeal, just as that of the *duello* has undoubtedly done, must have deterred many from committing crimes and inflicting injustice. God has been very prevalently thought, among ignorant people, to be continually ready to interfere,

when called upon, in behalf of the innocent ; and the dread of such an unescapeable test must have operated beneficially, or at least less injuriously, than had there been no restraint but the fear of detection and punishment in an unseen and future world. The ordeal, therefore, was a less evil in certain conditions of a community, than if it had been imagined that no unseen power was ready at once, and before an insult or a wrong could be forgotten by the public, to proclaim and to chastise it.

In a similar way duelling had its origin in barbarous and ignorant times, when neither written laws nor prevailing sentiments existed to meet and to punish certain affronts. Nay, at this moment, and in England, cases of injury will occur, in consequence of which, unless a person resent it by an appeal to the pistol, his reputation will for ever be ruined in the society to which he belongs ; so that he can hardly be held to be a free agent, and certainly not a calm judge with respect to the fashionable act. Ay, and in many cases, the community at large, as is proved by the verdicts of juries and the directions of the judges of the land, would shudder at the idea of obeying our written laws to the letter. We go further, and assert that if these existing laws were rigorously and uniformly obeyed, duelling would cease, for no man would willingly and wittingly encounter certain death, if not by the bullet, by the rope. It will be asked, why not enforce the laws, without distinction, in the way mentioned, when the consequences are held to be so certain and salutary ? We answer, that so long as a man's associates, and as these associates are acted upon by general opinion, it is impossible to get the law literally obeyed ; but even, in the present way of man's thinking, the obedience mentioned would have secret assassinations for its result. According to the tenets of certain classes, and also the artificialities of society, there are deep wrongs which no written law does, or can redress, and where opinion is stronger as the love of life ; so that an injured party will resort to some remedy or another. We are far from wishing to defend the practice of duelling, or from denying that the most worthless and pestiferous members of society have not generally been the readiest to commit the crime, and that too very often to the injury of the most innocent and deserving. But what we assert is, that it arose in a social necessity ; and that it, or something worse, will be practised, until the majority become Christians in heart, and not merely by profession ; or until public opinion stigmatize and punish adequately every man that sends a challenge, and also every one who is in the least way or sense connected with, or an abettor of, the deed ; and this will not occur until not only the House of Lords set the right example, but until the legislators and the distributors of the laws be forced by the pressure from without to fulfil the verdict of Christianity in spirit and in act.

Not only had duelling its origin in barbarous and ignorant times,

still, although it has been practised down to these enlightened days, it has in the most civilized states of society been shorn of much of its ferocity and brutality, as well as greatly restricted, wherever refinement exists or religion is generally professed. Even in the course of the dark ages it was divested of much of its barbarity, as well as it still is confined to certain *privileged* classes. Chivalry clothed it with attractions, and accompanied it with a multitude of courteous usages. What is more, the unwritten laws of those days confined revenge against the offending party alone, sparing kindred and tribes; and the whole affair was conducted with as much publicity and consequent fairness as it was possible to conceive. In modern times again, in our own country, the wicked practice has been gradually restricted by the common sense of mankind becoming more and more potent; so that, even among those whose profession is that of arms, and where light-headedness and idleness are wont to combine, we do not now very often hear of single combats. The law, public opinion, and religion, have always had greater force to the repression of the crime in England, than in refined but infidel France, the semi-barbarous states of America, outrageous Ireland, or the remote colonies of Great Britain.

According to our view of the subject, it is to public opinion and the extension of Christian principle, that we look for the complete and final repression of duelling. Still, we agree with Dr. Millingen that something positive and immediate might be done by our legislators to render the crime less fashionable, and therefore less plausible; and even that when it was committed, certain regulations and distinctions might be established that would be welcomed by the majority of all classes. Why, for example, should the same punishment be named for the aggressor and for him who has been dragged into a quarrel, if death be the issue of the conflict? Why, as our author further suggests, should not the law make it imperative to inquire into the merits of the dispute and the origin of the outrage? Why not make a distinction between him who is notoriously a practised snuffer of candles with pistol-bullets, and him who never so industriously employed himself, but, on the contrary, may have always expressed his detestation of such practices? Again, why not inquire into every duel, and punish, in accordance with the common feelings of mankind, which always apportion judgment to the extent of wrong done, whether death be the issue or not? The crime has been one and the same, whether one or both fall, or both escaped unscathed; and a coroner's inquest should in every case be held on the parties. It may be said that the law is sufficiently pointed and precise already with regard to the last mentioned circumstances. But where is the public officer who has been named, or makes it his undeviating business to see that the law is uniformly obeyed? And, in consequence of the uncertainty

of that punishment which all would decide was apportioned to the degree of offence committed, would the practice be restricted. We should then seldom or never hear of practised duellists, nor of bullying pests of society. Till these noxious animals know that exposure and adequate chastisement are certain to follow every provocation, which in their idleness or wantonness they offer, the written law, as it stands, will frequently be derided or evaded; or grievous wrong may be inflicted on the least guilty party when the law takes its course.

It is now time that we attend more particularly to the nature and contents of the Doctor's volumes. He commences with some account of single combats and the ordeals of ancient times, noticing, as he comes down to the present day, gladiatorial and also chivalrous shows when tournaments were in vogue. The features which the *duello* has exhibited in different countries are described, although not with particular effect; while his collection of examples, of trials in courts of justice, of the efforts made by sovereigns to repress the practice, and other circumstances which will readily suggest themselves as closely connected with the subject of the *History*, is by no means the most felicitous and striking. His observations upon the fashion and individual cases are commonplace; nor does he ever appear to have fathomed his subject further than by repeating the moral sentiments which are current in the mouths of peaceable people of his own age. We think that after a very cursory glance at the newspapers for the last few years, we could have selected more remarkable examples than his eye has fallen upon, and also have deduced some more important criticisms. We must, however, give some of his samples. First of a witty duellist:—

“ St. Evremont was another celebrated duellist of this period: he had discovered a particular thrust, which was honoured with his name, and called *la botte de St. Evremont*. This *brave* was witty and capricious, and would accept or refuse a challenge according to the fancy of the moment. St. Foix was his rival in this pursuit of an *honourable name*. Some of his duels were remarkable. One day, at the Café Procope, at dinner-time, he saw a gentleman seated at a *bavaroise*, and he exclaimed, ‘ That is a confounded bad dinner for a gentleman!’ The stranger, thus insulted, insisted upon satisfaction, which was granted; when St. Foix was wounded. Notwithstanding this injury, he coolly said to his antagonist, ‘ If you had killed me, sir, I still should have persisted in maintaining that a *bavaroise* is a confounded bad dinner.’

“ Another time he asked a gentleman, whose aroma was not of the most pleasant nature, ‘ Why, the Devil, he smelt so confoundedly?’ The offended party sent him a challenge, which St. Foix refused in the following terms: ‘ Were you to kill me, you would not smell the less; and were I to kill you, you would smell a great deal more.’ One day, meeting a lawyer whose countenance did not please him, he walked up to him and whispered in his

ear, 'Sir, I have some business with you.' The attorney, not understanding the drift of his speech, quietly named an hour when he would find him in his office. The meeting was of course most amusing; the expression of St. Foix being, 'that he wanted to have an *affaire* with him,' a term which is equally applicable to a duel and a legal transaction."

Next, of St. George, who—

"Died in a state of poverty in 1799, at the age of fifty-four. He was justly considered the first swordsman and the best shot of his time. One of his feats was throwing up two crown pieces in the air and hitting them both with his pistols. He was an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation; his humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and although engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party, and was never known to avail himself of his reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction. He was often known, however, to give a salutary lesson to quarrelsome and troublesome young men; and an instance is recorded of his meeting at Dunkirk, in the company of several ladies, a young officer of Hussars, who, not knowing him, was boasting of his skill as a swordsman, and asserting that no fencer in France was a match for him. 'Did you ever see the famous St. George?' asked one of the ladies. 'St. George! many a time; he could not stand a moment before me!' answered the Hussar, twirling his mustachios. 'That is strange,' observed St. George, 'and I should much like to have a trial of skill with you, young man. Possibly the ladies could procure us foils, and an *assaut d'armes* might entertain them. The young officer assented to the proposal with a smile of contempt: foils belonging to the brother of the lady of the house was produced, and without hesitation the Hussar was prepared to shame his aged antagonist, who, politely addressing the ladies, asked them to name the buttons he should touch on his adversary's doliman. The delighted women, glad to see a coxcomb corrected, named the number of the buttons; which St. Gregory touched one after the other, and then whipped the foil out of the inexperienced hand of the boaster, who, infuriated by rage and shame, wanted immediate satisfaction, when St. George quietly observed, 'Young man, your time is not yet come; you may still live to serve your country; but recollect you have met St. George, for I am that very person who could not at any time prove a match for you.' "

There have been female duellists :—

"The most celebrated female duellist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the Opera. Serane, the famous fencing-master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day by an actor of the name of Dumény, she called him out; but as he refused to give her satisfaction, she carried away his watch and his snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, was obliged to kneel down before her and implore forgiveness. One evening at a ball, having behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did

on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed; when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV. granted her a pardon, and she withdrew to Brussels, where she became the mistress of the Elector of Bavaria. However, she soon after returned to the Parisian opera, and died in 1707, at the age of thirty-seven. Under the regency, a pistol meeting took place between the Marquise de Nesle and the Countess Polignac for the possession of the Duc de Richelieu; and in more modern times, so late indeed, as 1827, a Madame B—— at St. Rambert, received a challenge to fight with pistols; and about the same period, a lady of Chateauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, severely wounded him."

Many have fought duels because they had not moral courage to support them; others, who had not even the animal boldness, although professed duellists, when by mistake they fell in with a good shot or swordsman, or found that the odds were in any way against them. The inflammable and galled French, upon rather a wide scale, may be quoted as illustrations. The Doctor tells us that—

"Many were the melancholy scenes that took place in 1814, when the Allies were in Paris: duels between the officers of the foreign powers and those of the disbanded French army were incessant, and they generally proved fatal to the strangers. The French were spending their whole days and nights in fencing; and there is every reason to believe, that, not satisfied with their own skill in fence, their *prevosts*, or fencing-masters, assumed the uniform of officers to meet any imprudent youth who was fool hardy enough to accept their challenges. Thus, did many an Austrian and Prussian officer fall in the Bois de Boulogne. When the British army occupied the south of France, similar scenes were witnessed, but more especially at Bordeaux, where the French officers came over the Garonne for the sole purpose of insulting and fighting the English, who were in many instances absurd enough to meet their wishes. It is, however, gratifying to state, that the fortune of arms was generally in our favour; and, in many instances, when our young officers had been so imprudent as to accept a challenge with the sword, their superior bodily strength and utter ignorance of the polite rules of duelling turned to their advantage; in several instances they rushed on their adversaries, broke through their guard, and cut them down. In vain the French expostulated against this breach of *les règles de l'escrime*, and called out 'foul play;' our seconds carried pistols in their pockets, and threatened to shoot any one who interfered; and the French at last were tired of the experiment."

The following is an anecdote of a considerate sovereign:—

"Joseph the Second having been informed that one of his officers had

slapped the face of another, sent for both parties. The following day, on parade, the Emperor appeared on the balcony of his palace, with the offended person, whom he cordially embraced; at the same time a scaffold was erected, on which the public executioner slapped the face of the offender, who was afterwards conveyed to a fortress."

In connexion with the great gambling Law of Lauriston, we read—

"He had commenced his famed career by several hostile meetings. Howbeit, he so managed matters as not to compromise the security of his gambling-house in the Rue Quincampoix by quarrels, although an assassination ultimately exposed this *hell* to a serious investigation. One of the murderers was a Count Horn, a Belgian nobleman of distinguished family; but who, notwithstanding the powerful interest made in his behalf, was sentenced to be broken on the wheel. The Regent in this case was inflexible; nor would he even commute the punishment into a less degrading execution. This firmness was attributed to his partiality for his creature Law, whose bank was of great assistance to his constant debaucheries. Madame de Crequi, who was a relative of the criminal, and who exerted her best endeavours to save him, attributes this murder of what she calls 'the Jew who had robbed him,' to other motives; and asserts that his highness's implacable hostility arose from having once found him with one of his favourites, the Countess de Parabère; when the duke disdainfully said to him, '*Sortez, Monsieur!*' to which the other replied, 'Your ancestors, sir, would have said *sortons.*'"

Here is a story that might have been framed in the Radcliffe school of fiction:—

"A very curious duel took place at Valetta between a Spanish commander, of the name of Vasconcellos, and a French commander, M. de Foulquerre, the latter having had the insolence to present some holy water to a young lady entering a church, whom the Castilian was following. Foulquerre was one of the most noted disturbers of the Strada Stretta, and, although he had been engaged in many duels, on this occasion he repaired to the rendezvous with some reluctance, as though he anticipated the result of the meeting. As soon as his adversary appeared, he said, 'What, sir, do you draw your sword upon a Good Friday! Hear me;—it is now six years since I have confessed my manifold sins, and my conscience reproaches me so keenly, that in three days hence ——' But the Spaniard would not attend to his request, and pressed upon him; when his opponent, mortally wounded, exclaimed, 'What! on a Good Friday! May Heaven forgive you! Bear my sword to *Tête Foulques*, and let a hundred masses be said for the repose of my soul, in the chapel of the castle.' The Spaniard paid no attention to the dying man's request, and reported the circumstance to the chapter of the order, according to the prescribed rules; nevertheless he was promoted to the priory of Majorca. On the night of the following Friday, he dreamt that he was in the Strada Stretta, where he again heard his enemy enjoin him to 'bear his sword to *Tête Foulques*;' and a similar

vision disturbed his slumbers every succeeding Friday night. Vasconcellos did not know where this *Tête Foulques* was situated, until he learned from some French knights that it was an old castle four leagues from Poitiers, in the centre of a forest remarkable for strange events: the castle containing in its halls many curious collections, amongst which was the armour of the famed knight Foulques Taillefer, with the arms of all the enemies he had slain in single combat; and from time immemorial, it appeared that all his successors deposited in this armory the weapons which they used either in war or private contests. Our worthy prior having received this information, determined to obey the injunctions of the deceased, and set out for Poitiers with the sword of his antagonist. He repaired to the castle, where he found no one but the porter and the chaplain, and communicated to the latter the purport of his visit. He was introduced into the armory, and on each side of the chimney he beheld full-length portraits of Foulques Taillefer and his wife Isabella de Lusignan. The seneschal was armed *cap-à-pié*, and over him were suspended the arms of his vanquished foes. The Spaniard, having laid down the sword, proceeded to tell his beads with great devotion until nightfall, when he fancied that he saw the eyes and mouth of the seneschal and his wife in motion; and he distinctly heard the former addressing his wife, saying, 'What dost thou think, my dear, of the daring of this Castilian, who comes to dwell and eat in my castle, after having killed the commander without allowing him time to confess his sins?'—To which the lady replied in a very shrill voice, 'I think, Messir, that the Castilian acted with disloyalty on that occasion, and should not be allowed to depart without the challenge of your glove.' The terrified Spaniard sought the door of the hall, but found it locked, when the seneschal threw his heavy iron gauntlet at his face, and brandished his sword. The Spaniard, thus compelled to defend himself, snatched up the sword that he had deposited, and falling on his fantastic antagonist, fancied that he had run him through the body, when he felt a stab from a burning weapon under the heart, and fainted away. When he recovered from his swoon, he found himself in the porter's lodge, to which he had been carried, but free from any injury. He returned to Spain; but ever after, on every Friday night, he received a similar burning wound from the visionary Taillefer; nor could any act of devotion, or payment of money to friars or priests, relieve him from this horrible phantom."

The statistics of duelling, during the reign of George the Third are said to give us the particulars we now quote:—

"Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned); sixty-nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; nine-six were wounded, forty-eight of them desperately, and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt.

"From this statement it will be seen, that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives; and that nearly one half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears, that only eighteen trials took

place: that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted; seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder—two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.”

ART. VIII.—*The Opinions of Lord Holland, as recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords, from 1797 to 1841.* Collected and edited by D. C. MOYLAN, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law.

“Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Be mine no higher fame,
If those who deign to watch me say
I've sullied neither name.”

MR. MOYLAN states that these lines were found in Lord Holland's handwriting after his death, and were intended for an inscription or epigraph to the Life of Mr. Fox, which unhappily his Lordship did not live to finish. But no doubt posterity will cordially respond to the sentiment, and bestow the posthumous reward so simply invoked; for whether his public or private life be scanned, or both together, there can be but one voice with regard to his consistency, his sincerity, his enlightened humanity, and embracing generosity. During the whole history of Whig principles never has there been a more straightforward and courageous member of the party; never one whose opinions were more politically sound, or of more weight in constitutional philosophy; while, for the plainness and eloquence with which these opinions were uniformly expressed, they are perfect models. Perhaps no where, especially in the statement of political doctrines, can there be pointed out happier specimens of idiomatic and forcible English; so that in this view alone these opinions are attractive and instructive.

There is one other remarkable feature in these extracts from parliamentary journals,—the sentiments, without an exception, are as free from party bitterness, as they are distinct and dignified; for it was not in the nature of his Lordship to entertain the slightest rancour against political opponents; even his table, domestic life, and patronage being regulated by a most generous spirit, making personal friends of all. It was a lucky circumstance that his noble and benevolent disposition was backed by an ample fortune; while his appreciation of the highest orders of merit, in art, literature, or conduct, was of the nicest and most discerning character.

It was a happy suggestion of the Duke of Sussex, to have these opinions or protests copied out from the Journals of the House of Lords, and published separately; and this in sundry respects. First of all, these protests furnish the best monument to the fame of the lamented peer both as a citizen and a statesman. They in truth present a history of his public life, and written by himself; while as opinions, in point of number, variety, continuance and

importance, they amount to a political commentary, embodying all the old Whig principles. In this respect this small volume is the best text book that has ever appeared ; indeed it stands alone upon the grand subjects in civil affairs, and should be deeply studied. But the suggestion of his Royal Highness was also felicitous on his own account ; for the editor says, that to a very considerable number of Lord Holland's protests, the name of the Duke of Sussex is appended, "sometimes, indeed, the only one in addition to his."

His Lordship was born at Winterslow, in Wiltshire, in the November of 1773, and died in October, 1840. He took his seat in the House of Peers in October, 1796, and the first protest entered upon the Journals was on the 9th of January, 1798, when the Assessed Taxes Bill was, after long debate, read a second time. Between this period and his death, scarcely a year passed without the entry of a protest on the Journals, and sometimes without a seconder. There were certain breaks in his parliamentary career, either when he was abroad or ailing ; but still, for a singularly long career, he was, whenever an illiberal, oppressive, or unwise measure was sanctioned by the majority of his brother peers, ready to record his opinions and objections. Mr. Moylan has collected forty-six of these, ranging over all the leading questions of the last forty-three years, and boldly denouncing every intolerant and tyrannous principle that happened to be countenanced. The most prominent sentiment throughout these protests is his Lordship's recognition of the happiness of the people, even when those of foreign lands may be specially concerned. It is also worthy of remark, as it is of universal imitation, that the habit of fearlessly expressing enlightened and independent sentiments, kept alive the native warmth of the Protester's heart, which was, together with the strength of his head, the best safeguard and guide which he could find in the heat of political strife, and a mass of formidable difficulties.

Among the subjects which called forth the most formal and solemn of Lord Holland's protests, we find those which, in these latter days, we are accustomed to hear specified as the greatest reproach of Tory government, and among the sins of the house of which he formed so conspicuous a member. Upon a considerable class of these, his principles and views have at length been realized, thus stamping his opinions in the most authoritative manner, history itself proclaiming his wisdom and far-sightedness. On other points his views have only been partially carried ; but his example must have much influence, so as to encourage and stimulate his followers. It is in no slight degree extraordinary and honourable, that "Lord Holland," as the editor observes, "does not seem to have ever recorded an opinion which at any subsequent

period of his life, he could have desired to blot from the Journals, Thus, whether religious toleration, the blessings of education, the love of peace, the freedom of trade, the necessity of practising economy, or any of the other grand themes of legislation be specified, he is always to be found battling for the many.

In going through these forty-six protests, it is impossible to find one in which either the sterling and most important doctrines of constitutional law, and the soundest principles of political economy, are not laid down and urged, or where delightful specimens of reasoning and statesmanlike eloquence do not occur. Take as our first example, a portion of the first protest which he entered upon the Journals, and which followed his first speech in Parliament, being a reply to Lord Grenville, when a bill, intituled "An Act for granting to his Majesty an aid and contribution for the prosecution of the War," or the Assessed Taxes Bill, was under debate.

"**DISSENTIENT.**—Because we conceive that in the present circumstances no grant of money by Parliament can alone be sufficient to extricate the country from its alarming and critical situation.

"When the exigencies of the State are such as to demand large supplies from the people, our duty is not confined to the bare consideration of the necessity of the case, or the mode of levying the money. We are not, from the pressure of circumstances and approach of danger, hastily to concur in laying additional burthens on our fellow subjects, without insuring to the public a wise application of the money so raised, and without due precautions for directing the efforts of the people to their own legitimate object, the benefit of the community. A neglect of this, the most important of all Parliamentary duties, must produce, and in our opinions it has already produced, consequences the most fatal to the dignity of the nation, the stability of the Government, and the interests of the people: in the unconditional compliance with the demands of the executive Government again proposed as the remedy, we perceive the real and fatal source of the evil. Year after year his Majesty's Ministers have grounded their application to Parliament upon the urgency of the occasion, and the extraordinary exigencies of the State; to satisfy their demands, to enable them to encounter the dangers, and remove the difficulties in which we were involved, every article of luxury or convenience has been taxed, the resources of the country have been exhausted, and sums unparalleled in history, have been entrusted to their disposal; yet year after year the occasion has become more urgent, the exigencies more pressing, the difficulties more alarming, and the dangers more immediate: the security of the nation has been shaken in the same proportion as the prosperity of the country has been impaired, external danger has kept pace with internal distress, and the exertions which have impoverished the people and shaken our credit, have purchased nothing but the loss of national honour, the defection of the allies, and the failure of every great object of war.

"If the whole force of Great Britain and Ireland, aided by grants, lavish

beyond the example of the most improvident times, assisted by the most powerful Monarchs of Europe, has proved insufficient in the hands of Ministers to secure the blessings of peace, or even to avert the present awful circumstances of the country, it seems inconsistent with reason to expect, that the painful efforts of an empire, whose means are exhausted by taxation, whose spirits are damped by failure, and whose affections are in part alienated by oppression, can without a single ally, under the direction of the same men, resist with effect a powerful and exasperated enemy, elated with success, strengthened by conquest, and supported by the united powers of Holland and of Spain. In this situation of affairs, to persevere in the system which has produced it, to confide in the Ministers, who, with the aid of so many millions, have been unable to avert it, evinces in our opinion a total disregard of the common maxims of prudence, a wanton rejection of the lessons of experience, and a determined neglect of the most important of our Parliamentary duties. Under the persuasion, therefore, that the dangers with which we are threatened are the result of force, directed to objects at once impracticable, and foreign to the interests of this country; that they are the necessary consequences of misapplication of the public money, and the natural fruits of the incapacity and profusion of those to whom it has been improvidently intrusted; we deemed it our duty not to sanction any grant to the executive Government, until a pledge was given to the House, by the removal of his Majesty's Ministers, of a complete alteration in his councils.'"

Many passages in Lord Holland's protests refer to Ireland, the union of that country to Great Britain being one of the measures which he resisted; although, we presume, after the bond had so long continued, he would have opposed the repeal agitation, or at least its intended result. We find him thus expressing himself in 1779, on the order for "An Address to his Majesty, recommending the Union between Great Britain and Ireland,"—

" 'DISSENTIENT.—1st. Because the measure of a Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, the Policy of which is highly questionable, and the importance of which demands the most calm, dispassionate, and deliberate examination, is persisted in and urged forward, in compliment to his Majesty's Ministers, under circumstances which ought imperiously to have deterred us from the prosecution of it. The moment of civil disturbance and division, when the necessity of Military Law is alleged by Ministers, and acknowledged by Parliament, seems ill calculated for insuring the full and unequivocal consent of the Irish people, without which even the supporters of the measure must confess it to be illusory and dangerous in the extreme. And to commit the Parliament of Great Britain to the wisdom of a project, which the Commons of Ireland have rejected, and to which the inhabitants of that Kingdom are disinclined, appears to us a whimsical expedient for securing the connexion of the two countries, and consolidating the strength of the empire.

" '2ndly. Because, as no jealousy or division has existed between the two legislatures, the present dangers and discontents in Ireland cannot be

attributed to the independence of her Parliament, but must rather be considered as the bitter fruits of a coercive system of policy, suggested by his Majesty's advisers, and enforced under the sanction of the executive power with unconstitutional and wanton severity.

“ ‘*3rdly*. Because, though the possibility of a different will in the two separate Legislatures cannot be controverted, yet possible inconveniences in remote and extreme cases, from supposed legislative measures, or possible instances of additional embarrassment to the executive Government, are no arguments for the subversion of a system in which no such inconveniences have been experienced, and no such difficulties encountered. For the consequences of such reasoning would lead us to consolidate into one the different branches of our own excellent Constitution; to remove all the checks which the jealousy of our ancestors has imposed on the executive Government; to condemn whatever theory might suppose difficult, though practice had shewn it to be easy; and to substitute hypothesis and speculation for history, fact, and experience.

“ ‘*4thly*. Because the notion that a legislative union will either conciliate the affections of the discontented in Ireland, or furnish more effectual means for defeating the designs of the enemy in that country, seems unsupported by reasoning, and in direct contradiction to analogy and experience. Were we to admit the beneficial consequences of a Union, yet the benefits, which, according to such hypothesis, are likely to result to Ireland from the measure, are at least progressive and distant, and can furnish, therefore, no reasonable hope of allaying immediate discontents, suppressing actual rebellion, or defeating designs already on foot. If, indeed, the enemies of the connexion endeavoured to effectuate a separation of the two Kingdoms, by sowing jealousies and dissensions between the two Parliaments, (as was the case in Scotland, immediately previous to the Union), the measure proposed would manifestly be as effectual, it might be represented as the only remedy for the evil. But if it be true that their object is to disseminate jealousy and foment discontents, not between the distinct Legislatures and Governments of England and Ireland, but between the people and Parliament, between the governed and Government of that country, and if, by representing their legislature as the corrupt Agent of British Ministers, and slavish engine of British tyranny, they had succeeded in alienating a large portion of his Majesty's subjects; and if it be farther true, as stated in the Report of the Committees of Secrecy of the Irish Parliament, that the misrepresentations of a few individuals have been found sufficient to seduce the allegiance of one whole province in Ireland, we are indeed at a loss to conceive how the danger of such designs is to be averted, or the force of such misrepresentations diminished, by a measure which reduces the number of Representatives of the Irish people, transfers the legal organ of their will out of the bosom of their own country, and annihilates all independent and exclusive authority in that kingdom.’ ”

Let us go further from home, and see how this consistent champion of the people spoke when an address was moved, in 1818, to the Prince Regent, in approbation of treaties when the elder branch of the Bourbons was to be replaced on the throne of France, and forced upon the French :—

" ' Because the treaties and engagements contain a direct guaranty of the present Government of France, against the people of that country, and in my judgment imply general and perpetual guaranty of all European Governments against the governed.

" I hold such a design to be unlawful ; I believe it to be impracticable ; and recollecting the principles on which the Revolution of 1688, and the succession of the House of Hanover were founded, I cannot give the sanction of my vote to a system which, if it had prevailed in those times, might have deprived this kingdom of all the benefits which have resulted from a national Government, and a free constitution.

" ' VASSALL HOLLAND.' "

So, again, when the House of Lords refused to denounce the invasion of Spain by the Duc D'Angoulême :—

" ' 5thly. Because a firm determination on the part of his Majesty's Government to resist all hostile aggression against Spain, and an early and manly avowal of such determination would, in all probability, have counteracted that odious defiance of public law which a great northern power is so forward to profess and so anxious to inculcate, and might have diverted the French King from those iniquitous and ambitious projects, which the course pursued by our Ministers has not prevailed upon him to abandon.

" ' 6thly. Because the neutrality of England during a contest between France and Spain must be extremely precarious.' "

Take him on the American Indemnity Bill, 1807 ; and where he brought his political philosophy and historical reading to bear upon the constitutional law of taxation :—

" ' The right by which the subject is exempted from all taxes not granted by common consent of Parliament, has at all times been deemed by sound constitutional lawyers, and has frequently been recognised by Parliament itself, to be coeval with the frame and constitution of the kingdom ; and has repeatedly and solemnly been declared and secured by Charters of our Princes, and acts of our Legislature.

" ' By the Great Charter of our liberties, in the reign of King John, no aid or scutage can be levied on the kingdom without the consent of the Common Council of the nation ; by the *Statutum de tallagio non concedendo*, in the reign of Edward the First, no tallage or aid can be levied by the King, without consent of the Archbishops, Bishops, Earls, Barons, Knights, Burgesses, and Freemen of the Commonalty of this realm ; and as in the frequent remonstrances of the Parliaments of Edward the Third, the jealous attachment of our ancestors to this fundamental maxim of our Constitution is recorded, so in the impeachment, condemnation, and punishment of the Lord Latimer, which took place at the close of that reign, their determination to enforce it is strongly exemplified ; and at subsequent and later periods of our history, the endeavours of our forefathers were uniformly, but more particularly in the Petition of Rights in 1627, and in the Acts of Charles the Second, (recited in the rejected preamble,) directed to the solemn

recognition and perpetual security of this inestimable privilege ; and finally, in that solemn Act of the Legislature, commonly called the Bill of Rights, the levying of money without the consent of Parliament, and the dispensing with laws, both which practices have in this instance occurred, are declared and enacted to be illegal.

“ ‘ It seemed, therefore, to me no light or trivial matter, no ordinary or indifferent proceeding, to indemnify persons for the violation of such fundamental maxims of the Constitution ; and prudence required a solemn and studious declaration of the great delicacy and importance of the transaction, a precaution which the frequency of such bills, and the repeated, though perhaps unpremeditated exertions of such illegal authority of late years, have, in my judgment, rendered indispensably necessary.’ ”

We quote him on Capital Punishment, in 1816 :—

“ ‘ **DISSENTIENT.**—“ 1st. Because the statute proposed to be repealed, appears to us unreasonably severe, inasmuch as it punishes with death the offence of stealing property to a very inconsiderable amount, without violence, or any other circumstance of aggravation.

“ ‘ 2ndly. Because to assign the same punishment for heinous crimes and slight offences, tends to confound the notions of right and wrong, to diminish the horror atrocious guilt ought always to inspire, and to weaken the reverence in which it is desirable that the laws of the country should be held.

“ ‘ 3rdly. Because severe laws are, in our judgment, more likely to produce a deviation from the strict execution of justice than to deter individuals from the commission of crimes, and our apprehension that such may be the effect is confirmed, in this instance, by the reflection that the offence in question is become more frequent, and the punishment, probably on account of its rigour, is seldom or never inflicted,

“ ‘ 4thly. Because the value of money has decreased since the reign of King William, and the statute is consequently become a law of much greater severity than the Legislature which passed it ever intended to enact.”

Hear him in 1808 upon imprisonment for debt :—

“ ‘ If it be as a satisfaction of the debt (the construction put upon it by the Courts), it is irrational ; for it is evident, that in the nature of things, the imprisonment of a debtor’s person, howsoever protracted, never can be a liquidation of a sum ; nor can it be intelligible as a balance against the inconvenience sustained by the creditor in not receiving payment, unless it were to be imagined that a sort of compensation was made to the creditor, by allowing him the indulgence of personal revenge without any examination of its grounds ; a principle so revolting to justice, to humanity, and to the rules of civil polity, that we must not believe it could ever find countenance from the authority of our Courts.

“ ‘ If it be as a means of coercing payment from a debtor who has the ability, but not the will, to satisfy his creditor, the provision falls completely short of its object, and has in experience been found inadequate ; whilst it has the vice of confounding guilt established by legal trial, there-

fore deserving the pain of imprisonment, with imputed criminality unsupported by evidence, therefore not liable to punishment according to the spirit of British Jurisprudence.

“ ‘ If it be to compel payment from a debtor who has the will, but not the ability, to pay, unlimited imprisonment is obviously absurd, and no less obviously unjust.—Confinement and the interruption of his industry cannot give to the debtor funds which he did not otherwise possess. All that common sense or equity can require is, that the debtor shall make to the creditor the amplest compensation in his power, by the surrender of whatsoever property he has, either in immediate possession or reversion; a condition made indispensable by the provisions of the Bill now rejected.

“ ‘ And on each of these suppositions, to practise sins against the fundamental principle of all law, which is, that no man shall himself judge the extent of the injury he has received, or shall himself measure the degree of punishment to be inflicted on the offender.’ ”

It will be seen that we quote nearly at random and wherever we chance to open the volume, and therefore that it abounds in riches of the most sterling sort. On no subject, it ought to be remarked by any one who examines the whole of the protests, did the lamented statesman more frequently, with greater pertinacity, or with more conclusive reasoning, express himself than against all attempts at coercion of conscience in religious matters, or of withholding from persons political or civil rights because of religious opinions. We find him, for example, in reference to the Corporation and Test Acts, at the time of the repeal, objecting to a certain form of declaration, which was introduced, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, using these impressive words,—“ Because the introduction of the words ‘upon the true faith of a Christian,’ implies an opinion in which I cannot conscientiously concur, namely, that a particular faith in matters of religion is necessary to the proper discharge of duties purely political or temporal,” therefore, &c. We now quote our longest specimen, being upon Jewish Civil Disabilities, and entered in 1833 :—

“ ‘ **DISSENTIENT.**—1st. Because it appears to me irreconcilable with the rules of natural justice, and with the maxims of political wisdom, as well as repugnant to the spirit, both of the institutions under which we live, and the religion which we profess, to exact, unless under the pressure of necessity and for self-preservation, any negative or positive test of a man’s religious faith, either as a qualification for serving his Prince or Country in a capacity purely temporal or political, or as a condition to his enjoyment of those privileges to which his birth and allegiance would otherwise entitle him. The general injustice and impolicy of all such exclusions are obvious, whatever principles of civil policy we adopt. If civil government be originally founded, as writers of great authority have contended, and as the laws passed at the Revolution of 1688 seem to acknowledge, on a contract between the people and their government, it follows that all from whom allegiance and

obedience are exacted are *prima facie* entitled to the privileges secured by the contract, as birthrights to the members of the community to which they belong. It is true that the perpetration of crimes, and even some special or peculiar circumstances, may, in particular instances, or for a season, justify the suspension of such privileges; but the burthen of proof is in all such cases thrown upon those who enforce or maintain the exception, and not on the party who claims the benefit of the general rule. In like manner if, according to our prevalent and more recent notions, utility alone be the principle from which the reciprocal duties of Princes and people, or Government and governed, are to be deduced, it is equally clear that the application of that principle will confer on all from whom allegiance or obedience is expected, such privileges and rights as are found generally useful in ensuring the affection of the subjects to the state, unless some special or temporary circumstances should intervene to render the suspension of the said rights and privileges in the particular instance expedient and necessary: but the burthen of proof in this, as in the other hypothesis, is thrown upon those who enforce an exception, not on those who solicit the benefit of a general rule. That the genius of our Constitution is to admit all from whom it exacts the duties of allegiance to the full enjoyment of political rights, and especially that of an eligibility to offices and trusts of political power, is an axiom abundantly sanctioned by history and authority, and practically manifested by this striking fact, that no subject of the British Crown is or has been incapacitated from holding such offices or trusts, and that the common law of the land, which, in the language of the great Lord Mansfield, never fails 'to work itself pure by the rules drawn from the fountain of justice,' would, if unrestrained by statute, secure to every free-born subject within the realm, the entire right of serving his Prince and Country in any office or trust, purely political and temporal, to which the favour of his Sovereign might legally appoint, or the confidence of his fellow subjects duly elect him. This view of the constitutional right of the natural-born subjects of England to eligibility is repeatedly confirmed by acts and declarations in Parliament, and especially in the conferences which took place between the two Houses in 1702, upon a difference relating to the Bill of occasional conformity then pending in Parliament: upon that occasion the Lords solemnly recorded their opinion 'that an Englishman cannot be reduced to a more unhappy condition than to be put by law under an incapacity to serve his Prince and Country, and therefore nothing but a crime of the most detestable nature ought to put him under such a disability:' and the Commons, though they deny the conclusion drawn by their Lordships from these premises, yet distinctly admit that an Englishman 'is indeed reduced to a very unhappy condition who is made incapable of serving his Prince and Country.' That the spirit of a religion which inculcates universal charity, and teaches us to love our neighbours, and do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, must be averse to all exclusion of our fellow-subjects from the benefits generally extended to their countrymen, except on the proof of necessity, will not I presume be disputed, and might be enforced by sundry texts and parables drawn from the Holy Scriptures themselves, as well as by quotations from the earliest and most approved fathers of the Church.

“ ‘2dly. Because a Jew born within the King's allegiance is to all intents

and purposes an Englishman, and therefore entitled to all the rights of a natural-born subject, save and except such as may, by the operation of statutes actually in force, be withheld or denied him. The legal designation of a natural-born subject sufficiently indicates that birth, not parentage or religious faith, entitles him to the privileges appertaining thereto. The notion founded on a passage of Lord Coke, that Jews, though born in England, are on the footing of alien enemies or stigmatized and infamous persons, has been ousted by common sense, reason, and practice, by dicta solemnly pronounced from the bench, by words in Acts of Parliament, and by decisions in courts of Justice. English Jews born in the allegiance of His Majesty, cannot be subject to the privations and disabilities, any more than they can be entitled to the exclusive jurisdictions, exemptions, and privileges, which they are said to have enjoyed before the expulsion of persons professing their faith in the time of Edward the First. The passage of Lord Coke, which was written while the law of banishment, and no other, relating to the Jews, was in force, could not be meant to apply to Jews born in England, for in the persuasion of the writer there were then none such. It has moreover been declared, in the course of a solemn judgment in the Exchequer Chamber, (*Omychund v. Barker*,) by Chief Justice Willes, to be contrary to religion, sense, and humanity; and in that opinion, not only the Solicitor-General, Murray, but the Judges there present, including the Chief Baron Parker, and Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, seem to have concurred. English Jews have been recognized and described as His Majesty's subjects in more than one statute; and by an Act of 10 Geo. 1, cap. 4, they are authorized to exempt themselves from registering their real and personal property, by taking the oath of abjuration without the words, 'upon the true faith of a christian;' a provision of indulgence and relief, which not only recognizes them as natural-born subjects, but manifestly implies their right of holding real property. That right, if never solemnly adjudged, because never regularly disputed, has been virtually admitted by various judicial proceedings, where the sale and purchase of land by Jews have been brought collaterally before the observation of the courts.' "

Many sentences occur in these protests that have all the force and compression of axioms. We give only one specimen and which will form a striking conclusion to our extracts. "Arbitrary authority has always been thought to degrade those who are the objects of it, and to corrupt those who possess it."

ART. IX.

1. *The Corsair's Bridal, Scio, &c.* By W. M. HENRY, Esq. London : Saunders and Otley. 1841.
2. *Summer Morning; a Poem.* By TH. MILLER. London: Hayward and Co. 1841.
3. *The Election; a Poem, in Seven Books.* London: Murray. 1841.
4. *Bells and Pomegranates, No. 1. Peppa Passes.* By ROBERT BROWNING, Author of *Paracelsus*. London: Moxon. 1841.

THE title-page of the first of these publications instantly led us to expect another preposterous attempt to imitate the worst, at least the most dangerous, of all the grand models that have arisen during the last era of our poetry. We guessed truly, for the experiment is a perfect failure even as regards the most common-place mimicry of Byron's externals. How can any man who has a spark of originality in his composition, or who cherishes a generous independency of sentiment, allow himself to be trammelled as a copyist of one after whom the effort is generally as obtrusive, as the execution is despicable? Yet this is not the whole; almost every body discovers the imitation, however feeble it may be, and sickens at the thought, to the utter distaste too for all versification, and the remarkable decline of a relish for true song. Let the noble poet's mind and genius, and not his mannerism, which is catchable, but ought to be avoided, be deeply studied; and then, while we shall have far fewer attempts of the sort that is now before us, we shall have some respectable results; a student here and there discovering, in the course of the investigation, where his own strength lies, and where Byron chiefly sinned.

It affords a pleasure in itself pure, yet heightened by contrast, to find the Basket-maker offering himself to take us forth with him, of a Summer Morning, into pastoral scenes, and among sweetest and most characteristic nooks or landscape combinations, of all that the senses love to dwell upon, or the imagination to conjure up.

Thomas Miller is a man of genius; although he has in some of his three-volumed romances, and also in certain of his poems, displayed too high an ambition after the historical, and been guilty of an overlaying of refinement of sentiment. His vocation is amongst the woods, by the bye-ways and roadsides, on the edges of rustic streams, on the village-green, and in the country church-yard. His proper society is, that of all that is at once understood by the term English; that is, stout or sterling in character, venerable or touching in tradition, and arousing or subduing in incident. His sympathies are universal; that is, with whatever is beautiful and good in his native land and in nature. Nay, his kindliness of heart and encompassing feelings,—constituting, we think, the charm of his

genius,—bear benignly upon everything that is human, frailty as well moral fortitude and spotlessness. He delights mightily in whatever is manly, true, and untarnished; but to the soft, the appealing, ay, and to the erring, he has a large soul and a catholic compassion.

In the very small Spenserian poem before us,—a purely pastoral piece, both as regards season and subject, conception and treatment,—Mr. Miller's various features and excellences cannot be fully discovered. Still, where simplicity and unaffected sentiment, truthful description, and instilled freshness,—the very freshness of the untroubled yet spirit-stirring summer's morn,—are present, as in these stanzas; and when over and around all, right and bettering thoughts are thrown with a beautiful ease and discreet warmth, we may pronounce the author to be so richly endowed and imbued, that none of the gifts, cherished sympathies, and cultured qualities are wanting necessary to constituting an original, ever-pleasing, ever-refining poet.

Summer Morning is neither viewed nor treated, as a member or an imitator of the satanic school would view and describe it. There is not even any startling or very strong imagery introduced; and nothing like far-sought ideas, unusual appearances of objects, much less any wonderful incident. He judiciously avoids telling too much about one thing, or crowding too many things into one scene; faults he has not in former productions been very notable for shunning. It is just a Summer Morning in England that he paints, and has to touch him,—that he delights in, and desires to be faithful to, with his pencil,—beginning with the dawn, when he travels forth, and following the objects and the occupations which attend the rising and early dominion of the sun, as may be scanned in rural parts. A few of the verses will bear out what we have said of the unpretending production :—

“ On the far sky leans the old ruined mill ;
 Through its rent sails the broken sunbeams glow,
 Gilding the trees that belt the lower hill,
 And the old thorns which on its summit grow,
 Only the reedy marsh that sleeps below,
 With its dwarf, is concealed from view ;
 And now a struggling thorn its head doth show,
 Another half shakes off the smoky blue,
 Just where the dusty gold streams through the heavy dew.
 And there the hidden river lingering dreams,
 You scarce can see the banks which round it lie ;
 That withered trunk, a tree, or shepherd seems,
 Just as the light or fancy strikes the eye,
 Even the very sheep which graze hard by,
 So blend their fleeces with the misty haze,

They look like clouds shook from the unsunned sky,
 Ere morning o'er the eastern hills did blaze :
 The vision fades as they move further on to graze.
 A checquered light streams in between the leaves,
 Which on the green-sward twinkle in the sun :
 The deep-voiced thrush his speckled bosom heaves,
 And like a silver stream his song doth run,
 Down the low vale, edged with fir-trees dun.
 A little bird now hops beside the brook,
 'Peaking' about like an affrighted nun ;
 And ever as she drinks doth upward look,
 Twitters and drinks again, then seeks her cloistered nook."

The mantling mist gradually disappears, and—

"Now other forms move o'er the foot-path brown
 In twos and threes ; for it is market-day.
 Beyond those hills stretches a little town,
 And thitherward the rustics bend their way,
 Crossing the scene in blue, and red, and grey ;
 Now by green hedge-rows, now by oak-trees old,
 As they by stile or thatched cottage stray ;
 Peep through the rounded hand, and you'll behold
 Such gems as Morland drew, in frames of sunny gold.
 A laden ass, a maid with wicker 'maun ;'
 A shepherd lad driving his lambs to sell,
 Gaudy-dressed girls move in the rosy dawn,
 Women whose cloaks become the landscape well
 Farmers whose thoughts on crops and prizes dwell ;
 An old man with his cow and calf draws near.
 Anon you hear the village-carrier's bell ;
 Then does his grey old tilted cart appear,
 Moving so slow, you think he never will get there.

* * * * *

Yon weather-beaten grey old finger-post
 Stands like Times' landmark pointing to decay.
 The very roads it once marked out are lost ;
 The common was encroached on every day
 By grasping men who bore an unjust sway,
 And rent the gift from charity's dead hands.
 The post does still one broken arm display,
 Which now points out where the New Workhouse stands,
 As if it said, ' Poor man ! those walls are all thy lands.' "

"The Election," although in "Seven Books," is also a poem of no great length, and filling only a small volume ; but then it is far from being an every-day, a namby-pamby production. Its title indicates that it will contain satirical sketches of political contests ;

and the only thing for us to do is to give our opinion of the manner in which this is performed, describe some of the other principle features of the poem, and adduce some illustrative examples to support what we say.

Well, the Election conducts us to Aleborough, the member for which, Cox, a gourmandizer with London aldermen, is unexpectedly called to his last account. A Whig and Tory conflict is the immediate consequence, Vane being the representative of the former, and Squire Moggs, of the latter. The Whig candidate, however, who has battled with vicissitudes both at home and abroad, but who at length is raised above dependence, thinks more of Ann, the niece of a Whig Lawyer, than of triumph at the hustings, and comes off second best in the political contest. The poem therefore not only contains sketches of the preliminaries of the Election, the artifices, professions, and speeches, &c., in the course of proceedings, especially of the Church and State adherent, but a love-story, descriptions of scenes and society chiefly by the lover and traveller, with such philosophizings as his temperament and opportunities may be supposed to suggest.

Now as to the manner in which the author executes the different parts of his plan, our extracts will show that observation, experience to some considerable extent of the world, just appreciation of character and motives, elegantly directed reading, and a caustic although subdued humour, are features of the piece. Seldom are his lines feeble, while coarseness of thought and versification are not less rare. We do not discover much originality in his matter, but justness as well as independence: his expressions being flowing, graceful, and pointed. He looks grave when others will laugh or feel the joke. Take, first of all, the opening of the poem, being a description of what occurred at Aleborough immediately before and immediately after the tidings of Cox's death reached the electors:—

“The sun was setting o’er the old church-tower,
That glittered softly while it pealed the hour;
And smoke from many a chimney curling slow,
Marked where the black tea-kettle steamed below;
The aproned workman, tools in hand, sought out
Some nook for meditation and brown stout;
Small idle groups were chatting here and there,
These near the Lion, those beside the Bear;
Each heart by some grave theme alike possessed,
The maids new ribbons and the old man’s jest,
The last fresh murder, and the price of hay,
And how Ned Scrogg’s apprentice ran away.

“Break off, ye triflers: hark! a distant hum,
And then a clatter, tells the coach is come,
Two dames within, five dusty shapes above,

A red-faced coachman, grand as thundering Jove,
 Dash through the admiring street ; and crowding round
 Come ostlers, waiters, loiterers, toward the sound,
 Soon spreads the direful rumour unconfined—
 Cox—dead—our Member ! Horror strikes mankind.
 Shrugs, whispers, open mouths—and then, alas !
 Huge joy breaks out like flaring streams of gas,
 A new election ! Glory to the town !
 For all there's profit, and for some renown.
 The Lion opes his hungry jaws and springs,
 And the Black Bear seems dancing as he swings."

Here nature and truth unite ; and yet how different the treatment of the Evening by the anonymous poet, and the Morning by the Basket-maker !

The author's politics perhaps may be pronounced to be liberal from the way in which he makes the Squire act and explain his views of the Constitution of England and its glorious superiority. The sly way in which the poet puts Tory dogmas into the mouth of Moggs, and makes him to reason on subjects which the obstinate and ignorant Conservative does not understand, is capital. Thus, on the superiority and supremacy of Britain :—

" I've never been abroad, *because* I know
 That all the world no land like ours can show :
 The bravest men, the prettiest girls on earth,
 Adorn the country where I had my birth ;
 And Nature strove to make this isle a place
 Fit for the noblest of the human race.
 Nay, though she often since has tried her hand,
 She ne'er has matched what here of old she planned :
 For simple truth, and sober mother-wit,
 And noblest worth, no country rivals it ;
 For were it otherwise, 'tis plain that we
 Should have superiors. Friends it cannot be !
 At even our old women, when abroad,
 The proudest kings on earth are overawed ;
 And as they find they cannot buy nor steal
 This country, you may fancy what they feel."

Hear wisdom's self on the bread-tax :—

" There's one point more that must not be forborne,
 My friends : I'm not at all for Foreign Corn.
 Let those who like it go abroad to eat
 French roll ; to me a quartern loaf is sweet ;
 And whilst my shilling helps the farmer here,
 I will not try to fatten thin Mounseer.
 It is no doubt a taking cry to bawl

' Cheap Bread !' But what's so dear as none at all ?
 As milliners perhaps the French are good;
 But I'll not trust them for my daily food,
 Lest when they see our bakers' empty shelves,
 They keep their musty flour to feed themselves,
 And poor John Bull, who left his fields unsown,
 Must kneel to them for crumbs, or munch a stone ;
 And dying children's cries our bosoms wrench,
 And beg in vain for victuals from the French."

Take our satirical poet, where morbid Germanism is the folly sneered at,—selfishness and egregious pride, with their pitiful airs, the audacious things lashed:—

" My state was then as wretched as a boy's
 Who sulks because the stars will not be toys ;
 And I made ghastly faces at the moon,
 Which would not come to be my plate and spoon,
 And thought, like Werther, Manfred, and the rest,
 I must in poor old Nature's name protest,
 Must play the devil, wanting tail and horns,
 But fierce and full of gentlemanly scorns,
 And mourn the fact that even is not odd,
 And all God's creatures cannot each be God."

" Bells and Pomegranates" marks an epoch, as the French say, in the history of literary publication in England. In no previous instance, we believe, has a poet put forth his first edition in that cheap form, in which so many interesting reprints have been given to the public by Messrs. Moxon, Smith, Whittaker and others. The author tells us that the number before us is meant for the first of a series of Dramatical Pieces, to come out at intervals, and " I amuse myself," he says, " in fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear will for once help me to a sort of pet-audience again." We heartily wish success to his experiment, for surely *he* has large claims on our sympathies, who, with high poetic endowments, and a fervent desire to influence through his art the thoughts, feelings and characters of his fellow men, yet finds his lot cast on these gloomy days for poetry, in which so few are they who will pause to listen to the voice of the charmer. The plan of the poem is singular. The opening scene introduces us at daybreak to the sorry chamber of Peppa, one of those pale maids of Asolo in the Trevesan, whose

" Twelvemonth toil,
 Is wearisome silkwinding, coil on coil,"

at the moment when she is debating with herself how she shall spend the opening New Year's Day, her one sole annual holiday. She will wander wherever the changing hours may lead, through

meadow and wood, and by the habitations of men, indulge her human sympathies as she watches, but judge not their doings, and for once delight her fancy by imagining herself each one of all those beings of her little world who think so little of the poor girl from the silk-mills, nor dream that her slighted existence can have any bearing on their own destiny. The proud voluptuous Ottima and her paramour, the enthusiastic artist and his fair Greek bride, the fond mother and her son, high in soul but weak and visionary in intellect, and the pious bishop who comes that night to bless the house, and pray for the soul's repose of his dead brother; all these she will look on, and be in fancy each of them in turn. Then follow four scenes, morning, noon, evening, and night, in which these individuals are set before us, scenes which would be altogether detached from each other were they not connected by the agency of the silk-girl, whose snatches of song, heard from without, fall like oracles upon the ears of the already passion-wrought listeners, give to their wavering feelings a decisive bias, and produce the climax of each scene. Thus Peppa's *passings*, apparently of such trivial moment, are really seen to be the moving causes of effects incalculable, and the moral of her New Year's hymn is wrought out:—

“ All service ranks the same with God :
 If now, as formerly he trod
 Paradise, God's presence fills
 Our earth, and each but as God wills
 Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we ; there is no last nor first.
 Say not a small event ! Why small ?
 Costs it more pain this thing ye call
 A great event should come to pass
 Than that ? Untwine me, from the mass
 Of deeds that make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in or exceed ! ”

The poem, as will readily be surmised from this analysis of it, is fragmentary, and perhaps the consciousness of this has insensibly acted on the author's mind, and caused that 'obscurity that offends us in some parts of the poem, particularly in the scene between the artist and his young bride. The very language seems in places fragmentary and enigmatical, not merely from the abstruseness of the thoughts it embodies, but from its own mechanical imperfection. In the lyric parts the ear is often pained by the involved and difficult construction of the words, the awkward breaks, and misplaced pauses. Something of this will have been noticed in the first of the stanzas quoted above. That this defect, however, is but the result of want of care, witness the strange music of this mythic

strain. It is sung by Peppa, and over-heard by Luigi, the enthusiast, and his mother, at the moment when the anxious parent has almost won upon her misguided son to forego his desperate design upon the life of the Austrian despot.

*“ Peppa (without). A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now :
And the king's locks curled
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new born :
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane so sure gone by,
(The Gods so loved him while he dreamed)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.*

Luigi. No need that sort of king should ever die !

*(Without). Among the rocks his city was :
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sate to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They hailed him many a valley thief
Caught in the sheep-pens—robber chief,
Swarthy and shameless—beggar-cheat—
Spy-prowler—or some pirate found
On the sea sand left aground ;
Sometimes there clung about his feet
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen, thick-set brows :
Sometimes from out the prison house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some chink had pushed and pressed,
Knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm like into the temple,—caught
He was by the very God,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch :
These, all and every one
The king judged, sitting in the sun.*

Luigi. That king should still judge sitting in the sun.

*(Without) His councillors on left and right
Looked anxious up, but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,
Where the very blue had turned to white.*

A python passed one day
 The silent streets—until he came,
 With forked tongue and eyes on flame,
 When the old king judged away ;
 But when he saw the sleepy hair,
 Girt with a crown of berries rare,
 The God will hardly give to wear,
 To the maiden who singeth dancing bare
 In the altar smoke by the pine torch lights,
 At his wondrous forest rites, —
 But which the God's self granted him
 For setting fire each felon limb
 Because of earthly murder done,
 Faded till other hope was none ;—
 Seeing this, he did not dare,
 Approach that threshold in the sun,
 Assault the old smiling king there.

[*Peppa passes.*

Luigi. Farewell, farewell—how could I stay ? Farewell !”

The scene between Ottima (an Italian Lady Macbeth, whom lust has steeled, as ambition did the other,) and her German paramour, Sebald, is too long to extract, and must not be garbled. The following vigorous passage will, however, bear to be detached from the context :—

Otti. Then our crowning night—

Seb. The July night ?

Otti. The day of it too, Sebald !

When heaven's pillars seem o'erbowed with heat,
 Its black blue canopy seemed to descend
 Close on us both, to weigh down each let each,
 And smother up all life except our life.
 So lay we till the storm came.

Seb. How it came !

Otti. Buried in woods we lay, you recollect ;
 Swift ran the searching tempest overhead ;
 And ever and anon some bright white shaft
 Burnt through the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
 As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen
 Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
 Feeling for guilty thee and me—then broke
 The thunder like a whole sea overhead.—”

That universal philanthropy and sentimentality, with “ tears of compassion trembling on its eyelids,” are often the disguise of a cold hard heart, has frequently been said, but seldom with more point than in the following passage :—

“If patriotism were not
The earnest virtue for a selfish man
To acquire! he loves himself—and then, the world—
If he must love beyond, but nought between:
As a short-sighted man sees nought midway
His body and the sun above.”

And now we must bid farewell to Mr. Browning, thanking him for what he has done, and looking forward to his doing still better; and when he next makes his bow to an audience, assuredly we shall be in the pit.

ART. X.

1. *A History of the Vegetable Kingdom.* By WM. RHIND. Blackie, Glasgow.

2. *Vegetable Philosophy.* Tanner, Brothers.

MR. RHIND'S work,—three parts of which have been sent to us—five more to complete a handsome royal octavo volume, double columns, and illustrated by several hundred engravings on wood and steel,—has been projected by the publishers, and to constitute a companion uniform with their edition of Goldsmith's “History of the Earth and Animated Nature,” that charming and universally admired writer having left out one grand department of creation in his compendium. According to the plan of the present publication, the first grand division of it embraces the *physiology* of plants; the second, *descriptions* of the various classes of plants, according to their three great *natural* divisions; and the third, *practical rules and directions*, as these respect the different kinds of gardens, the preservation of seeds, and of botanical specimens, &c. Particular pains, and the latest information, original and collected, it is promised, will distinguish the work with regard to vegetable products used for food, clothing, architectural purposes, and also those for the convenience and ornament of social and domestic life. A copious glossary will enable the general reader to understand and to make familiar use of technical terms, which ought to be as sparingly employed as possible.

The second work mentioned at the head of our paper forms a portion of the “Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science,” and is published by the “Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction.” This society has chiefly devoted itself to reprinting or translating what was either previously scarce or costly; but now it begins to furnish compilations, the specimen before us, like Mr. Rhind's, being one of high merit, and exhibiting much that is novel in manner, as well as supplied from the stores of knowledge which the author's personal observation and earnest study have accumulated.

Indeed, both books ought to take precedence of the majority of those which either at the instance of individual publishers, or of associated bodies, have of late years been sent forth with the view of providing scientific works, in a plain and accessible shape, for the many, while justice to principles should combine with attractiveness of treatment.

Mr. Rhind, so far as we have been able to accompany him, appears to us to sketch in a masterly manner, the different theories of eminent naturalists, when occasion requires; and also with much perspicuity and perfect sufficiency to grasp and expound the principles of each branch of his subject. The other writer is remarkable for a knack of addressing himself engagingly to the general and unscientific reader, for the aptitude of his illustrative particulars, and also for the suggestive cast of his sentiments, beyond the range of the vegetable kingdom. It is, however, a proof of the kindred knowledge and taste of the two, of their shoulder to shoulder advancement, that they agree largely in arrangement, in principles, and even in details, where the same branches are their themes, as the extracts we are about to select will in some measure exemplify. But such agreement is also a pleasing evidence of the certainties of science, and of the unanimity of its accomplished cultivators in our day. Thus both, after some suitable introductory matter, address themselves to the elements and structure of plants, the component parts and functions of the roots, stems, leaves, &c.,—their germination, growth, geographical distribution, and so on; there, of course, being considerable diversity in the mode of treatment, although the impressions left are the same.

These impressions are strong in the following respects: they fully convince the mind that the products in question are important in economical points of view, and as ministering to the luxury as well as health of mankind. Then, to him who loves to expatiate in the regions of beauty, of wonder, and of exalting sentiment, there is, as Mr. Rhind expresses himself, "an universal language in the waving woods—the green pastures—the odoriferous and variegated gardens—ay, and in every flower that scents the summer gale: they speak a poetry, never yet embodied in ordinary speech, which is intelligible to every mind, and finds an answering chord in every human heart."

But there is still another view in which the kingdom that lies between the animal and unorganized must be regarded in an eminent manner; we mean, as it unfolds an endless variety and an unlimited compass of truths to the philosophic enquirer, who is made to see in every seed a miracle of power and wisdom; and throughout the whole range of that seed's history to mature growth and reproductiveness, to behold a wonderful and unerring arrangement beautifying the whole domain of creation, exactest adaptation

in respect of every separate part, and a congruity as well as extension of the whole scheme of physical things, a constant dependence of the highest upon the lowest beings in the scale of existence. In this way the vegetable kingdom, even any one branch of its history, which it has suited naturalists to treat separately, such as the physiology of plants, abounds with the phenomena of life, and the principles of an all embracing philosophy.

How boundless becomes the view of the vegetable kingdom, how amazing the providence of the Creator, when the fact is known that no degree of heat or of cold seems to be fatal to the life of some plant or another; and also that no rock, however bare and exposed to the violence of storms, or the dashing of the waves, can remain without some vegetable garb. The "coral island but recently elevated above the level of the sea, speedily becomes clothed with verdure. From the materials of the most sterile rock, and even from the yet recent cinders and lava of the volcano, nature prepares the way for vegetable existence. The slightest crevice or inequality is sufficient to arrest the invisible germs that are always floating in the air; and the humble plants which spring from these soon overspread the surface, deriving their chief nutriment from the atmosphere. Having completed their allotted period of existence, they die and decay; but *their* death is only a preparation for the appearance of higher forms of vegetable structure. They are followed by successive tribes of plants of gradually increasing size and strength, until, in the course of years, the sterile rock is converted into a natural and luxuriant garden, of which the productions, rising from grasses to shrubs and trees, present all the varieties of the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely-spreading forest."

Another amazing feature in vegetable life, is that of the adaptability of plants; especially, we may say, of those which are necessary to animal existence; so that they grow almost anywhere, and under almost any circumstances. But, perhaps, within our limits we cannot cram more striking facts, quoted from the publications before us, than some that belong to the history of what will generally be deemed the meanest and most useless plants. Let us instance Fungi or mushrooms, Mosses, and Lichens. With regard to the first of these we quote the following fragments from Mr. Rhind's History:—

"The fungi have in general the characteristics of vegetable bodies, yet, when analyzed, they yield the same products as animal matter, among the rest nitrogen, and in a state of putrefaction, give out a similar odour. Ammonia, the phosphoric salts, and albumen, very analogous to that of animals, are found in the fungi. It might be supposed that such substances are highly nutritious; this, however, is not the case, as they are among the most indigestible matters of food. Most of them are of a highly poisonous nature; and even those kinds which, in particular situations, are harmless,

become poisonous by a change of soil. They differ from many noxious vegetables in this, that their poison cannot be separated by boiling, or even by distillation, which has been proved by the experiments of Parmentier. The fungi thrive best in the decomposing mass of vegetable bodies. Their seeds are exceedingly minute, and not easily detected even by the aid of the microscope, and therefore may be present in almost every organic product, in the vessels, fluids, and solid parts of both plants and animals. We have already alluded to the minute fungi in bread and fruits, constituting what is commonly called blue mould. These arise from innumerable minute seeds floating about in the atmosphere, or even carried along with the circulating fluids of plants or animals. The instant vitality ceases in them, the seeds of the fungi come into action. Accordingly, many species are most abundant in autumn, in dark and shady places, and in rainy weather, when decayed plants and insects may be presumed most to abound."

Again,—

"The propagation and growth of the fungi are among the most curious subjects in the economy of nature. Their seeds or germs, too minute in general to be injured by any mechanical means, and having the power of resisting any common chemical process, remain in the earth, or in the vegetable substances, for an unlimited period of time; and they pass through the digestive organs of animals, or endure the action of heat, without sustaining the smallest injury. This is exemplified in paste made of flour, which produces mould or a species of fungi, as indeed does almost every vegetable and animal substance when it arrives at a certain stage of decay; and this development is only prevented by the action of the more active metallic salts. The fungi themselves, then they decay, are, as well as extraneous substances, subject in their turn to the attacks of other fungi. Montagu mentions a case in which the membrane that separates the lungs of an animal from the rest of the intestines, were covered with blue mould, even before death; but the membrane itself was diseased, and the surface dead. Minute fungi have been found growing from the bodies of living flies.

"The quick growth of fungi is as wonderful as the length of time they survive, and the numerous dangers which they will resist while they continue in the dormant state. To spring up 'like a mushroom in a night,' is a scriptural mode of expressing celerity, which accords wonderfully with observation. Mr. Sowerby remarks, 'I have often placed specimens of the *phallus caninus* by a window over night, while in the egg-form, and they have been fully grown by the morning;' while he adds, 'they have never grown with me in the day time.' From this and other analogous experiments it is not too wild a speculation to suppose, that if placed in the requisite circumstances as regards temperature, moisture, and absence of light, the whole earth would speedily be overrun with fungi."

From the second publication we extract some striking particulars and suggestions with regard to the subtlety and diffusion of fungi seed :—

"The number of these germs is almost incalculable. Thus, the fine dust which issues from the common puff-ball when mature, consists entirely of these little bodies, which are diffused through the air, and seem to float about in it, ready to develop themselves when they meet with the fitting conditions. In a single fungus above ten millions have been counted; and these were probably by no means the whole number contained in it. When these minute germs are once spread through the air, there are so many means provided for their diffusion, that it is difficult to conceive of a place from which they should be excluded.

However improbable, then, it at first sight appear, that every portion of the air we breathe should contain the germs of a large number of species of fungi, ready to develop themselves whenever the peculiar conditions adapted to each kind are presented, there seems good reason to believe that such is the case; and in this manner we may account for several facts of some practical importance relative to the production of those very troublesome forms of vegetation known by the names of mould, mildew, &c. It is well known that fruit-preserves are very liable to be attacked by the common *bead-mould*; which no care employed in closing the mouths of the jars can prevent. It has been remarked, however, that they are much less liable to suffer in this way, if not left open for a night before they are tied down; and it is therefore probable that the germs of the mould sow themselves, as it were, in this luxuriant soil, before the jar is covered. Again, there is a particular kind of cheese, much valued by some epicures, which derives its peculiar flavour from the quantity of fungous vegetation it contains. It is prepared simply by breaking up the curd and exposing it for a day or two, in small lumps laid upon a cloth, to the sun and air; it there seems to receive the germs of fungi, which afterwards vegetate in it, and spread their growth through the mass whilst it is yet soft."

In Mr. Rhind's work throughout, the practical and economical history of plants is a principal object with him; so that to the agriculturist and to the housewife, as well as to the gardener, his pages abound with useful hints. With regard to mosses and their serviceableness in the formation of peat, together with notices of other substances and processes, we thus read in his pages:—

"The *spagnum palustre* is peculiarly suited for the accumulation of this peculiar vegetable product. It grows to the height of five or six inches, when its lower stem begins to decay, and forms a soil from which the upper portion of the plant continues to vegetate. Thus a successive decay and fresh vegetation of the same stem goes on for many years, till a large accumulation of spongy vegetable matter is formed filling up the hollows between mountains, or ranging over marshy valleys. The formation of peat is peculiar to elevated, moist, and temperate regions. In hot climates dead vegetable matter is almost instantaneously decomposed, or reduced to its elementary principles; but in colder regions a partial decomposition only takes place where much of the woody fibre and many of the original combinations of the vegetable remains. Peat consists of from sixty to ninety parts in the hundred of inflammable matter, resembling thus far the composition of coal:

the residue is earthy matter, derived from an admixture of the soil in which it has been produced. Besides the mosses already mentioned, several lichens, heaths, rushes, and shrubs, and trees, enter into the formation of peat. Not unfrequently large trunks and roots of trees are found amid peat; and, indeed, whole forests have gradually fallen down and become converted into this substance. The rapidity with which large accumulations of this matter is formed, is also remarkable, considering the gradual process of the peculiar vegetation. We learn from a paper in the year 1651, when the earl of Cromarty was nineteen years old, in travelling over the parish of Lochbrun he passed by a very high hill which rose in a gradual acclivity from the sea. At less than half a mile up from the sea there is a plain about half a mile in circumference, and from it the hill rises in a constant steepness for more than a mile in ascent. This little plain was at that time completely covered with a firm standing wood, which was so very old that not only the trees had no green leaves, but the bark was quite thrown off, which the old countrymen, who were with his lordship, said was the universal manner in which fir woods terminated, and that in twenty or thirty years after, the trees would commonly cast themselves up from the roots, and so lie in heaps till the people cut and carried them away. About fifteen years afterwards, his lordship had occasion to come the same way, and observed that there was not a tree nor even a single root of all the old wood remaining; but instead of these, the whole bounds where the wood had stood was all over a flat green ground, covered with a plain green moss. He was told that nobody had been at the trouble to carry away the trees, but that, being all overturned from their roots by the winds, the moisture from the high grounds stagnated among them, and they had in consequence been covered over by the green moss. The place was so soft and spongy, that his lordship in attempting to pass over, sunk up to the shoulders. Before the year 1699, (in the space of forty-eight years) the whole piece of ground was converted into a moss, and the country people were digging peats out of it."

From the companion work we take the following:—

" Mosses are found in all parts of the world in which the atmosphere is moist; but they are far more abundant in temperate climates than in any between the Tropics. They are among the first vegetables that clothe the soil with verdure in newly-formed countries; and they are the last that disappear when the atmosphere ceases to be capable of nourishing vegetation. The first green crust upon the cinders with which the surface of Ascension Island was covered, consisted of minute mosses. This tribe forms more than a fourth of the whole vegetation of Melville Island, one of the most Northerly spots in which any plants have been observed; and the black and lifeless soil of New South Shetland, one of the islands nearest to the South Pole, is covered with specks of mosses struggling for existence.

" Besides their power of resisting extremes of temperature, mosses exhibit a remarkable tenacity of life, when their growth is checked by the absence of moisture; so that they may often be restored to active life even when they have been dried for many years. Hence they offer abundant

sources of interest to the observer of nature at a season when vegetation of other kinds is almost entirely choked. For it is most curious to observe how gay these little mosses are on every wall-top during the winter months and in the early spring,—almost or perhaps the only things which seem to enjoy the clouds and storms of the season. They choose the most exposed situations, spread out their leaves and push up their delicate urns amidst rain, frost, and snow: and yet there is nothing in their simple and tender structure from which we could infer their capability of resisting influences so generally destructive to vegetation.”

Then, what of lichens? Says Mr. Rhind:—

“They are in form among the simplest of plants, so they may be called the pioneers of the vegetable kingdom. The sporules of the lichen are furnished with a gummy and adhesive fluid, and being scattered about by the winds they fall upon bare rocks, and to these attach themselves. Without soil, and simply from moisture and the air, they vegetate and form a small central lichen; others grow in circles around, till, in process of time, the whole surface of the bare rock becomes covered with a hoary coat. These lichens periodically decay, and mouldering to the earth form with the particles of the abraded rocks a soil which is fitted for the reception of other plants further advanced in the scale of organization. Lichens also are found at the extreme points of vegetation, on the summits of high mountains, and near the poles, where all other vegetable bodies disappear. Humboldt mentions, that near the summit of Chimborazo, even within the limits of the snow line, the *umbilicaria pustulata* and the *verrucaria geographica* are seen growing on a shelf of rock: and these were the last traces of organized nature at such a height.”

Again,—

“*Lichen islandicus* is used as an edible substance by the Icelanders, who rarely obtain corn bread, and whose limited stock of substitutes obliges them to have recourse to every species of vegetable production, which is permitted by their inclement climate to spring forth. The plant is collected by the inhabitants of this northern region; and after being washed, is either cut into pieces, or it is dried by the fire or in the sun, then put into a bag which is well beaten. It is ultimately worked into a powder by being trampled on, and in this state is used as food. This lichen is found growing on the mountains both in the lowlands and highlands of Scotland. It consists of upright leaves nearly two inches high; soft and pliant when moist, but rigid when dry. They are smooth and shining, inclining to a red colour towards the roots, and having the exterior surface sprinkled with very minute black warts. The margins are set with small short stiff sporules. This lichen, when boiled and macerated in water, forms a nutritious and light jelly, which, with the addition of sugar and milk, has been used as a dietetic medicine in cases of decline, and was fancied at one time as a cure for consumption.”

What sayeth the writer for the "Popular Cyclopædia?"—

"To the lichens may well be applied the title of *Vernaculi*, or bond-slaves; which Linnæus fancifully gave to the sea-weeds, regarding them as fettered to the rocks on which they grow. For the lichens seem as it were chained to the soil which they labour to improve for the benefit of others, although they derive no nourishment from it themselves. The mode in which they prepare the sterile rock for the reception of plants which require a higher kind of nourishment, is most remarkable. They may be said to dig for themselves graves for the reception of their remains, when death and decay would otherwise speedily dissipate them: for whilst living, these lichens form a considerable quantity of oxalic acid, (which is a peculiar compound of carbon and oxygen, two ingredients supplied by the atmosphere,) and this acts chemically upon the rock, (especially if of limestone,) forming a hollow which retains the particles of the structure when their term of connected existence has expired. The moisture which is caught in these hollows finds its way into the cracks and crevices of the rocks; and, when frozen, rends them by its expansion into minute fragments, and thus adds more and more to the forming soil. Successive generations of these bond-slaves continuously and indefatigably perform their duties; until at length, as the result of their accumulated toil, the barren and insulated rocks, or the pumice or lava of the volcano, become converted into fruitful fields. For when Flora's standard has once been planted on tracts thus claimed, they are soon colonized by plants of other tribes."

Our last will be a specimen of the hints which occur in these popular productions, which practical people should observe. How important, in an economical sense, and how gratifying to the plainest person's curiosity, would it be were a general knowledge diffused concerning the Food of plants and the way in which it is obtained. From the author of "Vegetable Physiology," we take the lesson we now copy, and conclude with—

"No manure is more serviceable in yielding carbonic acid than that which consists of decaying vegetable matter; and this is more abundant than is commonly imagined. A small garden attached to a dwelling-house may be furnished with an ample supply of rich manure by throwing into a pit all the refuse vegetable matter of the kitchen, and that supplied by the garden itself, in the form of weeds, dead leaves, prunings of fruit trees, &c.; these should be lightly covered with earth, and kept slightly moist, and frequently exposed to the air by being turned over with the spade. And in a farm there will seldom be any deficiency of similar materials, if none are wasted. Weeds, for example, should not be burned unless they are in seed; for they may be made to afford a valuable supply of nutriment, instead of withdrawing it. A manure of this kind is to many plants more servicable than that furnished by animals. Some remarkable examples are on record of the influence of it upon the growth of vines, which may be here advantageously introduced, as interesting illustrations of the foregoing principles."

ART. XI.—*The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gipsies of Spain. With an Original Collection of their Songs and Poetry, and a Copious Dictionary of their Language.* By GEORGE BORROW. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1841.

IF not a new subject—for how often in novels and romances have the Gipsies figured?—we have in these volumes a totally new treatment of that singular race, who, whether they be called by the English name,—by that of Zincali, as by themselves,—by Gitanos, as in Spain,—Zingani, in another country,—Zingarri, in Turkey,—or by any such diversity of spelling, have yet the same unmistakable characteristics, physical and moral. Rommany, (a title by which the Gipsies as well as their language are also known,) says Mr. Borrow, has something remarkable in his eye. “Should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castle, were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior, still would the gitano be detected by his eye, should it continue unchanged.” “The eye of the gitano is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in its shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression, which to be understood must be seen, and in a thin glaze, which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light.” That the gipsy eye has sometimes a peculiar effect, he adds, may be gathered from the following stauza:

“A gipsey strippling’s glossy eye
Has pierced my bosom’s core,
A feat no eye beneath the sky
Could e’er effect before.”

Then with regard to their moral qualities, they are everywhere, and have been at all times, the same thieving, fortune-telling jockeying, and regardless people, their hands being against every body, their hatred of all other races intense, however much and long disguised, their despite of all religion unmitigated, and their fidelity to their own tribe, in certain respects, unceasing. Again, the arts and spells which they practise to the injury and ruin of others are without end. In some countries they are dealers in precious stones; in others they vend poisons; every where they appear to be unscrupulous as to murder. We ourselves, on the trial of three brothers of them in Jedburgh, for a desperate assault upon an old man, each of the tinklers, as they are in Scotland named, being young, but of gigantic strength and size, were told by the Sheriff of Berwickshire, that in the town from which the culprits came, gipsies frequently disappeared, and were doubtless foully dealt with, but of whom nothing ever transpired from among themselves.

In different countries, however, as we have already intimated, there are variations in their history. In certain regions they are wretchedly poor; in others their condition as well as calling is more respectable. In some parts of Europe they have been denounced and persecuted merely on account of their race; but in Spain, for example, they have been tolerated; or when hunted, the nature of the country afforded them protection and hiding-places. Even there the Inquisition let them alone, regarding them as too worthless and degraded for Christianity to think of.

Among the remarkable features of the present work, the knowledge and the feelings of the author relative to the Zincali are not the least curious. He tells us, that from his infancy he has always entertained an extraordinary anxiety to study their character and to hear or read of them; that he has even sought their company, and in many countries, with persevering diligence. Nay, that he has so fully become acquainted with their peculiarities, their language, and, as it would seem, been endowed with such an external similarity, that he has passed amongst them as one of their own kith and kin, and hence has acquired a familiarity with their habits and opinions which no stranger can ever obtain. He has been held by them to have, by some sort of Metempsychosis, been a handed-down superior amongst them; so that although of late years he has associated with them in the capacity of an Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in order to convert them from the evil of their ways, and to a profession of Christianity, which they appear most heartily to despise and hate, he has been treated by them with unexampled confidence and friendship.

Mr. Borrow, indeed, has experienced an extraordinary degree of curiosity *anent* the swarthy people. His enthusiasm concerning them appears even when his details are those of darkest crime; and the result is not only remarkably life-like portraits but exciting anecdotes. We know of no romance, even that of Guy Mannering, that will be read with greater interest than the first of these volumes, which is particularly devoted to descriptions, anecdotes, &c. of the gipsies; especially those of Spain; the second containing specimens of their poetry, and a vocabulary of their language, requiring philological learning as well as long personal intercourse with the peculiar race.

With regard to the origin of the gipsy race, Mr. Borrow does not shed much light, although he advances enough to throw discredit on certain theories that the learned have broached concerning them. We shall not therefore detain our readers relative to any of these speculations, but at once proceed to quote some of the entertaining passages which these arresting pages furnish. We first of all extract some passages of a prefatory nature. Our readers will not be displeased with a few notices, first of all, in which the author speaks

of himself; and in which the missionary and the fraternized somewhat funnily combine.—

“ The author’s acquaintance with the gipsy race in general dates from a very early period of his life, which considerably facilitated his intercourse with the Peninsular portion, to the elucidation of whose history and character the present volumes are more particularly devoted. Whatever he has asserted is less the result of reading than of close observation, he having long since come to the conclusion that the gipsies are not a people to be studied in books, or at least in such books as he believes have hitherto been written concerning them.”

Again :—

“ The author entertains no ill will towards the gipsies; why should he, were he a mere carnal reasoner? He has known them for upwards of twenty years, in various countries, and they never injured a hair of his head, or deprived him of a shred of his raiment; but he is not deceived as to the motive of their forbearance: they thought him a *Rom*, and on this supposition they hurt him not, their love of ‘the blood’ being their most distinguishing characteristic. He derived considerable assistance from them in Spain, as in various instances they officiated as *colporteurs* in the distribution of the Gospel: but on that account he is not prepared to say that they entertained any love for the Gospel, or that they circulated it for the honour of Tebléque the Saviour. Whatever they did for the Gospel in Spain, was done in the hope that he whom they conceived to be their brother had some purpose in view which was to contribute to the profit of the *calés*, or gipsies, and to terminate in the confusion and plunder of the *Busné*, or Gentiles. Convinced of this, he is too little of an enthusiast to rear, on such a foundation, any fantastic edifice of hope, which would soon tumble to the ground. The cause of truth can scarcely be forwarded by enthusiasm, which is almost invariably the child of ignorance and error. The author is anxious to direct the attention towards the gipsies; but he hopes to be able to do so without any romantic appeals in their behalf, by concealing the truth until it becomes falsehood. In the following pages he has depicted the gipsies, as he had found them, neither aggravating their crimes, nor gilding them with imaginary virtues. He has not expatiated on ‘their gratitude towards good people who treat them kindly and take an interest in their welfare;’ for he believes that of all beings in the world they are the least susceptible of such a feeling. Nor has he ever done them injustice by attributing to them licentious habits, from which they are, perhaps, more free than any race in the creation.”

Numerous are the passages and the illustrations that confirm the statement that the *gitanos* are remarkable for their hatred of, and freedom from, licentious or unchaste habits amongst themselves, although they are always ready to minister to, or be the agents in, the debaucheries of those who pay the women as procuresses. Here is

one example, in which too our candid author figures to some extent:—

“ This faithful and exemplary wife, this affectionate mother, this miracle of corporeal chastity, had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of her journey, when she commenced exhibiting the other and worst side of her character by plying the arts of the fortune-teller, the shoplifter, and the procuress. True it is that all the while she thought of nothing but to obtain a sufficient sum to make up her loss, with which she hoped to bribe some notary public to report favourably the case of her husband. To raise money she depended chiefly on bringing couples together; in other words, purveying for vice. She even made her propositions to myself, I will not say with what result. In the same house, however, lived an Andalusian cavalier, rich and gay, and to him she next resorted with the same proffers. Now, the gipsy, though tawny, sunburnt, and ill-dressed, was rather good-looking, and the Andalusian was, upon the whole, much taken with her: she told him that if he would employ her, she would engage to procure for him within two days any lady with whom he might chance to be captivated. The Andalusian, however, soon gave her to understand that he liked no one better than herself, and that she might easily earn anything she asked for. He shewed her two ounces of gold, a far larger sum than what she had lost by the thieves: she at first affected to consider him in jest, and began to enumerate other women far more handsome than herself who would be at his disposal; but, perceiving him growing too pressing, she suddenly struck him in the face, and, with a bitter malediction, asked him if he thought she was one of the *pallias*, (women who are not gipsies,) that he ventured to hope he should be able to corrupt her *lacha ye trupos*, or corporeal chastity.”

Charity appears to be the only virtue of the females; no bride must be without this qualification; nay, its breach is certain death, nor does a daughter of the race ever really conceive an uncounterfeited passion for a *busno*. Having alluded to brides we extract some account of their marriage ceremonies:—

“ Throughout the day there was nothing going on but singing, drinking, feasting, and dancing; but the most singular part of the festival was reserved for the dark night. Nearly a ton weight of sweetmeats had been prepared, at an enormous expense; not for the gratification of the palate, but for a purpose purely gipsy. These sweetmeats of all kinds and of all forms, but principally *yemas*, or yolks of eggs prepared with a crust of sugar (a delicious *bonne bouche*), were strewn on the floor of a large room, at least to the depth of three inches. Into this room, at a given signal, tripped the bride and bridegroom dancing *romális*, followed amain by all the *gitanos* and *gitanas* dancing *romális*. To convey a slight idea of this scene is almost beyond the power of words. In a few minutes the sweetmeats were reduced to a powder, or rather to a mud, and the dancers were soiled to the knees with sugar, fruits, and yolks of eggs. Still more terrific became the lunatic merriment. The men sprang high into the air, neighed,

brayed, and crowed ; whilst the gitanas snapped their fingers in their own fashion, louder than castanets, distorting their forms into all kinds of obscene attitudes, and uttering words to repeat which were an abomination. In a corner of the apartment capered the while Sebastianillo, a convict gipsy from Melilla, strumming the guitar most furiously, and producing demoniacal sounds which had some resemblance to Malbrun (Malbrouk), and as he strummed, repeating at intervals the gipsy modification of the song :—

“ Chalá Malbrun chinguerár,
Birandon, birandón birandéra—
Chalá Malbrún chinguerár,
No sé bus truterár—
No sé bus truterá.
No sé bus truterá.

La romi que le caméla,
Birandón, birandon,” &c.

The festival endures three days, at the end of which the greatest part of the property of the bridegroom, even if he were previously in easy circumstances, has been wasted in this strange kind of riot and dissipation.”

Some of the introductory pages give us characteristics of gipsies as witnessed by the author in different countries,—in Hungary, for example ; in Italy, also, where Mr. Borrow met some of these Hungarians ; in Russia where gipsies are to be found encamped in the midst of the snow, in slight canvas tents, when the temperature is twenty-five or thirty degrees below the freezing point according to Reaumur. In England, of course, he acquired his early acquaintanceship with them. He gives us the following particulars of youthful observation :—

“ When a boy of fourteen, I was present at a prize fight : why should I hide the truth ? It took place on a green meadow, beside a running stream, close by the old church of E——, and within a league of the ancient town of N——, the capital of one of the eastern counties. The terrible Thurtell was present, lord of the concourse ; for wherever he moved he was master, and whenever he spoke, even when in chains, every other voice was silent. He stood on the mead, grim and pale as usual, with his bruisers around. He it was, indeed, who *got up* the fight, as he had previously done with respect to twenty others ; it being his frequent boast that he had first introduced bruising and bloodshed amidst rural scenes, and transformed a quiet slumbering town into the den of Jews and metropolitan thieves. Some time before the commencement of the combat, three men, mounted on wild-looking horses, came dashing down the road in the direction of the meadow, in the midst of which they presently shewed themselves, their horses clearing the deep ditches with wonderful alacrity. ‘That’s Gipsy Will and his gang,’ lisped a Hebrew pickpocket ; ‘we shall have another fight.’ The word Gipsy was always sufficient to excite my curiosity, and I looked attentively at the new comers. I never saw, upon the whole, three more remarkable

individuals, as far as personal appearance was concerned, than the three English Gipsies who now presented themselves to my eyes on that spot. Two of them had dismounted, and were holding their horses by the reins. The tallest, and, at the first glance, the most interesting of the two, was almost a giant, for his height could not have been less than six feet three. * * He might be about twenty-eight. His companion and his captain, Gipsy Will, was, I think fifty when he was hanged, ten years subsequently, (for I never afterwards lost sight of him,) in the front of the jail of Bury St. Edmonds. I have still present before me his bushy black hair, his black face, and his big black eyes, full and thoughtful, but fixed and staring. His dress consisted of a loose blue jockey coat, jockey boots and breeches; in his hand a huge jockey whip, and on his head (it struck me at the time for its singularity) a broad-brimmed, high-peaked Andalusian hat, or at least one very much resembling those generally worn in that province. In stature he was shorter than his more youthful companion, yet he must have measured six feet at least, and was stronger built, if possible. What brawn!—what bone!—what legs!—what thighs! The third Gipsy, who remained on horse-back, looked more like a phantom than anything human. His complexion was the colour of pale dust, and of that same colour was all that pertained to him, hat and clothes. His boots were dusty of course, for it was midsummer, and his very horse was of a dusty dun. His features were whimsically ugly, most of his teeth were gone, and as to his age, he might be thirty or sixty. He was somewhat lame and halt, but an unequalled rider when once upon his steed, which he was naturally not very solicitous to quit. I subsequently discovered that he was considered the wizard of the gang. I have been already prolix with respect to these Gipsies, but I will not leave them quite yet. The intended combatants at length arrived; it was necessary to clear the ring,—always a troublesome task. Thurtell went up to the two Gipsies, with whom he seemed to be acquainted, and, with his surly smile, said two or three words, which I, who was standing by, did not understand. The Gipsies smiled in return, and giving the reins of their animals to their mounted companion, immediately set about the task which the king of the flash-men had, as I conjecture, imposed upon them; this they soon accomplished. Who could stand against such fellows and such whips."

Our next presents some general matters:—

"The race of the Rommany is by nature, perhaps, the most beautiful in the world; and amongst the children of the Russian Zigáni are frequently to be found countenances, to do justice to which would require the pencil of a second Murillo; but exposure to the rays of the burning sun, the biting of the frost, and the pelting of the pitiless sleet and snow, destroy their beauty at a very early age; and if in infancy their personal advantages are remarkable, their ugliness at an advanced age is no less so, for then it is loathsome, and even appalling; verifying the adage, that it requires an angel to make a demon."

The gipsies are a wandering race, our author having met one, a native of Constantinople, who had visited the most remote and

remarkable portions of the earth in the pursuit of his trade, traversing on foot and alone the greatest part of India, and speaking or understanding several eastern languages. We shall now quote some tales illustrative of the race, particularly as gathered in Spain. Take a conversation in which we have evidence of their goddess, no-religious opinions, as well as unborn hatred of the Busné, or the *whites* :—

“ *Myself*. ‘Is it not the custom of the gipsies of Spain to relieve each other in distress? it is the rule in other countries.’ *First Gipsy*. ‘El kral-lis ha nicobado la liri de los calés—(The king has destroyed the law of the gipsies); we are no longer the people we were once, when we lived amongst the sierras and deserts, and kept aloof from the Busné; we have lived amongst the Busné till we are become almost like them, and we are no longer brothers, ready to assist each other at all times and seasons; and very frequently the gitano is the worst enemy of his brother.’ *Myself*. ‘The gitanos, then, no longer wander about, but have fixed residences in the towns and villages?’ *First Gipsy*. ‘In the summer time a few of us assemble together, and live about amongst the plains and hills, and by doing so we frequently contrive to pick up a horse or a mule for nothing, and sometimes we knock down a Busné and strip him, but it is seldom we venture so far. We are much looked after by the Busné, who hold us in great dread, and abhor us. Sometimes, when wandering about, we are attacked by the labourers, and then we defend ourselves as well as we can. There is no better weapon in the hands of a gitano than his ‘cachas,’ or shears, with which he trims the mules. I once snipped off the nose of a Busné, and opened the greatest part of his cheek in an affray at which I was present up the country near Trujillo.’ *Myself*. ‘Have you travelled much about Spain?’ *First Gipsy*. ‘Very little: I have never been out of this province of Estremadura, except last year, as I told you, into Portugal. When we wander we do not go far, and it is very rare that we are visited by our brethren of other parts. I have never been in Andalusia, but I have heard say that the gitanos are many in Andalusia, and are more wealthy than those here, and that they follow better the gipsy law.’ *Myself*. ‘What do you mean by the gipsy law?’ *First Gipsy*. ‘Wherefore do you ask brother? You know what is meant by the law of the calés better even than ourselves.’ *Myself*. ‘I know what it is in England and in Hungary, but I can only give a guess as to what it is in Spain?’ *Both Gipsies*. ‘What do you consider it to be in Spain?’ *Myself*. ‘Cheating and swindling the Busné on all occasions, and being true to the *errôte* in life and death.’ At these words both the gitanos sprang simultaneously from their seats, and exclaimed, with a boisterous shout, ‘Cachipé.’ This meeting with the gitanos was the occasion of my stopping at Badajoz a much longer time than I originally intended. I wished to become better acquainted with their condition and manners, and above all, to speak to them of Christ, and his word; for I was convinced, that should I travel to the end of the universe, I should meet with no people more in need of a little Christian exhortation, and I accordingly continued at Badajoz for nearly three weeks. During this time I was almost constantly amongst them,

and as I spoke their language, and was considered by them as one of themselves, I had better opportunity of arriving at a fair conclusion respecting their character than any other person could have had, whether Spanish or foreigner, without such an advantage. I found that their ways and pursuits were in almost every respect similar to those of their brethren in other countries. By cheating and swindling they gained their daily bread; the men principally by the arts of the jockey,—by buying, selling, and exchanging animals, at which they are wonderfully expert; and the women by telling fortunes, selling goods smuggled from Portugal, and by dealing in love-draughts and diablerie. The most innocent occupation which I observed amongst them was trimming and shearing horses and mules, which in their language is called 'monrabar,' and in Spanish, 'esquilar;' and even whilst exercising this art, they not unfrequently have recourse to foul play, doing the animal some covert injury, in hope that the proprietor will dispose of it to themselves at an inconsiderable price, in which event they soon restore it to health; for knowing how to inflict the harm, they know likewise how to remove it. Religion they have none; they never attend mass, nor did I ever hear them employ the names of God, Christ, and the Virgin, but in execration and blasphemy. From what I could learn, it appeared that their fathers had entertained some belief in metempsychosis; but they themselves laughed at the idea, and were of opinion that the soul perished when the body ceased to breathe; and the argument which they used was rational enough, as far as it impugned metempsychosis: 'We have been wicked and miserable enough in this life,' they said; 'why should we live again?' * * Antonio. 'Give me your hand, brother! I should have come to see you before, but I have been to Olivenzas in search of a horse. What I have heard of you has filled me with much desire to know you, and I now see that you can tell me many things which I am ignorant of. I am Zincalo by the four sides. I love our blood, and I hate that of the Busné, for the Busné are made only to be robbed and to be slaughtered; but I love the caloré, and I love to hear of things of the caloré of foreign lands; for the caloré of foreign lands know more than we of Spain, and more resemble our fathers of old.' *Myself*. 'Have you ever met before with caloré who were not Spaniards?' Antonio. 'I will tell you brother. I served as a soldier in the war of the independence against the French. War, it is true, is not the occupation of a gitano, but those were strange times, and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight: so I went with the English armies, and we chased the gabiné unto the frontier of France; and it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled, and fought sword to sword and bayonet to bayonet, and a French singled me out, and fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing each other, till at last we hung down our arms and grappled; long we wrestled, body to body, but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat, and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws; and his cap had fallen off, and I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met, and I gave a loud shriek, and cried, Zincalo! Zincalo! and I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp and started up, and he smote his forehead

and wept; and then he came to me and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead, and he took my hand and called me brother and Zincalo, and he produced his flask and poured wine into my mouth and I revived; and he raised me up, and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around, and he said, 'Let the dogs fight, and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed, what matters it to the Zincali? They are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them? So we set sat for hours on the knoll and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people; and I could have listened for years, for he told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zincalo; but as for him, he knew the whole cuenta; the Bengui Lango himself could have told him nothing but what he knew. So we sat till the sun went down and the battle was over, and he proposed that we should both flee to his own country and live there with the Zincali; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gabine, whilst I returned to our own battalions."

What hopes does our missionary entertain of them, if tried with the Gospel?—

"I did try them with the Gospel, and in their own language. I commenced with Pépa and Chicharona. Determined that they should understand it, I proposed that they themselves should translate it. They could neither read nor write, which, however, did not disqualify them from being translators. I had myself previously translated the whole testament into the Spanish Rommany, but I was desirous to circulate among the gitanos a version conceived in the exact language in which they express their ideas. The women made no objection; they were fond of our tertúlias, and they likewise reckoned on one small glass of Malaga wine, with which I invariably presented them. Upon the whole, they conducted themselves much better than could have been expected. We commenced with St. Luke; they rendering into Rommany the sentences which I delivered to them in Spanish. They proceeded as far as the eighth chapter, in the middle of which they broke down. Was that to be wondered at? The only thing which astonished me was, that I had induced two such strange beings to advance so far in a task so unwonted, and so entirely at variance with their habits, as translation. These chapters I frequently read over to them, explaining the subject in the best manner I was able. They said it was lachó, and jucál, and mistó, all of which words express approval of the quality of a thing. Were they improved; were there hearts softened by these Scripture lectures? I know not. Pépa committed a most daring theft shortly afterwards, which compelled her to conceal herself for a fortnight; it is quite possible, however, that she may remember the contents of those chapters on her death-bed, if so, will the attempt have been a futile one? I completed the translation, supplying deficiencies from my own version, begun at Badajoz in 1836. This translation I printed at Madrid in 1838: it was the first book which ever appeared in Rommany, and was called 'Embéo e Majaro Lucas; or, Gospel of Luke the Saint.' I likewise

published simultaneously, the same gospel in Basque, which, however, I had no opportunity of circulating. The gitanos of Madrid purchased the gipsy 'Luke' freely: many of the men understood it, and prized it highly, induced, of course, more by the language than the doctrine; the women were particularly anxious to obtain copies, though unable to read; but each wished to have one in her pocket, especially when engaged in thieving expeditions, for they all looked upon it in the light of a charm, which would preserve them from all danger and mischance; some even went so far as to say, that in this respect it was equally efficacious as the Bar Lachí, or load-stone, which they are in general so desirous of possessing. Of this gospel 500 copies were printed, the greatest part of which I contrived to circulate amongst the gipsies in various parts; I cast the book upon the waters, and left it to its destiny. I have counted seventeen gitanos assembled at one time in my apartment in the Calle de Santiágo in Madrid; for the first quarter of an hour we generally discoursed upon indifferent matters, when, by degrees, I guided the subject to religion and the state of souls. I finally became so bold, that I ventured to speak against their inveterate practices, thieving and lying, telling fortunes, and stealing *á pastésas*; this was touching upon delicate ground, and I experienced much opposition and much feminine clamour. I persevered, however, and they finally assented to all I said; not that I believe that my words made much impression upon their heart. In a few months matters were so far advanced that they would sing a hymn; I wrote one expressly for them in Rommany, in which their own wild couplets were, to a certain extent, imitated. The people of the street in which I lived, seeing such numbers of these strange females continually passing in and out, were struck with astonishment, and demanded the reason. The answers which they obtained by no means satisfied them. 'Zeal for the conversion of souls—the souls, too, of gitanos—disparáte! the fellow is a bribon. Besides, he is an Englishman, and is not baptised; what cares he for souls? They visit him for other purposes. He makes base ounces, which they carry away and circulate. Madrid is already stocked with false money.' Others were of opinion that we met for purposes of sorcery and abomination. The Spaniard has no conception that other springs of action exist than interest or villany. My little congregation, if such I may call it, consisted entirely of women; the men seldom or never visited me, save they stood in need of something which they hoped to obtain from me. This circumstance I little regretted, their manners and conversation being the reverse of interesting. It must not, however, be supposed that, in respect to the women, matters went on invariably in a smooth and satisfactory manner. The following little anecdote will shew what slight dependence can be placed upon them, and how disposed they are at all times to take part in what is grotesque and malicious. One day they arrived, attended by a gipsy jockey whom I had never previously seen. We had scarcely been seated a minute, when this fellow, rising, took me to the window, and without any preamble or circumlocution, said, 'Don Jorge, you shall lend me two barias' (ounces of gold). 'Not to your whole race, my excellent friend,' said I; 'are you frantic? Sit down, and be discreet.' He obeyed me literally, sat down, and when the rest departed, followed with them. We did not invariably meet at my own house, but occasionally

at one in a street inhabited by gipsies. On the appointed day I went to this house, where I found the women assembled ; the jockey was also present. On seeing me he advanced, again took me aside, and again said, 'Don Jorge, you shall lend me two barías.' I made him no answer, but at once entered on the subject which brought me thither. I spoke for some time in Spanish ; I chose for that theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the gitanos in Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate and distinct people amongst the nations until the present day. I warmed with my subject. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer, and Apostle's Creed, in Rommany. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint ; not an individual present but squinted,—the genteel Pépa, the good-humoured Chicharóna, the Casdamí, &c. &c. all squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the búrta, squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies."

The gipsies of Spain are held as the most worthless of beings even by the outcasts of the proper Spaniards. Seldom is there any social or wedded intercourse between the two races. When the rich employ them it is for base purposes ; and even the despised gitanos dislike and repudiate any connexion with Spanish blood, unless for gain. Here we give a story in proof of this abhorrence :—

"*The Gipsy Soldier of Valdepenas.* It was at Madrid one fine afternoon in the beginning of March 1838, that, as I was sitting behind my table in a cabinete, as it is called, of the third floor of No. 16, in the Calle de Santiágo, having just taken my meal, my hostess entered and informed me that a military officer wished to speak to me, adding, in an undertone, that he looked a strange guest. I was acquainted with no military officer in the Spanish service ; but as at that time I expected daily to be arrested for having distributed the Bible, I thought that very possibly this officer might have been sent to perform that piece of duty. I instantly ordered him to be admitted, whereupon a thin active figure, somewhat above the middle height, dressed in a blue uniform, with a long sword hanging at his side, tripped into the room. Depositing his regimental hat on the ground, he drew a chair to the table, and seating himself, placed his elbows on the board, and supporting his face with his hands, confronted me, gazing steadfastly upon me, without uttering a word. I looked no less wistfully at him, and was of the same opinion as my hostess as to the strangeness of my guest. He was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair covering the sides of his head, which at the top was entirely bald. His eyes were small, and like a ferret's, red and fiery. His complexion like a brick, a dull red, chequered with spots of purple. 'May I inquire your name and business, sir?' I at length demanded. *Stranger* : 'My name is Chaléco of Valdepenas : in the time of the French I served as bragante, fighting for Ferdinand VII. I am now a captain on half-pay in the service of Donna Isabel ; as for my business here, it is to speak with you. Do you know this book?' *Myself* :

‘ This book is St. Luke’s Gospel in the gipsy language ; how can this book concern you ? ’ *Stranger* : ‘ No one more. It is in the language of my people.’

Myself : ‘ You do not pretend to say that you are a Caló ? ’

Stranger : ‘ I do ! I am a Zincalo by the mother’s side. My father, it is true, was one of the Busné, but I glory in being a Caló, and care not to acknowledge other blood.’

Myself : ‘ How came you possessed of that book ? ’

Stranger : ‘ I was this morning in the Prado, where I met two women of our people, and amongst other things they told me that they had a gabicote in our language. I did not believe them at first, but they pulled it out, and I found their words true. They then spoke to me of yourself, and told me where you live, so I took the book from them and am come to see you.’

Myself : ‘ Are you able to understand this book ? ’

Stranger : ‘ Perfectly, though it is written in very crabbed language ; but I learned to read Caló when very young. My mother was a good Calli, and early taught me both to speak and read it. She too had a gabicote, but not printed like this, and it treated of a different matter.’

Myself : ‘ How came your mother, being a good Calli, to marry one of a different blood ? ’

Stranger : ‘ It was no fault of hers ; there was no remedy. In her infancy she lost

her parents, who were executed ; and she was abandoned by all, till my father taking compassion on her, brought her up and educated her : at last he made her his wife, though three times her age. She, however, remembered her blood, and hated my father, and taught me to hate him likewise,

and avoid him. When a boy, I used to stroll about the plains that I might not see my father ; and my father would follow me and beg me to look upon him, and would ask me what I wanted ; and I would reply, Father, the only thing I want is to see you dead.’

Myself : ‘ That was strange language from a child to its parent.’

Stranger : ‘ It was, but you know the couplet, which says, ‘ I do not wish to be a lord, I am by birth a gipsy ; I do not wish to be a gentleman, I am content with being a Caló ! ’ ’

Myself : ‘ I am anxious to hear more of your history, pray proceed.’

Stranger : ‘ When I was about twelve years old my father became distracted, and died. I then continued with my mother for some years ; she loved me much, and procured a teacher to instruct me in Latin. At last she died, and then there was a pléyto

(lawsuit). I took to the sierra and became a highwayman ; but the wars broke out. My cousin Jara, of Valdepenas, raised a troop of bragantes. I

enlisted with him and distinguished myself very much ; there is scarcely a man or woman in Spain but has heard of Jara and Chaléco. I am now

captain in the service of Donna Isabel, I am covered with wounds—I am—

ugh ! ugh ! ugh ! ’ He had commenced coughing, and in a manner which perfectly astounded me. I had heard hooping coughs, consumptive coughs,

coughs caused by colds and other accidents, but a cough so horrible and unnatural as that of the gipsy soldier I had never witnessed in the course of

my travels. In a moment he was bent double, his frame writhed and laboured, the veins of his forehead were frightfully swollen, and his complexion became black as the blackest blood ; he screamed, he snorted, he

barked, and appeared to be on the point of suffocation, yet more explosive became the cough ; and the people of the house, frightened, came running into the apartment. I cried, ‘ The man is perishing, run instantly for a

surgeon ! ’ He heard me, and with a quick movement raised his left arm

as if to countermand the order; another struggle, then one mighty throe, which seemed to search his deepest intestines; and he remained motionless, his head on his knee. The cough had left him, and within a minute or two he again looked up. 'That is a dreadful cough, friend,' said I, when he was somewhat recovered. 'How did you get it?' *Gipsy Soldier*: 'I am shot through the lungs, brother! Let me but take breath, and I will show you the hole—the agujero.'"

Mr. Borrow has many other stories to tell of Spanish gipsies, some of them of the "great tricks" and sorceries of the women, and of cunning no less remarkable than the credulity of widows and unmarried consultants. But the account of one of the trades, viz. that of groom, as exercised at Cordova, the steeds reared there being much celebrated, will afford us some variety of information:—

"The Spaniards consider these horses as the genuine descendants of the steeds of the Moorish conquerors of Spain,—that terrific cavalry, who dyed the waters of the Guadalete with the blood of the Goths. This, however, is a gross error; no two animals can be more unlike than the Moorish and Andalusian horse; the first being far from handsome, and the mane and tail scanty and of a wiry quality, instead of exhibiting the rich, glorious redundancy of the Andalusian. The Moorish horse, again, (we speak of those of high caste,) is a furious, savage creature, whom it is frequently necessary to chain,—indefatigable in the course, and never resting but on its legs; whilst the Andalusian is gentle and docile, and will follow its keeper like a dog, and, though of great swiftness for a short distance, is soon blown and fatigued, and, when seeking repose, will cast itself on its side like a human being. These beautiful animals, which are a mixture of many breeds, are nurtured with the greatest delicacy, and their slightest wants and ailments attended to. Nothing is more deserving of remark in Spanish grooming, than the care exhibited in clipping and trimming various parts of the horse, where the growth of hair is considered as prejudicial to the perfect health and cleanliness of the animal—particular attention being paid to the pastern, that part of the foot which lies between the fetlock and the hoof, to guard against the arestin—that cutaneous disorder which is the dread of the Spanish groom—on which account the services of a skilful esquilador are continually in requisition. The esquilador, when proceeding to the exercise of his vocation, generally carries under his arm a small box containing the instruments necessary, and which consist principally of various pairs of scissors, and the *aciál*, two short sticks, tied together with whipcord at the end, by means of which the lower lip of the horse, should he prove restive, is twisted, and the animal reduced to speedy subjection. In the girdle of the esquilador are stuck the large scissors called in Spanish *tijeras*, and in the Gipsy tongue *cachas*, with which he principally works. He operates upon the backs, ears, and tails of mules and borricos, which are invariably sheared quite bare, that if the animals are galled, either by their harness or the loads which they carry, the wounds may be less liable to fester, and be more easy to cure. Whilst engaged with horses, he confines himself to the feet and ears. The esquiladores in the two Castiles,

and in those provinces where the *Gitáños* do not abound, are for the most part Aragonese ; but in the others, and especially in Andalusia, they are of the Gipsy race. The *Gitáños* are wonderfully expert in the use of the *cachas*, which they handle in a manner practised nowhere but in Spain ; and with this instrument the poorer class principally obtain their bread. In one of their couplets, allusion is made to the occupation in the following manner :—

I'll rise to-morrow bread to earn,
For hunger's worn me grim ;
Of all I meet I'll ask in turn,
If they've no beasts to trim.

Sometimes, whilst shearing the foot of a horse, exceedingly small scissors are necessary, for the purpose of removing fine solitary hairs ; for a Spanish groom will tell you, that a horse's foot behind ought to be kept as clean and smooth as the hand of a *senora* ;—such scissors can only be procured at Madrid."

From these specimens it will be seen that Mr. Borrow entertains a species of sympathy for the *gitanos*, and that in spite of the numerous deeply forbidding features which he describes, there will be felt by the reader a kind of interest towards them, akin to the author's. It may be asked how can this interest be created or continue to be experienced, when there is absolutely no moral grounds upon which to fix it, no really good or generous principle to sustain it, found in the picture given of this vagabond people ? We have already learned that they are guilty systematically of every thieving, cheating, and ungrateful practice ; that the very women of them are sorceresses and procuresses. They have no religion, believe not in an immortal state ; nay, they dread nothing supernatural, according to our author's account, although some of them showed superstitious feelings in regard to certain cabalistic words. The loadstone, too, is looked upon by them with a heathenish veneration. No doubt it has been serviceable in the course of some of their "grand tricks ;" and thus would it come to be considered a charm against evil, as well as a mysterious agent. They are filthy, lazy, and grossly ignorant, being without history and tradition. They are cowardly, perpetrating by stealth crimes and cruelties which they never attempt when they suppose there is any danger. There is even reason to believe that they will injure infants confided to them for nursing, out of sheer hate to those who are not of their blood. How is it then that the reader takes an interest in them, even when represented in these disgusting and appalling colours ?

The manner and construction of Mr. Burrow's account in part supplies us with an answer, because he furnishes vigorous as well as living figures, bold as well as abrupt outlines of scenes, often introducing himself as an actor in the drama, and thus furnishing

what is engaging, and also sedulously throwing around the whole as much of the picturesque as he could cram within his framework. We therefore behold the gipsies in the author's mirror, which has received upon its face and in the composition of the groups that it reflects, a goodly portion of his sentiments and of himself. We do not say that he has exaggerated facts, but we think that he has artfully enough selected scenes and characters, to give a strained effect to the truth. To be sure, his extended knowledge of mankind in a variety of countries, taken together with his obviously considerate views upon points where missionaries generally display extravagant hopes and indiscriminate zeal, are proofs of sober common sense and sound judgment. Still, the gipsies were to him the theme of his young romance; his travels appear to have been guided with a special eye to investigating their history and character, and consequently we have in his work the infusion that would naturally result from such a spectator and such a student.

But we must think better of civilized men, of all who are capable of reading these volumes, than to imagine that it requires any literary art or unusual sympathy to create an interest for any Pariah race. Even the very gipsies, without one sterling virtue, and with a thousand crimes, stand before us as human, and as awaiting the destinies appointed to our kind. Their very demoniac practices and blasphemous insensibility in the presence of one who not merely went amongst them, but was received as the best of friends, suggest points which the heart of every person who cherishes sympathies for his species, must take hold of and never let go. How much and how long have they been hated and despised by nations calling themselves Christian? How often have they been employed as the panders to the grossest vices of the rich and the licentious! There will be retribution some where.

But are there no hopes held out even in Mr. Borrow's work, of change, of civilization, of conversion, on the part of the gitanos? We find some which are of an indirect nature. We learn, for example, that it is a matter of complaint amongst the swarthy people themselves, that their love of kindred, their readiness to sacrifice every thing for a brother of the *blood*, even although a total stranger, —all which were characteristic of them in an unrivalled degree, so long as they were persecuted, and systematically hunted,—are feelings that have degenerated; especially ever since in Spain, for instance, the edict of Charles the Third, in 1783, relaxed the penal laws and practices against them; admitting them to certain citizen rights, and opening up certain industrial pursuits for their benefit. Since that period there have been instances of many of them settling down to the arts of peace; while some of the richer of the tribe are intermarrying with the Busne. It is to be hoped that the gradual decay of nationality, and the extension of lawful

pursuits, together with amalgamation of races, will, even in ill-ruled and divided Spain, in time efface the prejudices and dark features of character of which we have been hearing; so that the doctrines and the precepts of the Gospel may find the reverse of an unwelcome and deriding reception, wherever the descendants or the brethren of the "forty thousand" (the computed number for Spain) are spread.

The portion of Mr. Borrow's work which is devoted to the language and the poetry of the gipsies shall not detain us at any length. With regard to the former we merely quote his authority for saying that Rommany is their universally understood language; so that one of the tribe in one nation can render himself intelligible to another in any other country; although it receives modifications in each, according to circumstances. He himself at Badajoz, for example, and immediately on his arrival, on addressing a single word to certain gitanos, who were passing the inn, and whom he recognised to be of the *blood*, was not only understood, but after a short time deemed to be as deeply versed in the language as themselves. This symbol acted as a charm and soon brought many of the race around him. When however our author not only proved to the gipsies that Rommany could be written, but got some of them to assist him in translations for the furtherance of his missionary labours, their wonder and admiration knew no bounds. According to Mr. Borrow's opinion the tongue of the Roms is nearly allied to Sanscrit, and a Hindoo origin is hence inferred.

With regard to the poetry of this wild people, the principal features are the rapidity and rudeness of its narrative; the ideas and incidents, of course, being those beyond which their experience does not extend. Small specimens we cite:—

" I left my house and walked about ;
 They seized me fast and bound :
 It is a gipsy thief, they shout,
 The Spaniards here have found."

Sentimental—

" Within his dwelling sits at ease
 Each wealthy gipsy churl,
 While all the needy ones they seize
 And into prison hurl."

Mr. Borrow resided about five years in Spain, in the capacity of Agent of the Bible Society. We do not wonder that the people of the street in Madrid, on seeing the numbers of gitanos, especially females, passing in and out of his residence, never could conceive that the conversion of souls could ever be the real purpose of an Englishman; and therefore set down the intercourse to the basest motives, those for the circulation of false money, sorcery, or other abominations, being of the number.

ART. XII.—*Philosophic Nuts, or the Philosophy of Things as developed from the Philosophy of Words.* By EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq. Nos. 2 and 3. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1841.

HAVING on the appearance of the first number of this work noticed the author's general views, and expressed some opinions as to his fitness for the arduous and important task he had undertaken, we have now to follow him into the details of his subject, and to see how far the execution of his work justifies its title. One of the gravest imperfections of language is the uncertain meaning of words, that fruitful source of profitless strife, and ready instrument of delusion. Whence arises this defect? Does it not plainly spring from the fact that the vocabulary of every language is necessarily limited, whilst the ideas it is employed to communicate are in their nature ever varying, and in number infinite? Except proper names of individual things, all the words we use stand for originals fashioned by, and existing only in the mind. Take for instance the commonest words, such as, to eat, to drink, to sleep, to walk, life, [death, &c., and analyze the complex ideas signified by each of them: how multitudinous shall we find their elements; how vague and evanescent their boundaries; how many volumes of science would it occupy fully to elucidate each of them. There must then perforce be in words a certain elasticity, a capability of adapting themselves to the varying forms of the ideas they embody: if you will not allow them this, you must have recourse to either of two alternatives: you must augment their number with every hair-breadth variation of meaning to be conveyed; or you must totally alter the constitution of the human mind, and make all men think identically the same thoughts. Now Mr. Johnson would do both these things, he would confine every word to its primary etymological signification, regarding all modifications of this, however sanctioned by usage and necessity, as abuses to be deprecated; and he would assign to every group of ideas represented by general terms, such as *good*, *bad*, *right*, *wrong*, &c., a rigidly defined form and substance, a precision as strict as that pertaining to mathematical ideas wrought out of one sole element, quantity. For instance he says:—

“ In my mind TO REFORM means *to make or form over again*, and nothing more. Thus in my mind, the tory who alters whig laws, and the whig who alters tory laws are equally reformers. And when I hear of the *reformation of abuses*, I understand that *abuses* have received, or are about to receive, or it is desired that they should receive *another and a different form*.

“ B.—Oh! but the word reform does not simply mean alteration.

“ A.—But I say it does.

“ B.—It means something more than this.

"A.—Let us know wherein that *something more* consists.

"B.—Whatever be the intrinsic etymological meaning, it is universally used to express alteration *for the better*.

"A.—Be it so. But this only shifts the difficulty from one word to another. I desire to know the meaning of the word *better*.

* * * * *

"B.—Why I might say that it is the comparative of *good* and *well*. But then you would be asking me the meaning of *good* and *well*.

"A.—Undoubtedly I should. And I should also ask you how it can be the comparative of either *good* or *well* in the following sentence: 'yesterday my cough was very *bad* but to-day it is *better*.' Here it seems to be the comparative of *bad*! and instead of meaning *more than good*, as it must do when used as the comparative of *good*, it means only less than *very bad*! or not quite so bad as *very bad*! But I suppose that every degree of cough is bad, and therefore I say that in the above sentence *better* is the comparative of *bad* (if *bad* can have a comparative), since it indicates one of the degrees in the severity of a cough, each of which is more or less *bad* when compared with another."

The simple answer to this is, that *better*, which is generally the comparative of *good* and *well* is sometimes, by an easy transition from its primary signification, employed as what grammarians call, a word in the positive degree. The dialogue proceeds thus:—

"B.—Well then, I must take a more circuitous route in order to convey to you what I understand by the word *better*. It seems to me to indicate progression from the fixed point *perfectly bad* towards the fixed point *perfectly good*. The moment a thing ceases to be *perfectly bad* it becomes a little *better*, and the further it recedes from that *fixed point* (perfectly bad) and approaches towards the other fixed point *perfectly good*, it becomes better and better until it has become perfection. For if you use the word as the comparative of good, and say 'Mr. T. has a *good* horse, but Mr. G. has a *better*, still both the word *good* and the word *better* do but indicate different degrees on the scale between *worst* and *best*. For they are both better than the *worst*, and not so good as the *best*—*best* being the superlative of *better*.

"A.—And thus Mr. H. may have a very 'good horse,' but not so good as Mr. T's. and Mr. B. may have a very 'good horse' though *not so good* as Mr. H's. For there can be no comparative without a positive. And consequently if *better* be the comparative of *good*, then wherever the phrase 'better horse' can be used with propriety—that is, wherever I can truly say that my horse is *better* than *yours*, although even *my* horse be not worth two straws, still *yours* must be *good*, since mine is *better* and *better* is the comparative of *good*—that is to say mine is the comparative *better* of which yours is the positive *good*. Thus *good* and *bad* are made to signify the *same thing*, being applied to the same object. And again, if I possess the very best of all possible horses, and you possess a horse only *one degree worse than mine*, my *very best* of all possible horses becomes nevertheless a bad horse, since the *worse* (that is yours) is the comparative of *bad* (that is mine)

—since yours is *comparatively worse*, mine is *positively bad*. That is to say, mine is the positive of your comparative. Thus *bad* and *best* are made to signify the same thing. But, although my *best* of all possible horses is proved to be *positively bad*, it is nevertheless *better* than yours,—and thus becomes at one and at the same time, *bad, better, and best*. * * * *
Now let us see to what your definition of the word *better* will lead us—always taking care to remember that the definition is your own—not mine. We are speaking of the word, you know, in this instance as it is used in the phrase *alteration for the better*, which you say is the sense in which reform is generally used. And you say that the state of the laws—the government of the country—has been made *better*, whenever any alteration has brought it one or more degrees nearer to the fixed point *perfectly good*—or if you will, to the fixed point *good as possible*.

“B.—Yes.

“A.—Be good enough, before we proceed further, to inform me where this fixed point *perfectly good*, or, *good as possible*, lies. I mean, show me that particular point in the gradual improvement of government, having reached which, all alteration must necessarily be for the worse.

“B.—That would be an exceedingly difficult thing to do, if not an impossible.”

It is easy to be triumphant in a contest with such a lay figure as the B. that plays a part in this discourse. There is nothing on earth perfectly good, or perfectly bad, nor is anything, humanely speaking, good or bad otherwise than with reference to its uses. Nay, it is not a fault in language that sometimes *good* and sometimes *bad* is predicated of the same object, since that which now gives pleasure to sentient beings, becomes under other circumstances a source of suffering. Must the phrases, a good smell, and a bad smell, be banished from use as vague and unmeaning, because it would puzzle Mr. Johnson to tell us what is a perfectly good smell or its opposite? The same object may affect one of a man's hands with cold and the other with warmth; the air that seems of a pleasant temperature to one man, may be bitterly chill to another. But must one never talk of heat, and cold with reference to his own feelings, unless he speaks by the thermometer? Is there no such thing as social or political good or evil to be felt or attained, because good and evil are dealt us in mingled measure, and no Philosophic Square has yet succeeded in eliminating the pure form of either? Mr. Johnson, with the heroic pertinacity of an invincible theorist, is resolved, since he cannot make his system accord with facts, to bend facts to his system. Since the word *better* ventures occasionally to act independently of its grammatical relationship to *good*, he takes this as a proof that the relationship never existed; better and best he tells us are not cognate words! But let us hear himself:—

“B.—What in the world does the word *better* mean then? For, according to your previous assertions, every word has its own appropriate meaning—this, therefore, amongst others—and I confess myself quite at a loss.

"A.—I believe it is only a different and more ancient way of spelling our word *beater*—i. e. striker, smiter—one who does or can strike, smite, or *beat* another. The word was anciently written *bett* or *bet*, out of which the Anglo-Saxons formed their verb *betan*, *to make amends*. Now the Mæ-sogothic *bot* signified amends, reparation, or compensation for injury done : out of which word the Mæsogoths made their verb *botan*, *to make amends*, or *compensation for injury done*. And as the Anglo Saxon verb *betan* and the Mæsogothic *botan* have the same signification, so I suppose the words from which they were formed had also the same signification. I believe, therefore, that the Anglo-Saxon *bet* is no other than this same Mæsogothic *bot* differently spelled, because differently pronounced by different northern tribes, and signifies *compensation* or *amends*. Our word *better* is still frequently pronounced by the lower orders in some of the provinces, *batter*, *butter* and *botter* ; and if they had occasion to write the word, they would write it as they pronounce it. But I believe the word *betan*, *to make amends*, is the same word as *beatan*, *to beat* ; since to *beat* a man who has done you an injury is in fact to *make yourself amends* for that injury. If this is not the fashion now-a-days, it certainly was with our ancestors. But we still say, 'I will have satisfaction—or I have taken satisfaction—or I will give him satisfaction'—meaning, 'I will fight him—or I have fought him.' In this mode of speaking, the two phrases *to fight* and *to take satisfaction*, i. e. compensation or amends for an injury, are used synonymously, and both have the same meaning. As the Anglo-Saxons used one word (*beatan*) to signify both to beat and to take compensation, in like manner we use the modern word *punish*. When we mean, 'I will beat you,' we frequently say, 'I will *punish* you.' But *punish* comes to us through the Latin *punio*, from the Greek *poinas*, which signifies *to take compensation*. The third person singular of *beatæn* is *bet*, *he beats*. The third person singular of *betan* is also *bet*, *he makes amends*. I conceive, therefore, that these two verbs are the same and both signify *to beat*. Now the Anglo-Saxon word *beatere* signifies a champion—one who is ready and thought to be able to *beat* all comers. Our word *better* is identical with this word *beatere*, and signifies what we shall now express by the word *beater*, that is, one who does, or can *beat*, *thrash*, *overcome*, others. We still use the word *beat* as expressive of superior excellence. And we mean the same thing whether we say 'my horse is *better* than yours'—or 'my horse can *beat* yours'—or 'my horse is the *beater* of yours,' that is, the *better* of the two. We use other words of the same kind in the same manner ; 'I can *thrash* you at chess.' 'I received a terrible *thrashing* at billiards last night,' and the Americans say 'America *flogs* the world.' (*Whips* is the American expression : *flogs* is Irish : a great philologist ought to be exact. And we say with Daniel O'Connell, this beats Bauragher). 'All these words signify *to overcome*, *to conquer*.' * * *

"B.—But you say this extraordinary word *better* was anciently written *bet* or *bett*. How did it acquire the last syllable *ER* ?

"A.—You know that we call him who supplies us with milk, a *milkman* ; and him who supplies us with butter, a *butterman* ; him who rows us across the ferry, a *ferryman*, or *waterman* ; him who keeps an oil shop, we call an *oilman* ; and him who brings food for the cat, we call a *cat's-meatman* ; and her who washes our clothes, a *washerwoman*. The Anglo-Saxon

word *wer*, sometimes written *were*, signifies a man, and they used it in the same way. Sometimes they put it *before* the word to which they joined it, and then they preserved the *w* as *were-wulf*, a *manwolf*—*werhad* manhood—*wer-gyld* *manmoney*, that is, the fine for slaying a man—*werlic* *manlike*, or *manly*. Sometimes they put it *after* the word as we do, and then they dropped the *w*, as *pleg-ere* a *playman*, or *player*; *sced-ere*, a *sowman*, or *sower*; *writere*, a *writman* or *writer*; *beatere*, a *beatman* or *beater*, that is, a *man* who is able or thought to be able to *beat* other men, a champion. We frequently drop the *w* in the middle of a word in the same manner. Thus we do not say *an-swer*; but *anser*, when we pronounce the word *answer*. Nor when we pronounce the word *Warwick*, do we say *War-wick*, but *War-rick*. Our ancestors dropped the *w* in the same way, and as they spelled as they pronounced, they also dropped it in their writings. Thus the word *bett*, *he beats*, became *bett-wer* and finally, dropping the *w*, as we do in the word *answer* it became *bett-er*, *better* that is, a *bett* man, or a man who can *bett* or *beat* others. So much for the word *better*—I have cracked this one nut somewhat out of place, before dinner as it were, by way of sample.”

After this who shall say that cucumber is not derived from Jeremiah King? Thus, Jeremiah King, Jeremy King, Jerry King, Jer King, jerkin, gherkin, cucumber. Can any man whose senses have not been bewildered by the fierce succussions he has sustained in bestriding a rampant hobby horse, refuse to see that better and best are related to each other in the same way as are whiter and whitest, blacker, blackest, longer, longest? Or does whiter mean a white man, blacker, a black man, longer, a long man? How is it that in the case of all adjectives but the unhappy one *cracked* by Mr. Johnson, we find a comparative and superlative degree formed by the addition of the syllables *er* and *est* to the positive degree, but that in this one instance we are forbidden to abide by analogy—and for what paramount reason that should outweigh the force of an analogy so singularly ample and cogent? Because our author “believes that better is only a different and more ancient way of spelling *beater*.” This is arrant dogmatism, not philosophy. The words better and best plainly correspond to the German besser and beste: does besser too mean a beater? We cannot find anything to warrant the supposition. If the better man means, as our author asserts, the man who can beat others, the best man must mean him who can beat the beater. Why does he not fully work out his theory? The word best stands as much in his way as better. Why does he not show us that the termination *est* converts bet into the beater of the beater? When he has done all this for the English forms of the words, let him then try his hand on the different forms of the same in kindred languages. Here are some of these nuts, which we recommend to him as genuine hickory. Better, according to Ulphilas *batizo*, to Kero *pezira*, to Willeram

bezogger, in Anglo-Saxon Nether Saxon and Dutch *beta*, in modern German *besser*, in Danish *bedre*, in Swedish *baättre*, in Icelandic *bettri*, in Persian *bihter*. *Better* and *best* are the comparative and superlative of the obsolete word *bat* or *bet*, which seems to have been a word implying goodness or utility, and still with something of a comparative signification. We have other instances of degrees formed from adjectives, which in their first form are somewhat comparative; thus *less*, *lesser*, *least*; *mo*, *more*, *most*. The word corresponding to *bet* is in Nether Saxon *bat*, in the oldest form of High German *bas*, whence comes the modern German word *büssen*, to make good, to mend, as for instance a hole in the wall, a rent in clothes, &c.; and this is the same word as the Saxon *betan* of which so much is said above. *Basslich*, that is *bass-like*, is still used in parts of Westphalia in the sense of good.

The Latin language fares on better at our author's hands than the Saxon. He tells us that,—

“The word *excellens* is only the present participle of the verb *excello*, which signifies to *beat*, or to *strike*; and our verb to *excel* being only the same word as the Latin *excello* with an English termination, signifies properly therefore to *beat* or to *strike*. So that the *excellent* man—that is, one who *excels*—properly signifies one who *beats*, or is able, or thought able to *beat*, or thrash most other men.”

Excello does not mean to *beat*, but to *push* or *strike* out from amongst. Dog Latin apart, where do we find the phrase *excellere alios*, to *thrash others*? The Romans wrote *excellere aliis*—*præter alios*—*inter alios*. *Excelsus* is only the passive past participle of *excello*, and according to our author, *excelsus mons*, the lofty mountain, should signify primarily the thrashed mountain, that is the mountain beaten down, flattened, not the mountain pushed or struck out from the plain.

It would trespass too far on our space to follow our author through his investigation of the etymology of the word *thing*. Enough to say, that here too, he cuts the Gordian knot with the same trenchant sword of dogmatism, with which we have already seen him perform such feats of prowess. One little nut we will afford room for, as happily it is not wrapped up in so voluminous a husk as most of those he sets before us. He says in a note,—

“The author has received a letter signed X. Y, desiring to know what is the meaning of the word *minx*, and why it is applied to a bold, forward girl. *Minx* is a corruption of the Low German word *minsk*, which signifies *manish*. By an exceedingly common transposition the *sk* have been transposed into *ks* for the greater facility of pronunciation, and the word ought to be spelled, as Scott spells it, *minks*. But the sound of *ks* being frequently expressed in our language by *x*, this latter letter has been used

instead of *ks*, but very improperly. In the Anglo-Saxon the same word is spelled *menise*; in the Meso-Gothic *mannisk*; in Danish *menniske*; in Swedish *menniska*; in Icelandic *manneskia*; in Modern German it is *mensch*, from which we get our vulgar word *wench*. The word *minks* therefore, that is *mannish*, is applied with great propriety to girls of a bold, forward, *mannish*, that is, unfeminine, temper and bearing."

Really the further we go with this writer, the more the painful impression forces itself upon us, that he deliberately deceives his readers. He could not have found the words cited in the preceding extract in any dictionary of the respective languages, without being convinced that their meaning is not *mannish*. They are equivalent to the Latin *homo*, and signify simply a human being. The etymology of *minx* is very obscure. Where all is conjectural, we will not positively deny that *minx* may be derived from *man*, by the addition of some unknown significant syllable traceable in the *x*, *ks*, *kes*; but we are more inclined with Todd to look for its derivation to the German *minne*, *love*, which seems connected with the French *mignon*; and this conjecture seems more plausible when we reflect that *minne*, which originally signified the purest love, became gradually corrupted to imply the grossest sensual meanings, and in consequence of the change at last became obsolete. Again, with what propriety can we deduce *wench* from *mensch*? What analogy have we to explain the change of the *m* into *w*? And what accordance is there between the meanings of the two words? Horne Tooke's etymology of the word is not more absurd, but at least it is more funny. He derives it from *wink*, a wench being a girl who can be had for winking at. Here too, we think Todd's suggestion worthy of attention. He thinks the word allied to *quean*, in Saxon *coen*, Gothic *quens*, Swedish *quinnan*. We should be better satisfied with this conjecture if the word were *whench*, as this origin would lead us to expect.

So much for our author's philosophy of words! Now let us glance at his mode of criticising a true philosopher, one who, he tells us, began the good work which it is his own proud destiny to finish and perfect. "For I am about," he says, "to erect the temple, and to raise the altar, for which Locke cleared the ground, and Horne Tooke laid the foundation." He tells us the heathenish Greek word *idea* properly signifies figure, likeness, or appearance, and he asks in a style worthy of Cobbett's philosophy,—

"Now since we have English words exactly equivalent with this heathen word *idea*—English words which all Englishmen understand—for instance the word *likeness*—why did not Locke, who wrote a great book all about ideas—why did not Locke, I say, use one of those same good old English words which we all understand? What did he want with a heathenish Greek word?" &c. &c.

In the first place, Locke did not import the word *idea*, he found it ready to his hand, and it is an English word in spite of its heathenish parentage; he did wisely in using it, and he could not have done much more unwisely than to have substituted the word *likeness*, seeing that one of the false doctrines he had to combat was, that a similitude exists between ideas and those qualities of external things which give rise to them; for instance, that the ideas of whiteness, sourness, roughness, resemble those qualities of bodies to which they are related. Again, speaking of Locke's use of the word *idea*, he says,—

“His definition of the word makes it mean anything and everything. These are his words: ‘Whatever the mind perceives’ (that is, sees) ‘in itself, or is the immediate object of perception’ (which is only another way of saying the same thing) ‘thought or understanding, *that* I call an idea.’ Now it is perfectly obvious according to this definition that either the whole universe is composed of nothing but ideas, as Bishop Berkeley asserted, or else the word means anything or everything which the universe contains; for there is nothing in the universe that may not be made ‘the object of thought’ and, according to Locke, whatever can be the immediate object of thought is an *idea*.”

So then, there is absolutely no difference between “the object of thought” and “the immediate object of thought,” and the word “immediate” is an idle expletive. Locke's words are earnestly explicit, and only flippant arrogance that *will* not see can be blind to their meaning. The words “in itself” and “immediate” sufficiently discriminate ideas from those outward things, the *remote* objects of perception, thought, or understanding which the mind contemplates through the medium of ideas.

In taking leave of this self-proclaimed greater prophet than Locke, let us entreat him to study better the works of his modest precursor, and endeavour to understand them, a thing whereof he is manifestly in sore need: let us exhort him to emulate Locke's fervent love of truth, and his enquiring, candid, and unassuming spirit: and when he does detect Locke in error, let us conjure him to deal reverently and gently with one, whose labours have been a fountain of blessing to his kind, and whose errors were not those of pert conceited loquacity, but of a man who strove his life long after truth in patience, charity, and purity of spirit. Mr. Johnson asserts that eighty pages out of seven hundred of Locke's “form the single grain of wheat” in that great man's “bushel of chaff.” Mr. Johnson has now published 136 pages, out of the 350 or thereabouts to which it appears his work is to extend. If he would equal, not to say surpass, Locke, let him give us one grain of wheat in some forty of his own pages—for this is the just proportion. Nothing of the kind has yet blessed our search through his leaves: but if he will

take our honest counsel to heart—we fear he will not—but who knows? “Oh! wad ye tak’ a thought and men’!” was a good natured hope ventured for the sake of a desperately proud offender—if he will take our well meant counsel, he may in the last forty, or four pages of his book give us something better than chaff, and enable us to part from him, as we would willingly do, friends at last.

ART. XIII.

1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Privy Council to inquire into the state of Public Roads in England and Wales.* Presented to Parliament in 1840.
2. *Treatise on the Improvement of the Navigation of Rivers: with a new Theory on the causes of the Resistance of Bars.* By W. A. BROOKS. London: Weale. 1841.

THE number and the condition of the roads of England have long been the subject of admiration by every foreigner that visited our beautiful country. The agriculture and the commerce of a nation must ever bear a close relation to the facilities offered them by means of public internal conveyance; the civilization of a people greatly depends on the ease with which intercourse can be maintained, no matter however remote may be the parties, or rugged and mountainous the natural aspect of the country. But circumstances have occurred of late years that have excited reasonable fears with regard to our highways, and which circumstances daily increase their pressure upon these facilities of conveyance; so that unless some means are adopted to neutralize their injurious working, the day will come when we can no longer boast of our roads; they will fall into disrepair; many of them will become impassable, which may be declared to be the same thing as that the nation shall become bankrupt and recede into barbarity. What, for example, would become of the inhabitants of any one district, if a mail-coach could not find a passage to and through it, or if a two-wheeled carriage could not tread a marsh, skirt a mountain, or cross a river? The consequences are too obvious to require description; and the only thing for us to do is to inquire what are the causes which have brought about the change and the threatening circumstances to which we have alluded, and also what are the likeliest means of averting the evil and the dangers.

Several things have concurred to affect the condition of our highways and turnpike-roads in general. Railroads and steam-conveyance by water, will at once suggest themselves as novelties which have produced remarkable effects in the country, and in the depart-

ment immediately under consideration. Where speed, cheapness ; and even comfort are concerned, so will be the choice between different modes of travelling. Accordingly, coaches have to a great extent fallen into disuse ; the tolls on many lines no longer yield a revenue any way adequate to keep up the repair of the roads and pay other expenses ; embarrassment of trusts is the consequence ; and if there be no early means of meeting the difficulties the damage done by floods and the like will be uncured, and all the other evils already adverted to continually making rapid progress. Before this time many country inns have been shut, their business no longer supporting them ; or innkeepers who used to keep an establishment of horses, to enable travellers to post, have found no use for their cattle, and therefore have sold them. The grass grows before their doors, and even the gentleman who has abundance of time and money at command, must forego the old-fashioned way of making a tour to the most celebrated or romantic spots of the country. It is true that in the immediate neighbourhood of the railroads, and on branch or cross roads that lead to railway stations, there is an increase of travelling and posting. But then railway proprietors are apt to discourage those who would establish coaches and horses, for the purpose of facilitating travelling by any other means to long distances and to parts to which their rails reach ; and thus, is monopoly to some extent produced, even in the employment of coaches and horses, and many find that they cannot keep up an establishment that is heavily taxed whether use be made of it or not, if debarred from coaching to railway stations.

The condition and prospects of our roads have for some time been the subject of attention, on the part of the public in general, and of considerable anxiety to both houses of Parliament ; and various have been the remedies suggested to avert the evils dreaded, and already experienced. Some have thought of taxing railway travelling, and thus not only yielding to a revenue that may be judiciously expended upon our roads, but of more fairly dividing the profits resulting from the conveyance of persons and goods than at present is the case. But not to speak of the impolicy of checking any existing facilities to commerce and the conveniences of the public, the financial condition of our railroads is not such as to warrant heavy burdens being thrown on them ; the companies at the same time being too powerful to afford hopes that any taxation of the kind would be ordered by Parliament ; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has too many calls upon him already to hold out hopes that Government will by grants, adequate to the emergency, provide roads, inns, and horses for the public.

Among the causes of embarrassment into which our roads have fallen, the system of management now and hitherto must not be overlooked, the trusteeship of them being supported and conducted

in an expensive and complicated manner. We may also mention that the exemption from taxes of the mail-coaches on account of the privilege granted to the post-office, tends to aggravate the embarrassment. Other circumstances might be named that operate in the same manner, and which are the result of statutes, at one time proper or necessary, upon which we shall not in our hurried glance at the subject particularly dwell. Suffice it to say, that the enactments of the legislature to a great extent are producing the financial evils of which we have been speaking, and therefore the repeal of these enactments, and the passing of new ones suited to the exigencies of the time, might preserve our roads in their boasted condition, and even so encourage travelling and traffic to remote and poor parts of the island, which have never yet enjoyed such sources of prosperity and intercourse.

We shall not explain or detail the existing laws concerning the management of roads, for some account of the recommendations in the Report before us will indicate what appears to be wrong or needful of remedies agreeably to new circumstances.

Although a heavy takation on railroad conveyance could not be borne, there seems to be a necessity and a possibility of equalizing what has hitherto been alone yielded by turnpike roads. In 1839, a Committee of the House of Commons reported that, "as far as an approximation can be made, by comparing the scale of duty on the average number of passengers conveyed by railroads or by the public carriages and posting; on common roads, it appears the duty is as follows:—For every passenger by the railway, one-eighth of a penny per mile; for every passenger by a stage-coach, one fourth of a penny per mile; for every person travelling by post, three-fourths of a penny per mile; whilst the conveyance of passengers by water, is entirely free from duty." We have before mentioned that mail-coaches are exempted from toll; and in the country the number of these has been much increased wherever railroads do not carry the mail; and as letters and times of their delivery have increased in number, wherever the mails are taken; coaches have been started for this purpose, instead of horses alone, or carts; every coach proprietor being eager to convert his coaches into mails, and seldom finding much difficulty in persuading the gentlemen who reside on the line of road, and perhaps members of Parliament, to use their interest with the Post-office, so as to get the coach proprietor satisfied. The number of persons who are consequently sent free of toll in this way, has in many places doubled of late, and hence another unfair inequality.

In order to remedy the evils and defects of the existing system, and to meet the increase of them which is sure to follow, unless a change be ordered, the consolidation of a number of trusts into one, so as to lessen the expense of management, is practicable; and, it

would seem, with the certainty not merely of more uniform, but more efficient superintendence. One solicitor, one treasurer, and so on, would suffice where there are four or more, on account of the existing subdivisions of trusts. Litigation, too, would be often avoided. The commissioners even recommend that the management of parish roads should be placed in the same hands as that of the turnpike roads. They think that Government should in the meanwhile advance money, on the authority of Parliament, for paying the present debts of the trusts, which are heavy, and according to the existing system, sure to go on increasing; which advance, they say, might be safely made; for that the existing amount of toll drawn, is sufficient to pay such loan, and therefore is a sufficient security for such aid. When it is considered that the debts which some of the trusts have incurred are immense, and which, unless a remedy be found, are certain to grow larger,—even in some instances, not being able to pay the interest of the money borrowed on the tolls,—the necessity for prompt legislative interference will be felt, in order to simplify the machinery of management, to establish economy, and to secure uniformity and efficiency. We do not see how the subject could be rendered one of party warfare, on account of politics; and when an alarming evil admits of a practical remedy, why should the present Session of Parliament be allowed to pass without the legislature grappling with it?

With regard to rivers and their navigation it cannot be necessary to utter a word, in so far as the importance of such facilities of trade and conveyance are concerned. What would London be if the Thames by any tremendous convulsion should no longer serve to carry vessels on its bosom? There are several points however, connected with the navigation of large streams, that have called forth curious speculations as well as practical efforts. One of these, relate to sand-banks or *bars* that are formed at their mouths; and which even when the river is large and at all other places to a great distance would float ships of the first class, sometimes present a complete obstacle to their ingress and egress. The Mississippi, for example, reaches the ocean by several channels, not one of them being of very considerable depth, where it thus first mingles with the great deep. Some of the other mighty rivers of the globe, every one knows, present similar impediments to commerce.

Several theories have been advanced with respect to the formation of bars, and practical measures agreeable to these speculations have been adopted, sometimes fruitlessly or at a vast expence. One has supposed that the obstacle is owing to the sea heaping mud and sand, at a certain state of the tide, and according to the nature of resistance which at the embouchure of the river, the fresh water produces. Another theory is, that the mud and sand there deposited has been brought down by the river. The answer to these

opinions, is, that every river would have a bar at its mouth, which is not the case, if such theories be correct. It has been also broached by speculation that the action of ground waves, owing to certain peculiarities of the rocks at the bottom, cause bars; but Mr. Brooks says this theory is contrary to facts observed by himself. We shall only quote what is his theory, and two or three of his facts; and lastly notice what his practical plan is, in order to improve the navigation, and remove the obstacles of which we have been speaking. His speculative opinion is contained in the following passage:—

“ During the period of the first quarter flood, the current, in lieu of being able to take its natural upward course, as in rivers where no bar exists, is opposed or effectually checked by the effluent back-water; the declination of the stream in the lower division of the river presenting a head which insures a strong downward current, long after the tide would have been able to maintain an upward course, provided the back-water had had a free discharge. At this period the flood-tide, by reason of its greater specific gravity, occupies the lower stratum of the tide-way, and like a wedge endeavours to force its course up the channel; which it is unable to effect, but merely elevates the lighter effluent water, the lower strata of which being checked by the opposition of the tidal water, yields to the latter the sand or other materials which it was capable of holding in suspension previously to its encountering the conflicting action of the flood-tide; and where this takes place the bar is formed.”

This is not a very perspicuous or convincing statement. Some of his facts are more striking. For example, he says that:—

“ We shall find that from the junction with the ocean, a long line of navigable course exists with an extremely gentle fall or slope of its surface, at low-water: the river is in this case in a proper train, its longitudinal section presenting a succession of inclined planes, becoming more and more gentle as they approach the ocean; and the lower course of the river, from the slowness of its fall, approximates to the condition of a frith, or deep inlet of the coast, or to that of one of those large natural or artificial harbours, which, being mere tidal receptacles, wherein the flux and efflux take place in equal times, are necessarily free from bars.

“ The river, being in this perfect state as regards the slope of its surface at low-water, a consequent attendant upon the latter will be an equal duration, or nearly so, of the period taken up by the flow of the flood-tide with that of the ebb, in the lower reach of the river.”

But, on the other hand:—

“ In lieu of presenting a longitudinal section of a succession of inclined planes, described in the preceding description of rivers free from bars, as becoming more and more gentle in proportion to their proximity to the ocean, it will be often found that the declination or slope of some of the up-

per reaches is less than those nearer the ocean ; and the fall at low-water in the lower reaches of the river is always so great as to produce a striking difference in the vertical rise of tide, even at a short distance from the sea ; and attendant upon this defective state of the section presented by the surface of the river at low-water, is a great extension of the duration of the ebb, beyond that of the upward current of the flood-tide."

The plan which he suggests for improving rivers is this—to remove the banks that form bars, and which prevent the free discharge of backwater during the ebb ; an operation the expense of which, he says, will frequently be trifling and seldom so great as at first may be feared. In many rivers the methods hitherto adopted to remove shoals and deposits, have been extremely expensive, and sometimes when he thinks little good has been done. We shall only further quote an illustration :—

"It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the enormous sum of 125,000*l.* was employed in dredging the river Thames off Woolwich between the years 1808 and 1816, the river is now (1840) in as bad a state as ever, and the mud and silt is accumulating instead of decreasing : in 1816 alone as much as 29,000*l.* was thus expended, and the sum amounts on an average to 16,000*l.* per annum, to such little purpose."

With regard, therefore, to rivers as well as roads, there are points of great financial interest, and capable of regulation by skilful and well-informed men.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Loan Societies of London.* Strange.

THIS Guide to nearly *One Hundred* Loan Societies, contains the advertisements and prospectuses of these establishments, which lend money in sums from five pounds to five hundred, and for three months to ten years. The compilation should be read in connexion with Mr. St. Clair's pamphlet on Life Assurance, which we recently had before us, especially by the poorer classes of tradesmen, and the like, who for the most part must be the victims of these societies ; for whatever may be the high colouring which some sanguine persons, who were not conversant with their actual workings and general results, have given them, a glance at the contents of the present small volume, will produce very different sentiments, proving by the details and rules quoted, that the borrowers who resort to these institutions will, ere long, become sorrowers ; and that, like pawnbroking and tallying, Loan Societies are, and must be the parents often of immense suffering, degradation or total ruin.

In a multitude of respects the labouring classes exist under sad disadvantages, often the very things intended or promised for their benefit, being purchased at an exorbitant rate, and also surrounded with further temptations and injuries. People who earn their bread with the sweat of their

brow appear to be particularly apt to be gulled, and to be caught by schemers. Is it because they have not time to make proper inquiry, or because ignorance of human nature prevails amongst them? Who, for example, that considers the constitution of most of these societies, even although uninformed of their details or of any actual cases of injury inflicted by them, would rush into the vortex? Let us hurriedly notice some of the facts, as well as constitutional circumstances belonging to them.

In the first place, there is seldom any satisfactory security for the solvency of these societies; with the exception of some of the office-bearers, not even the names of the proprietors being made public. But, secondly, although in the great majority of instances, the loans range from *five* to *fifteen* pounds, and although losses must sometimes occur on account of the repayment never being made in full, yet the fact is that the office-bearers and managers generally contrive to make a good thing of it, besides a handsome profit being got for the capital advanced. Now, how comes this, when the interest demanded for the lent money may be only *five* per cent., and seldom nominally *ten* per cent.? The short and true answer is, that when premiums, interest, fines, and sundry incidental charges are counted, *twenty* per cent. at least is the sum paid for a loan, not taking into consideration indirect, and often unlimited loss or injury.

Let it be borne in mind that interest is at once, and at the very commencement of the agreement, stopped out of the loan. Then, this loan has to be paid by weekly instalments, which by the end of a year must add very considerably to the real interest. There are various ways in which the expenses may be incurred, even the price of a book of rules being something. Fines for the violation or neglect of some one of these rules, are a fertile source for unanticipated payments. There is still one notable practice which merits exposure, and which ought specifically to be pointed out, viz., the Mileage Fee.

This is a charge made by two or more persons, for their inquiries into the solvency and stability of the proposed sureties, and varies according to the distance these persons have to travel in fulfilment of their business. Mileage must be paid whether the proposed sureties be accepted or not; and there are various ways in which it may be made needlessly exorbitant upon the poor borrower.

Sometimes there are fees for receiving the instalments, and also for letters jogging the memory of defaulters. Nay, the want of punctuality of payment is sometimes calculated upon and desired; for, if it comes to the push, generally the sureties are able to make good the deficiency, and may even be made to yield law expenses, and to get themselves into a mess.

It would be easy to dilate upon the relaxation of industrious habits which borrowing in any way induces, and especially under the circumstances which these societies impose. The mere wound done to independence of feeling supposes the loss of self-respect as well as self-reliance. A man must humble himself when asking neighbours or friends to be his sureties. These sureties probably in many cases are infected by the example, and rely on others to favour them. The very names and characters of the money-lenders in these societies, and the fact of their withdrawal from regular trades,

should often open peoples' eyes. And what more requires to be said of the indirect mischief that results from numbers of them, than that their head-quarters are public-houses, to which the borrowers must resort weekly, and on all business occasions?

Loan Societies considerably increased when the laws against Usury were modified. Since that time certain Acts have been passed, which have been intended to regulate them; and unless the institution to which the poor man resorts be in terms of these Acts, he should at once give up all thought of it. In the Guide there are some with most flaming names, and which have their head-quarters at public-houses in the vilest parts of the metropolis, and which are not, and never contemplated being enrolled.

We shall not be more particular, concluding with this observation, that while the compiler passes a very sweeping judgment upon the Loan Societies of London, he specifically excepts one. Is this a puff?

ART. XV.—*One Hundred Sonnets*: Translated after the Italian of Petrarch; with the Original Text, Notes, &c. By SUSAN WOLLASTON. London, Bull.

THE Notes alone, upon obscure passages, are proofs of a superior mind, highly cultured and refined. The translations, with some exceptions, give the spirit of the original with as perhaps much accuracy as the genius of our language can accomplish and the cast of our minds can understand or feel. But we despair of ever finding in an English shape the graces, the purity, and the music of Petrarch's language. Every one must needs laud his Sonnets; but few care to read, much less to study them. At this time of day there is little sympathy with the sort of Platonic passion which he indulged for a lady he could have no hopes of winning. However, in the volume before us the man and the poet may be studied with many helps afforded; while as a book in which to learn the original it is of great value. The translation and the Italian are on opposite pages. We quote one specimen of the lady's rendering:—

“ ‘Liètti fióri e felici, en bèn nate èrbe.’
 Bright happy flowers! and herb so bounteous fed,
 O'er which my Laura's modell'd foot hath stept:
 Ye meads! that have her words' sweet music kept,
 Nor yet restor'd the impress of her tread:
 Unfettered shrubs! ye leaves so freshly shed!
 Pale violets! where Love hath fondly crept;
 Ye woods! whose shade doth Phœbus intercept,
 And in his stolen beams so proudly spread!
 Sweet landscape! stream! that doth so purely roam,
 From laving oft her beauteous face and eyes,
 Thou wand'rest clear in their reflected light:
 I envy ye, so near her modest home!
 No rock amongst ye habit's law defies,
 But owns alike the flame *my* soul doth blight.”

ART. XVI.—*The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland.* By CHARLES R. DODD, Esq. Whittaker.

WE never before looked into a book about Peerages and Baronetages in which we could readily get at what we wanted; and, when got at, the information might be so imperfect, or enveloped in so many heraldic and learned terms that probably it required other books to interpret them. But not only is the information abundant and clear regarding each name or personage here inserted, but the persons and the several orders introduced are very numerous, the whole being arranged alphabetically,—with their parentage, marriages, professions, &c. It is, in short, the fullest and the most compact book of honours that ever appeared in our language, including the junior branches of all the nobility, and also all the titled classes. Accordingly we have not only the classes mentioned in the title of the work, but Bishops, even those in the Colonies; Judges, even Scotch Privy Councillors, and so forth, with many interesting facts illustrative of individuals, and chronicling their triumphs. Mr. Dodd must himself indicate the extent of his labours:—

“Upwards of four thousand persons enjoy titles by courtesy; viz. the sons and daughters of living or deceased peers, and in some cases, their grandchildren or collateral relatives. In the same manner, as heads of families form one dictionary in the first part of the work, so the junior members of noble houses are alphabetically arranged in the second portion of the volume, with full particulars of their parentage, their ages, their marriages, and their professions. This series of accounts contains all who by courtesy enjoy the titles of ‘lord’ or ‘lady,’ or honourable:’ the public are now therefore, for the first time, presented with a comprehensive and accessible view of the younger branches of the nobility, neither parcelled out into families nor distributed into ranks, but collected into the only order which can prove permanently convenient—that of one general alphabetical arrangement.

“Of the labour bestowed upon this history of the titled classes, no estimate can be formed by persons unaccustomed to literary drudgery; nor probably could the most experienced compilers—otherwise than from actual observation, form an adequate notion of the toil with which its materials have been accumulated and corrected, classified and condensed. To say, as is the case, that it contains the statement of nearly sixty thousand facts, still affords no means of imagining the extent of research and inquiry requisite for such a compilation, or the liability to error necessarily inseparable from so large an accumulation of minute particulars.”

But an example will serve to enhance the reader’s ideas of the value of the work, and to show how minute as well as interesting are the facts which it contains. The one we quote is very striking; and we observe that it has been given by some of our contemporaries:—

“Hooker, K.H. and Knt. Bachel. Created 1836.—William Jackson Hooker, L.L.D., F.R.S. and L.S., M.R.I.A., only surviving son of Joseph Hooker, Esq., of Exeter, of kindred descent with the author of ‘*Ecclesiastical Polity*.’ Born 1785; mar. 1815, eldest dau. of Dawson Turner, Esq., F.R.S., &c., of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, distinguished for his botanical, antiquarian, and classical attainments; is father of Dr. Joseph Dalton Hooker,

R.N., who has accompanied Capt. Ross as naturalist to the antarctic regions; received his baptismal name after Wm. Jackson, Esq., of Canterbury, to whose property and estates in Kent he succeeded; is a member of the Imperial Academy, Naturæ Curiosorum; of the Imp. Soc. Curios. of Moscow; of the Royal Academies of Sweden, Prussia, and Lima; of the Academies of Philadelphia, New York, Boston; of the Nat. Hist. Soc. of Montreal; is regius professor of botany in the University of Glasgow; is author of the 'British Flora,' 'Flora Boreali Americana;' of the Botanical Division of Capt. Beachy's and other voyages of Discovery; of the 'Botanical Magazine,' 'Botanical Miscellany,' 'Journal of Botany,' 'Icones Filicum,' 'Genera Filicum,' 'Musci Exotici,' 'Exotic Flora,' 'Muscologia Britannica,' and various other botanical works; and of a 'Tour in Iceland in 1809;' was knighted for his services to natural history, especially to botanical science. Residence—Glasgow."

ART. XVII.—*Commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul to the Galatians and Ephesians.* By JOHN CALVIN. Translated by the REV. WM. PRINGLE. (Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XXX.)

THE most esteemed, we believe, of Calvin's works, and that perhaps in which the clearest notion may be obtained of his system of doctrines. The work is of great value even to the student of literature, affording a remarkable specimen of Biblical criticism, and theological comment in Calvin's era.

ART. XVIII.—*A New Supplement to Euclid's Geometry.* London: Whittaker.

It contains demonstrations of a number of propositions which are deduced from Euclid's elements.

ART. XIX.—*Waldemar, surnamed Seir, or the Victorious.* Translated from the Danish of B. S. INGEMANN, by a Lady. 3 Vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

INGEMANN is the most popular novelist among the Danes; and although seldom heard of in England, is by some classed with Walter Scott. But to our minds the parallel does not hold good, at least for any considerable extent, although each has drawn copiously from the history, legendry lore, and superstitions of his country. The Danish novelist does not preserve the unity of interest, to our minds, which the other does; nor does he make the same sensible use of supernatural machinery. We do not even find a picturesque style of narrative. Neither have the characters sufficient life for us, and their actions are without that consistency and propriety, which we looked for. However, our opinions must be chiefly formed on our own national standards, and may not be in accordance with Danish criticism and character. One thing is clear,—the romance is not only translated but edited in a manner, to render the work valuable to English readers.

ART. XX.—*Glenulllyn; or, the Son of the Attainted.* 3 vols. 12mo. London: 1841. Bull.

THE author is not skilled in constructiveness as regards a story; nor does he make much account of probability of plot, or unity of character. He rather seems to have used a loose frame, into which to weave a variety of observations, sentiments, and descriptions. Perhaps he is a young writer.

ART. XXI.—*Reliquiæ Antiquæ. No VII.*

CURIOUS scraps culled from old manuscripts, by T. Wright, Esq. and J. O. Halliwell, two bookworms and both learned. In this number there are specimens of poetry centuries old, that are not more amusing on account of their antique mode of spelling and quaint style, than are some of their themes. Such relics seldom fail to convey ideas of the manners, fashions, and opinions of the age in which they were written. We extract one prose piece, being an "Apology for English Gluttony:—

"From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, v^o, of the time of Henry VIII.

"There was a merchant of Ynglond whyche awenturyd unto ferre contres. When he had byn a monyth or more, there dwellyd a grete lorde of that contre whyche badd this Englysse merchaunte to dener. And when they were at dyner, the lorde bad hym prophesyas or myche good do hyt hym, and he sayd he mervaylyd that he ete no better hys mete. And he sayd that Englysshemen ar callyd the grettyste fedours in the worlde, and one man wolde ete more than vj. of another nacyoun, and more vetelles spend then in ony regioun. And then the Englysshe merchaunt anssweryd and sayd to the lord that hyt was so, and for iij. reasonable cawsys that they were sorvyd with grete plenty of veteyll; one was for love, another for phesyke, and the thyrde for drede. Syr, as towchyn for love, we use to have mony dyvers metyrs for owr frendes and kynnesfolke, some lovythe one manner of mete and some another, becawse every man shulde be contente. The second cawse ys for phesyke, for dyvers maladyes that men have some wyll ete one meat and some anothe, because every man shold be pleasyd. The thyrde cause is for drede; we have so grete abowndance and plente in ower realme, yf that we shulde not kyll and dystroye them, they wolde dystroy and devoure us, bothe beste and fowles."

ART. XXII.—*Supplement to the Second Edition of British History Chronologically Arranged.* By JOHN WADE. London: Eff. Wilson.

A supplement to a work of great utility, containing tables and lists of a curious and valuable kind. Thus we have contemporary sovereigns from the time of Egbert to Victoria's accession; the treaties between European nations for several centuries back: value of gold and silver coin in this country at different eras; discoveries in geography; an alphabetical account of the progress of legislation and taxation, &c. Within a small compass a very large mass of interesting and useful information is here to be found, and singularly suggestive particulars.

ART. XXIII.—*The Revelation of God in His Holy Word; shown in a graphic delineation of Holy Scripture for its Friends and Enemies.* By DR. T. W. GESS. Translated by W. BROWN, A.M. (Biblical Cabinet, vol. xxxi.)

DR. GESS, who is "Assistant at Bentlingen, and Director of the School Conference," has in this work given a condensation of Scripture, both narrative and doctrines, as contained in each book; and learnedly stands up for the truth of both.

ART. XXIV.—*A New Check Journal.* By GEORGE JACKSON, Accountant. 6th Edition. Effingham Wilson.

WE need only copy out the title in full of this sixth edition. "A new Check Journal, upon the principle of double-entry; combining the advantages of the day-book, journal, and cash-book; the whole familiarly explained, and forming a complete and practical system of book-keeping, by double-entry, with copious illustrations of interest-accounts, joint adventures, and joint purchases; and a new and more simple method of book-keeping, or double-entry by single. To which is now appended, observations on the most effectual means of Preventing and Detecting Forgery, Fraud, Error, and Embezzlement, both in cash transactions, and in the receipt and delivery of goods."

ART. XXV.—*The History of the Reformation on the Continent.* By GEORGE WADDINGTON, D.D. Dean of Durham. 3 vols. Duncan. A WORK by a learned divine, and exhibiting the results of deep research. What is more, while the author has collected and examined documents and facts not generally known, he has weighed and dissertated upon them with exemplary calmness and impartiality, such indeed as seldom characterize historians who take the Reformation for their theme. It is hardly to be expected that either Catholic or Protestant will dispassionately and fairly treat the subject; for to do so would almost imply such a latitudinarianism as argued that the writer belonged to neither party. Again, we suspect an infidel, or a scoffer at all religion, would be unable or unwilling to do it more justice, and anxious merely, to deride those who felt earnest concerning it, as if squabbling about fables.

Dr. Waddington, while not blind to the errings of the great champion of the Reformation, stands forth, upon the whole, as his vindicator, making the circumstances of his position, and the character of the times, account for many of his questionable acts. Still, he by no means clears Luther of intolerance and cruel uncharitableness; especially towards the Sacramentaries as well as the Anabaptists, or any party that went further than himself in dissenting from Rome. His violence against the Swiss reformers was ferocious, and he would have persecuted them to death, merely on account of certain theological doctrines which they conscientiously held. The Dean sets these facts in a very strong light, and shows that the German reformer would willingly have employed the Catholics to accomplish his desire and to satisfy his hatred against Zwingle and his followers. We thus read with refer-

ence to a document of his to Brantz, written on the 23th of August, 1529, with reference to a proposal that Papists should be appealed to, for the settlement of the controversies between the reformers :—

“ That the promise of attendance on the part of Melancthon and himself was only made on the condition that ‘ some *honest papists* should be present at the conference, as witnesses against those future Thrasons and vain-glorious saints.’ This disclosure exhibits the Saxon divines in a new character—not only as receding from the principles of the Reformation and shrinking from the consummation of their own work, but even as falling back upon their old enemies and seeking refuge among them. But indeed, during the last three years, they had written so much and so violent against the Swiss, so little against the papists, as to give a pretext for the assertion of Erasmus, that the work of the insurgents was already broken in picces, and that the Lutherans were eagerly returning to the bosom of the church.”

Dr. Waddington also shows from a letter of Luther's, addressed to the Elector, recommending a union with the Imperialists against the reformers that dissented from him, how far he would have gone. We are told that—

“ In that document he spoke generally of the rottenness of the ecclesiastical abuses which prevailed till his hand seized and shook them in pieces. He assumed credit for having always preached, among other Christian doctrines, obedience to the civil authorities,—but for his injunctions the people would have carried their revolt against their spiritual oppressors into universal disorder, ending in atheism. He argued, that the Elector could not have prevented the Reformation even had he so desired; he gave many reasons why an edict, violating the rights of conscience, should be resisted; but in respect to the Sacramentaries and Anabaptists, whom he comprehended without distinction in the same category, he counselled his master to obey the determination of the Diet, to execute whatever might be enacted against them, and to persist in the great severity with which he had hitherto treated them.”

It is necessary that the world should be made acquainted with these things, and that protestants should candidly weigh them, however painful the truth may be to indiscriminate eulogists of sturdy Martin. One other extract conveys a forbidding picture of his feelings towards controversial enemies. Hear with what savage joy, and proud presumption, he expresses himself, on hearing of the death of the Swiss reformer.

“ ‘ This then is the second judgment of God! The first in Munzer's case, the second in Zwingle's. I was a prophet when I said that God would not long endure those rabid and furious blasphemies of which they were full, deriding our God, and calling us cannibals and blood-drinkers, and other horrid names. They would have it so!’ And again: ‘ Carlstadt is made Zwingle's succesor at Zurich, which Zwingle they now proclaim a martyr, that they may fill even to the brim the cup of their blasphemies till it run over’ You see that Zwingle, with so many of his brother-devotees (*symmystis*), has suffered for his dogma in a somewhat horrible fashion. So Munzer perished, so Hetzer, and many other, to the end that God might manifest by these prodigies of his wrath the detestation with which He regarded those impious spirits.’ ”

ART. XXVI.—*Stammering, and other imperfections of the Speech treated by Surgical Operations on the Throat.* By JAMES YEARSLEY, M.R.C.S.

MR. YEARSLEY has already achieved fame by his "*Contributions to Aural Surgery*," and is surgeon to the Institution for curing Diseases of the Ear. In the course of his new treatment in regard to deafness, he frequently observed that that complaint was combined with diseases or some malformation about the throat, and when the hearing was improved so was the voice, as in the case of stammerers. "In the great majority of stammerers," he says, "the tonsils and uvula are in a diseased state, and may be removed with advantage; and that these operations may, in particular, be applied to the relief of stammering and imperfect speech." The operation, he also states, may be performed without much pain, or danger; and since he has begun to follow up the process, the complete cure of stammering, or a partial improvement of the speech has been so frequent, that he speaks with great confidence of the soundness of his doctrine. We must add, although not in a condition to pronounce an opinion concerning his theory or practice, that neither the matter nor the manner of the pamphlet have any symptoms of quackery about them. Mr. Yearsley's professional character is a sufficient notification in these respects.

ART. XXVII.—*Deutsche Amaranten; a Selection of masterpieces, in prose and verse, by the most esteemed and popular German Authors.* By WILHELM KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI, of Schwerin, in Mecklenburgh.

WE have not been long without an addition to this gentleman's many and superior labours. The selection before us is excellent, both as respects the character of each piece, and the arrangement. By persons desirous of having, in a compact shape, the gems of German literature, as well as to those who wish to study in its utmost purity the German language, the volume cannot be too highly prized.

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JUN^Y

Vol. II. (1841.) No. II.

	Page.
ART. I.— Selections from the Despatches and General Orders of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By Lieut. Col. Gurwood.....	146
II.— Texas: the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas. By William Kennedy, Esq.	158
III.— A Plea for the Poor in Scotland, and for an Inquiry into their Condition. By the Rev. Dr. Robert Burns.....	169
IV.— Journal of a Residence of Two Years and a Half in Great Britain. By Jehangeer Nourojee and Hirjeebhoy Meerwanjee, of Bombay, Naval Architects.....	177
V.— The Nestorians; or, the Lost Tribes. By Ashael Grant, M. D.....	189
VI.— Sketches of China. By J. F. Davis, Esq. F.R.S.....	207
VII.— Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L. By Leman Blanchard.....	217
VIII.— The Philosophy of Death; or a General Medical and Statistical Treatise on the Nature and Causes of Human Mortality. By John Reid.....	229
IX.— Italy: General Views of its History and Literature in Reference to its Present State. By L. Mariotti.....	236
X.— Life of Petrarch. By Thomas Campbell.....	247
XI.— A Memoir on the Naturalization of the Alpaca. By William Walton :.....	259
XII.— North American Herpetology; or a Description of the Reptiles inhabiting the United States. By John Edwards Holbrook, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, &c., &c. Vols. I. and II.....	269
XIII.— Memoirs of M. Gisquet, formerly Prefect of Police. (Memoires, &c.) Written by Himself.....	277
XIV.— The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. Vol. VIII....	286
XV.— Fiesco, or the Conspiracy of Genoa; a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Frederick Von Schiller....	291
XVI.— The Suburban Horticulturist. By J. C. Loudon.....	292

CONTENTS.

	Page.
XVII.—Records of Female Piety; containing sketches of the Lives, and extracts from the Writings of Women eminent for religious excellence. By James A. Huie....	292
XVIII.—Stories for Young People. By Mrs. Sedgwick.....	292
XIX.—The Bengal Directory, and third Quarterly Register, for the Year 1840.....	292
XX.—The Present State of Banking in England Considered by a Scotch Banker.....	293
XXI.—Dover, Ancient and Modern; a Poem. By Sir R. P. Dodrell, Bart.	293
XXII.—Dictionary of the Art of Printing. No. X. By Wm. Savage.....	293
XXIII.—Josephus; Canadian Scenery; Fox's Book of Martyrs; The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.....	294
XXIV.—Extracts from the Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Condition of the Hand-loom Weavers.....	294
XXV.—The Dramatic Works of Sir E. L. Bulwer.....	295
XXVI.—The Origin, Progress, and Present Condition of the Fine Arts in Great Britain and Ireland. By W. B. S. Taylor.	295
XXVII.—British History, Chronologically Arranged. By John Wade. 2nd. Edition.....	295
XXVIII.—Metallic Engravings in Relief, for Letter-Press Printing, called Acrography. By the Inventor, Louis Schonberg.	295
XXIX.—Dictionary of Dates and Universal Reference. By Joseph Haydon.	296
XXX.—A History of British Starfishes, &c. By Edward Forbes.	296
XXXI.—1. Some Inquiries into the effects of Fermented Liquors. 2. The Wine Question settled. By the Rev. B. Parsons.	296
XXXII.—The Sanative Influence of Climate. By Sir James Clark, Bart.....	297
XXXIII.—Three Years in Persia; with Travelling Adventures in Koordistan. By G. Fowler, Esq.	298
XXXIV.—The Sword of Rath-Cöll, to the Chief of his Name.....	300
XXXV.—The Golden Rules of Life. 4th Edition.	300

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1841.

ART. I.—*Selections from the Despatches and General Orders of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.* By LIEUT. COL. GURWOOD. London: Murray. 1841.

A LARGE octavo volume, containing not much short of one thousand pages, and being selections from the twelve volumes previously edited by the gallant Colonel, of course promises to present to the popular as well as professional reader the most interesting and generally important parts of the larger collection. And considering that our notice of that collection was limited to only a small portion of it, and that even had our attention been more regularly directed to the publication, and as it came out piece-meal, no review had such broad grounds for comprehension, fulness, and unity which the present occasion affords, it seems proper that we recur to these papers, and endeavour to lay hold of the great lineaments, as pictured in them, of their illustrious author.

These papers commence in 1800, and, with considerable intervals, extend to 1840: and when it is borne in mind that their author was in the course of these forty years one of the most prominent actors in the grand drama that marks out that period as one of the most amazing in the history of the world, whatever hemisphere be named, such a series may be expected to furnish the most remarkable commentary, as well as the fullest evidence, in respect of the notable era. There is another way in which the collection may be regarded, and which might occupy the attention of military tacticians and the students of the science of war for a life time; for both the principles and the details of that wonderful engine in human affairs are unquestionably here to be learned in their profoundest and most explicit form. But there is still another noble branch of inquiry to be pursued upon the texts that crowd this massive volume; the author, the man himself, the philosophy of his mind and of his history, are here to be read, with extraordinary distinctness; for while his features are strongly marked, he, like Mr. Carlyle's heroes, is so fraught with sincerity, determination, and regardless-

ness of all considerations minor to the one great end he contemplates, that he can do nothing that bears not a faithful stamp of himself. We propose therefore, as guided by the lights furnished by this volume, to bestow a few sentences upon the character of the man as originally constituted, and as confirmed and strengthened by circumstances; for like all persons of real genius, of idiosyncratic originality, everything that occurred to him, all that he ever witnessed, seems but to have served to draw out into greater prominence his native parts, which were capable of modifying, rather than of being modified, whatever he came into contact with. Accordingly, although we pretend not to consider these papers either as a comment upon contemporary history, (in fact they embody the essence of much of that history,) nor are competent to treat them in regard to the department of military science, still it is impossible to pass over the evidences of the man's character, so abundantly supplied by the manner in which he acted and spoke as a tactician or stratagist, as a recorder or commentator.

It is worthy of remark that while Wellington has been conspicuous in the public eye for about half a century, either as a military commander, a diplomatist, or a statesman, yet, for the greater portion of that long career, he was most imperfectly understood, and very generally underrated. Even his greatest admirers appear to have regarded him as a man of limited genius, that is, as being first rate alone in the department of war; while his political opponents set his success and glory down to the score of good luck, a fortuitous combination. We question, indeed, if even posterity would have done him justice had no such documents as those before us been given to the world wherein to read him. In this sense therefore the publication is one of the most interesting and valuable kind that ever appeared; nay, in spite of its constantly recurring dry details, the destitution of all fancy, even of all warmth on the part of the writer,—in the face of sternness, unbending features, and caustic expression, the book will often amuse, but still more frequently convey pithy instruction, ranging far beyond the subject of the text, or even the intention of the author.

Of the author! Who ever can have thought less of authorship, been less ambitious to shine in that field, or to worship those whose greatest achievements have been in the regions of literature than Arthur Wellesley? He appears never to have set pen to paper but when forced by a sense of duty, and to have continued almost breathless till he threw down the inditer's instrument again. This is one of the features of the man; and hence the naked force and the utter disregard of all but the main points of his subject or purpose, must have in a great measure arisen in his style. But the grand distinctive lineaments in his Grace's character are those of a worldly-wise man. The most glorious military triumphs do not appear more to

have disturbed his common-sense equanimity, his steady perseverance, than did the current of a romantic tale, stories of chivalry, or picturesque superstitions, the manliness, and every-day sagacity of Walter Scott. The Duke's system of study and procedure had nothing to do with any one that had been taught in schools. It is probable that he never thought of the term "system" at all, but acted merely in accordance with the clear and far-sightedness of his natural parts; discovering intuitively principles in his way, and marshalling them without prescribed rule. And then, although proof against all tender emotions when an end was to be attained, he yet kept his eye not only fixedly upon that end, but with an energy of gaze that might be called passionate; unless, indeed, circumstances changed his position in relation to the object, when with consummate coolness he left it alone, or made it a point for changed action.

The worldly-wise and resolute man makes not only business his hobby, but regards no branch of business which will conduce to his success, or forward upon sure grounds that which he has undertaken, as mean or unworthy of being completely learned. How often has it been remarked of the Duke that nothing was too insignificant apparently, and nothing too vast, for his comprehension! how often, that he never set about anything of the nature of which he did not make himself master! One consequence of this is, that a far greater range of ideas as well as subjects occur in these selections, even upon common-place things, than one could suppose would be called for in the writer's circumstances. And hence it is, that while the principles in the science of war appear by this exposition in their simple and profound shape with unusual clearness and force, the views upon human character and life are multifarious and striking. As a merchant or as a tradesman, we have no doubt that Arthur Wellesley would have been greatly distinguished. His is the genius of activity, of patience, of far-seeing, and of promptitude when the time comes.

We have spoken of the comprehensive grasp of the Duke's mind as regards different and most unequal subjects. Still, we agree to a distinction that has been made concerning him, viz. that his comprehensiveness does not reach a universe of things, so as to deduce from the past and the present some new principles to meet and to regulate the developments of the future, to accommodate themselves to the movement, restraining, yet being of a yielding nature; but that he pursues to the bottom and the farthest verge all that comes within the scope of his practical eye, in its direct and level gaze, never allowing any one object to escape his purposes, or to remain without its uses. In this way his Conservatism has dealt with existing circumstances, as if nothing new or different can or must occur; and therefore he has been found unprepared and unequal

to a crisis, for which more speculative and imaginative minds were anxiously looking. He would controul or direct by means of his gigantic energy and sweeping superintendence every existing element; but his philosophy dreams not of the mighty changes and the resistless laws which may be indicated by mystic signs, or taught by the nature and destinies of the human race.

Another feature in the Duke's character is a common-place apprehension of public morals, a sort of mechanical, at least artificially arranged ideas of national virtue, and perhaps of the essence of right and wrong in private feeling and conduct. The reader after perusing these selections does not rise with any very high or enthusiastic notions about man's moral capacities, or the principles essential to purity of heart and sublimity of attainment. Be peaceable, be just to one another, be obedient to the laws, do what in you lies to preserve the constituted order of things, and cherish personal independence of your fellow men, are the features of the sort of philosophy which his Grace preaches and has practised. Still, however level and worldly these things may be, there is grandeur in the way in which he has performed them,—originality in his bearing relative to them,—genius in the apprehension of the principles with which he supports and fortifies himself. Nevertheless, we must again state that his morality is in no manner high-toned or more than is conventionally correct. Nay, we do not find in his papers any very glowing patriotism or glorious illustrations of the essence of that virtue.

We need not state that the Duke by family connexions, and by position in life, could hardly be other than systematically hostile to such liberal opinions as would give to the mass of the people a deliberative voice in legislation, or a direct share in national government. But not altogether unconnected with his aversions on this subject, we notice his contempt and dislike of writers who criticise in newspapers, periodicals, and the like, the actions of public men. Nor was it unnatural that the mighty Captain should be so disposed towards the entire tribe of scribblers and editors; for he, during his most efficient operations, and amid the extremest difficulties, was not only constantly abused and misrepresented in the daily prints, but his tactics were marred and the public enemy instructed by the officious gentlemen, who were generally as ignorant concerning what they wrote about, as they were meddling. We shall pick out some striking illustrations and hard hits relative to this subject. Still, one cannot help perceiving that the Duke entertains very mean opinions regarding literature and literary pursuits; nor do we suppose that he would be averse to fetter the press to some extent. We suspect that his ideas concerning literature, as an engine of civilization and the source of the noblest pleasure, are far from just and adequate; and that he would be as slow to

admit that its power will be resistless in all future reforms, as he was to go along with George Canning in accordance with the progress of feeling and enlightenment, when more soaring and just views than his Grace loves to indulge in would have put and kept him at the helm of the nation's affairs.

To us, however, there is hardly a limit to the ways in which the Duke appears a first-rate man in these papers. We need not speak of his cool heroism, founded as it has ever proved itself upon the soundest dictates of a wonderfully clear reasoning faculty; so that the very perfection of common sense appears to have characterized his most celebrated exploits. He is majestic in this respect. Inseparable from his most illustrious displays has been his truth and honourable dealing. But he also shines in these papers as a man of genuine feeling, although the considerate manner in which his heart has been moved, and the prudent maxims which have ever been closely observed by him, may have tended to expose him to the charge of a want of the softer qualities of human nature. Numerous are the proofs of his sterling friendship, of his fatherly or brotherly counsel, and of his placability.

The intellectual features, however, are still the most remarkable of our hero's qualities, together with the firmest independence of mind. What a proof have we of his clear head and sound calculating powers, in the manner he spoke and acted as regarded the conduct of war against Napoleon. He distinctly foresaw that the time would come, when not only all nations would rise in resistance to the man who sought universal empire, but when it would be impossible for war to maintain itself, because that it must at length exhaust its sinews. Wellington therefore, while keeping Napoleon at bay in the Peninsula, knew that our troops were as cheaply fed and far more conveniently for this country, than had they been at home, where circumstances would have forbidden the disbanding of them; the enemy in the mean time being forced to uphold a much larger army to menace or oppose him. He also, from the positions which he took, could now and then fight a battle under great advantages, and frequently avoid risking such a trial of strength when inconvenient. But then he never fought a battle merely for the immediate benefits that were thence to be derived, much less for temporary fame; but always as a step to a great and permanent end, viz. the peace of the world. In the course of time the immense French army would eat up all that the Peninsula could supply. France would then have to furnish the necessary provisions. But France was exhausted, or would soon become so. She was exciteable, and would under extreme exactions grow distracted. Accidents would occur in the game that the Emperor was playing; so that while the British general was steadily making some progress in one great line of action, and keeping his eye fixed upon a result

that sooner or later was inevitable in the nature of things, if he was not driven from the Peninsula, owing to the exhausting and enemy-raising system of Bonaparte, he not only retained his confidence and had a comparatively simple though grand rule to go by, but he controuled and enlightened the government at home, which was continually suggesting other schemes, and urging the Duke to preposterous steps. Even if the worst should happen and he was beat in battle, he could either hold possession of part of Portugal, or ship his troops. The people of that country were aroused; they had become admirable soldiers, and no conqueror could long withstand them or the inhabitants of any other considerable country which had mountains and fastnesses. These and other fundamental principles which his sagacity and experience alike upheld, together with shrewd calculations with regard to the turn which events would take in various parts of Europe, will establish for the Duke in all time coming, the loftiest renown as a general and as a stratagist.

The contents of this massive volume are much diversified. Besides military despatches, general orders for the regulation of the army, letters to personages in office upon public matters, and expositions of principles of military science, there are selections from what would be regarded by the Duke as private correspondence, and touching on many subjects.

With regard to the judgment exercised by Colonel Gurwood in the selection we are not in a position to speak positively, not having before us the larger publication from which it is made. From the breaks and abruptness however, especially in the historical papers, there is sometimes an obscurity, which a short note might have removed. Many proper names too are represented by blanks, that will leave most readers frequently rather in the dark. But after all these or other causes of complaint, and even although the volume necessarily deals largely in matters and details dry to the general reader, it will henceforward be held in the highest repute for the real interest which it will beget, as well as for the mighty importance of much of its matter. We must now select from the Selection a few specimens, in order, as far as our limits will allow, that the writer of them may be seen in a variety of circumstances, and upon a diversity of topics. We begin with a business-like recommendation:—

“ To the Secretary of Government, Bombay.

“ Camp, 11th November, 1803.

“ I take the liberty, however, to recommend as a general rule, that between those public officers by whom business can be done verbally, correspondence should be forbidden, as having a great tendency to prevent disputes upon trifling subjects, and to save the time of the public officers, who are obliged, some to peruse and consider, and others to copy, those voluminous documents about nothing.”

We come nearer home and quote a racy, one would almost say an ironical lecture :—

[“ Dated from Lesaca, in 1813.]

“ As I have above stated to your Lordship, the Spanish troops do not want discipline, if by discipline is meant instruction, so much as they do a system of order ; which can be founded only on regular pay and food, and good care and clothing. These British officers could not give them ; and notwithstanding that the Portuguese are now the *fighting-cocks* of the army, I believe we owe their merits more to the care we have taken of their pockets and bellies, than to the instruction we have given them. In the end of last campaign they behaved in many instances exceedingly ill, because they were in extreme misery, the Portuguese Government having neglected to pay them. I have forced the Portuguese Government to make arrangements to pay them regularly this year ; and everybody knows how they behave. Our own troops always fight ; but the influence of regular pay is seriously felt on their conduct, their health, and their efficiency ; and as for the French troops, it is notorious that they will do nothing unless regularly paid and fed.”

The Captain at Salamanca :—

“ We had a race for the large Arapiles, which is the more distant of the two detached heights which you will recollect on the right of your position : this race the French won, and they were too strong to be dislodged without a general action.

“ I knew that the French were to be joined by the cavalry of the Army of the North on the 22nd or 23rd, and that the Army of the Centre was likely to be in motion. Marmont ought to have given me a *pont d'or*, and he would have made a handsome operation of it. But instead of that, after manœuvring all the morning in the usual French style, nobody knew with what object, he at last pressed upon my right in such a manner, at the same time without engaging, that he would have either carried our Arapiles, or he would have confined us entirely to our position. This was not to be endured ; and we fell upon him, turning his left flank ; and I never saw an army receive such a beating.”

But the British did not always behave well. Hear him about Vittoria :—

“ We started with the army in the highest order ; and up to the day of the battle, nothing could get on better ; but that event has, as usual, totally annihilated all order and discipline. The soldiers of the army have got among them about a million sterling in money, with the exception of about 100,000 dollars which were got for the military chest. The night of the battle, instead of being passed in getting rest and food to prepare them for the pursuit of the following day, was passed by the soldiers in looking for plunder. The consequence was, that they were incapable of marching in pursuit of the enemy, and were totally knocked up. The rain came on and increased their fatigue ; and I am quite convinced that we

have now out of the ranks double the amount of our loss in the battle, and that we have lost more men in the pursuit than the enemy have, and have never in any one day made more than an ordinary march.

"This is the consequence of the state of discipline of the British army. We may gain the greatest victories, but we shall do no good until we shall so far alter our system as to force all ranks to perform their duty."

The British and discipline :—

"The fact is, that if discipline means habits of obedience to orders as well as military instruction, we have but little of it in the army. Nobody ever thinks of obeying an order; and all the regulations of the Horse Guards, as well as of the War Office, and all the orders of the army applicable to this peculiar service, are so much waste paper.

"It is, however, an unrivalled army for fighting, if the soldiers can only be kept in their ranks during the battle; but it wants some of those qualities which are indispensable to enable a general to bring them into the field in the order in which an army ought to be to meet an enemy, or to take all the advantage to be derived from a victory; and the cause of these defects is the want of habits of obedience and attention to orders by the inferior officers, and indeed I might add by all. They never attend to an order with an intention to obey it, or sufficiently to understand it be it ever so clear, and therefore never obey it when obedience becomes troublesome or difficult or important."

Again :—

"I have long been of opinion that a British army could bear neither success nor failure; and I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches, in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered this country most terribly; which has given me the greatest concern. * * * *

"We are an excellent army on parade, an excellent one to fight; but we are worse than an enemy in a country; and, take my word for it, that either defeat or success would dissolve us. * * *

"I certainly think the army are improved. They are a better army than they were some months ago. But still, these terrible continued outrages give me reason to apprehend that, notwithstanding all the precautions I have taken and shall take, they will slip through my fingers, as they did through Sir John Moore's, when I shall be involved in any nice operation with a powerful enemy in my front."

Hints to the wise people of England :—

"The people of England, so happy as they are in every respect, so rich in resources of every description, having the use of such roads, &c., will not readily believe that important results here frequently depend upon fifty or sixty mules, more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them; but the fact is so, notwithstanding their incredulity. I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid. ———— is a gentleman who piques

himself upon his overcoming all difficulties. He knows the length of time it took to find transport even about one hundred barrels of powder and a few hundred thousand rounds of musket-ammunition which he sent us. As for the two guns which he endeavoured to send, I was obliged to send our own cattle to draw them ; and we felt great inconvenience from the want of those cattle in the subsequent movements of the army."

There are some impossibilities :—

"In military operations there are some things which cannot be done ; one of these is to move troops in this country during or immediately after a violent fall of rain."

Hear how he answered the ignorance and preposterous notions of ministers. How dry and caustic is his tone ;—

"It is scarcely necessary to consider what we shall do with our army after the French withdraw from Spain ; as that event is not at present very probable, unless Bonaparte should be so pressed in the North as to be induced to weaken his force. * * * My opinion is, however, that if we should get the French out of Spain, and the war should continue, we should carry on our operations on the Southern frontier of France. * * * In regard to all schemes in Italy and the North of Europe, founded on this army—first, I would observe, that you must reckon that six months would elapse after you should decide on the measure and should issue your orders in Downing Street, before the army would be fit to engage in any operation in the new scene ; secondly, it would be but a small army, incapable of acting alone ; and at the same time, that it would not be easy to connect it with any other ; thirdly, it must not be expected that any of the Powers in the North of Europe would give us the direction and management of their concerns, as we now have those of the Portuguese at least, if not of the Spaniards. The Powers of the North would willingly avail themselves of the bravery of our troops ; they would share in our riches, partake of the plenty in our camps, which our good arrangement and money should procure for us ; but they would share with us nothing but their distresses."

Counsel to individuals :—

"I have frequently heretofore given you a hint upon a subject, which I hope you will forgive me for taking the liberty of mentioning to you again. You have now been appointed to one of the most lucrative situations in the service ; and I hope you will put your establishment on such a scale as that your holding it will be a permanent advantage to yourself and your family. You always told me that you were a good manager, of which I do not entertain the smallest doubt ; but you may depend upon it that no management will make an income, however large, give a surplus, if the possessor of it does not take care to fix his expenses on the lowest scale that the nature of his situation will permit."

To Lord Beresford :—

“As for your Portuguese concerns, I recommend to you to resign and come away immediately. It is impossible for the British government to maintain British officers for the Portuguese army, at an expense even so trifling as it is, if the Portuguese government are to refuse to give the service of the army in the cause of Europe in any manner. Pitch them to the devil, then, in the mode which will be most dignified for yourself, and that which will have the best effect in opening the Prince's eyes to the conduct of his servants in Portugal, and let the matter work its own way. Depend upon it, the British government must and will recall the British officers.”

A homily by an independent man :—

[“*Letter*. 1813.]

“I received last night your letters of the 22nd July and 9th September ; and I acknowledge that I wish you had followed the advice of ———, and had omitted to send me either ; and I will detain both till I shall have received your answer upon what I am now about to state to you.

“I have never interfered directly to procure for any officer serving under my command those marks of his Majesty's favour by which many have been honoured ; nor do I believe that any have ever applied for them, or have hinted through any other quarter their desire to obtain them. They have been conferred, as far as I have any knowledge, spontaneously, in the only mode, in my opinion, in which favours can be acceptable or honours and distinction can be received with satisfaction. The only share which I have had in these transactions has been by bringing the merits and services of the several officers of the army distinctly under the view of the Sovereign and the public, in my reports to the Secretary of State ; and I am happy to state, that no General in this army has more frequently than yourself deserved and obtained this favourable report of your services and conduct.

“It is impossible for me even to guess what are the shades of distinction by which those are guided who advise the Prince Regent in bestowing those honourable marks of distinction ; and you will not expect that I should enter upon such a discussion. What I recommend to you is, to express neither disappointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate friend, much less to the Government. Continue, as you have done hitherto, to deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you may be certain that, if the Government is wise, you will obtain it. If you should not obtain it, you may depend upon it that there is no person of whose good opinion you would be solicitous who will think the worse of you on that account.

“The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of his Majesty's subjects, and you, will not be deemed quite correct ; and I advert to my own situation only to tell you, that I recommend to you conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the Crown, I have never solicited one ; and I have never hinted, nor would any one of my friends or relations venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one ; and much as I have been favoured, the consciousness that it has been spontaneously by the King and Regent, gives me more satisfaction than anything else.

“I recommend to you the same conduct ; and above all, resignation, if,

after all, you should not succeed in acquiring what you wish : and I beg to recall your letters, which you may be certain will be of no use to you."

About talents and sound sense :—

"I entertain a very high opinion of ———'s talents ; but he always appeared to me to want what is better than abilities, viz. sound sense. There is always some mistaken principle in what he does."

In a letter to Lord Liverpool the hero thus speaks of war :—

"I shall be sorry if government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country, on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest ; then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge ; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene ; and I only hope that the king's government will consider well what I have above stated to your lordship ; will ascertain as nearly as is their power the actual expense of employing a certain number of men in this country beyond that of employing them at home or elsewhere ; and will keep up their force here on such a footing as will at all events secure their possession without keeping the transports, if it does not enable their commander to take advantage of events, and assume the offensive."

A high-minded sentiment :—

"When war is concluded, I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten."

Ideas relative to popular assemblies :—

"[Badajoz, 1809.]

"I acknowledge that I have a great dislike to a new popular Assembly. Even our own ancient one would be quite unmanageable, and in these days would ruin us, if the present generation had not before its eyes the example of the French Revolution ; and if there were not certain rules and orders for its guidance and government, the knowledge and use of which render safe and successfully direct its proceedings."

In one place the hero says, "I have heard so many debates, that I never read one," giving as a reason the general inaccuracy of the

reports, "unless a gentleman takes the trouble of writing his speech."

Now hear him about newspapers and editors:—

"I enclose a number of a newspaper which has lately made its appearance; and I wish particularly to draw your attention to the paragraph inserted in the last page. The license to publish any thing upon military operations, whether true or not, which results from the liberty of the press, is a very great inconvenience, particularly to an army comparatively small, which must seize opportunities to avail itself of favourable circumstances, &c. &c. But that inconvenience is increased tenfold when a military official body publish a newspaper, containing statements and observations upon military transactions. Any editor may happen to stumble upon a fact or reasoning of which it would be important for the enemy to have information; but the Staff, the official editors, must be supposed to have the information which they publish. The contents of the paragraph marked in the enclosed paper are positively false; but under existing circumstances, the publication is not less likely to have mischievous consequences than if the contents were true. There is no person who knows any thing of the state of affairs in this country, who doubts, that if the French believe that paragraph, and choose to make the exertion, they must prevent us from carrying into execution our design, whatever may be the extent of the force which I shall collect. Surely, therefore, it is worthy of the attention of the government at least to prevent official bodies from publishing such mischievous nonsense.' "

Again:—

"All this would not much signify if our staff and other officers would mind their business, instead of writing news and keeping coffee-houses. But as soon as an accident happens, every man who can write and who has a friend who can read, sits down to write his account of what he does not know and his comments on what he does not understand; and these are diligently circulated and exaggerated by the idle and malicious, of whom there are plenty in all armies. The consequence is, that officers and whole regiments lose their reputation; a spirit of party, which is the bane of all armies, is engendered and fomented; a want of confidence ensues; and there is no character however meritorious, and no action however glorious, which can have justice done to it. I have hitherto been so fortunate as to keep down this spirit in this army, and I am determined to persevere."

On reports and comments:—

"Our newspapers do us plenty of harm by that which they insert; but I never suspected that they could do us the injury of alienating from us a government and nation, with which, on every account, we ought to be on the best of terms, by that which they omit. I, who have been in public life in England, know well that there is nothing more different from a debate in Parliament, than the representation of that debate in the newspapers. The fault which I find with our newspapers is, that they so seldom state an event

or transaction as it really occurred, (unless when they absolutely copy what is written for them), and their observations wander so far from the text, even when they have a dispatch or other writing before them, that they appear to be absolutely incapable of understanding, much less of stating the truth on any subject."

It is quite clear from his frequent complaints, that he must have experienced real inconvenience from newspapers. He also at times seems to have been irritated on account of misrepresentations of himself. But the annoyance brought out some amusingly contemptuous retorts. Here is an example:—

"[Lesaca, 1813.]

"There is no man better aware than I am of the state of every officer's reputation who has to command troops with such miserable means of support as these have; particularly in these days, in which such extravagant expectations are excited by that excessively wise and useful class of people, the editors of newspapers. If I had been at any time capable of doing what these gentlemen expected, I should now, I believe, have been in the moon.

"They have long ago expected me at Bordeaux; nay, I understand that there are many of their wise readers (amateurs of the military art) who are waiting to join the army till head-quarters shall arrive in that city; and when they shall hear of the late Spanish battle, I conclude that they will defer their voyage till I shall arrive at Paris."

Several ideas powerfully expressed, and in a few words:—

"The desire to be forward in engaging the enemy is not uncommon in the British army; but that quality which I wish to see the officers possess, who are at the head of the troops, is a cool, discriminating judgment in action, which will enable them to decide with promptitude how far they can and ought to go with propriety; and to convey their orders and act with such vigour and decision, that the soldiers will look up to them with confidence in the moment of action, and obey them with alacrity. The officers of the army may depend upon it that the enemy to whom they are opposed are not less prudent than they are powerful. Notwithstanding what has been printed in gazettes and newspapers, we have never seen small bodies, unsupported, successfully opposed to large; nor has the experience of any officer realized the stories, which all have read, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry or dragoons."

We could fill a number of the Review with bits as racy and pithy; and all of them perfectly characteristic. But even weightier matter is to be found in the passages of a more historical kind, which, however, from their length cannot be quoted by us. We conclude with the writer's account of his own literary habits:—

"To the Right Honourable John Villiers.

"Coimbra, 2 May, 1809.

"I am obliged to you for your offer to procure me assistance to copy my

despatches, but I have plenty of that description. The fact is, that excepting on very important occasions, I write my despatches without making a draft; and those which I sent to you were so written before I set out in the morning, and I had not time to get them copied before they were sent, which is the reason why I asked you to return me copies of them."

ART. II.—*Texas: the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas.* 2 vols. By WILLIAM KENNEDY, Esq. London: Hastings.

THE author of these volumes was employed by the Earl of Durham in Canada, during his Lordship's brief authority in that colony; and on its termination started for the United States, well provided with credentials to gentlemen of note in different parts of the Union. After visiting some of the great towns in that country, he sailed from New Orleans to Galveston in Texas, and was astonished to find "a stable government, religion respected, laws well administered, protection afforded to property and person, and the general tone of manners the same as in the United States." He had, before leaving England, experienced a particular interest relative to this young Republic; he had read much of what had been written concerning it; but could not clearly understand how the settlers were enabled to repel the armies of Mexico and to found a new nation. Even in the Northern parts of America what he had learnt from the people and the press was very different from what he actually found at the place where direct information was to be obtained; and therefore he set about preparing himself for publishing a work on the Republic, on his return to England; every facility for acquiring information being cheerfully afforded by President Lamar and the members of his Cabinet.

The two volumes before us are the fruits of his inquiries, observation, and experience while in Texas; and are not merely sufficiently explicit and full with regard to its rise, progress, and prospects,—its soil, climate, products, population, and so forth, but the information is given in a workman-like style, pleasantly too, and rather ornately. Mr. Kennedy has evidently made mankind and civil government his study; and as his accounts in these pages not only differ very widely from those which have hitherto been current in this country, but as the young Republic's independence has been recently recognized by Lord Palmerston, we shall cull from his statements such parts as may appear to us most interesting and most informing to our readers. The public is by no means ignorant that Texas includes a country of vast extent, of wonderful natural riches, and is susceptible of extraordinary improvement; and therefore it has for these late few years been the subject of very general consideration. At the same time certain parties have very industriously propagated statements that represent the Anglo-American

people who have taken possession of it, as meditating a boundless field for Negro Slavery, and as having already imported into it multitudes of that unfortunate race ; and hence an additional interest has been excited relative to the new state, especially since our Government's recognition of it ; blame being thrown by some on the Foreign Secretary for having, as is alleged, thus countenanced a horrid system.

Mr. Kennedy's anxiety is to disabuse the public mind with regard to the Texans,—to make his countrymen acquainted with what was either misunderstood or altogether unknown respecting a people and country that, there seems ground for believing will in the course of time figure eminently in the history of the world. True, our author is enthusiastic on the subject, his accounts being undisguisely warm and sometimes highly coloured. But then he is also a man who deals largely in facts, and these facts, if not inaccurately stated, of themselves convey the general impressions left on a perusal of the volumes. We now take a glance of some of the more striking parts.

We shall not stop to describe the position of Texas, or its extent and limits, which for all practical purposes have been determined, in as far as the United States are concerned ; although the title of the Republic to lands extraneous to the boundaries of the state at the period of its revolt, has yet to be formally perfected, by treaty with Mexico. Mr. Kennedy's pages, together with a complete Map of the country, which has been completed with great care, will satisfy the anxious inquirer on the points referred to. With regard to some of the great and general features of the country, we are told as follows : The course of the rivers, which run nearly parallel to each other, indicates that its surface is an inclined plane, sloping toward the south-east. The extent of coast between the extreme maritime limits claimed by the Texans, is about 400 miles. The soil presents three distinct natural aspects, being divisible into a corresponding number of districts ; viz., the level, the undulating, or rolling, and the mountainous or hilly. There are magnificent prairies, also mountains, which are of third and fourth magnitude, clothed with a great variety of forest trees and shrubs. But the rolling region is the largest of the natural divisions, much of it but thinly wooded. " The country rises in gentle and beautiful undulations above the alluvial region of the Brazos, Colorado, and Guadalupe, extending in a north westerly direction up those rivers, from 150 to 200 miles as far as the hilly district. Here is a delightful variety of fertile prairie and valuable woodland, enriched with springs and rivulets of pure and sparkling water, which, like the larger streams, are invariably bordered by wooded ' bottoms.' The undulations often swell at lengthened intervals into eminences of soft acclivity, from the summits of which the eye may repose on some

of the fairest scenes in nature." Edwards calculates, in his history of Texas, "that east of the Trinity river one-third of the land is fit for the plough, between the Trinity and Colorado one-half, and west of the Colorado one-fourth. These proportions, though in the main conjectural, afford a fair estimate of the relative agricultural capacities of the several districts." Still our author confesses, the first appearance of Texas is unfavourable, from whatever point it may be approached. But after traversing the borders "this singular country exhibits its beauties and develops its resources. In the rolling of hilly sections, the grazier and cultivator of the products familiar to the European farmer may obtain easy and ample returns from plains and valleys unrivalled for natural attractions: and on the low line of the coast, the enterprize of the southern planter will be prodigally rewarded by the vegetable treasures of a tropical clime. To the settler who desires to enjoy the advantages of the upper region without fixing his residence remote from the sea, the western coast of Texas, with its sparkling streams flowing through a fertile and picturesque country, until they blend with the blue waves of the gulf, is more suitable than the eastern. But it is the peculiar charm of Texas, that it offers to the most dissimilar tastes and habits the means of selecting a 'place of rest' in some congenial spot."

The sea-coast of this fine country was almost entirely unfrequented by mariners, until settlers from the United States attracted commerce to it. Unfortunately large extents of New Spain have offered great obstacles to navigators, on account of alluvial accumulations. But in the course of the stretch possessed by Texas there are good bays and good anchorage, while some of the rivers are navigable to a vast extent, although at their mouths bars and sandbanks sometimes present formidable inconveniences. The streams "afford great facilities for the working of mills and manufacturing machinery by water-power; besides supplying the wants of the farmer and grazier."

The climate of Texas is as varied as the qualities of the soil, or the aspect of its different regions. A great portion of the country, however, has obtained for it the name of the "Italy of America." And with regard to it as a field for the swarms of medical practitioners that yearly issue from the schools of Europe, we are told that Texas offers little encouragement. For details about health and local diseases the bands of emigrants which we have no doubt will ere long leave the British Isles for the fertile land described by Mr. Kennedy, not a few being, in all probability, prompted by his book, we must refer them to its entire pages, where many things in the shape of cautions or advice will be found, and in reference to a variety of matters, as well as much valuable information of a practical kind. But in justice to our author we shall quote the first

paragraph of his chapter on the "Natural Advantages" of the attractive country about which he writes. He says,—

"New and distant settlements, where the amount of capital and labour bears but a small proportion to the extent of unoccupied land, are seldom without their interested eulogists, skilful in softening defects, or throwing them into the background, and painting whatever attractions they may possess in the colours of the rose. On this account, persons who meditate the important act of removal to a new and distant settlement, ought not merely to peruse the various publications intended for the information of emigrants, but endeavour to ascertain the object of their authors in submitting them to the world, and test their pretensions to accuracy, by comparing and weighing the representations of different authorities. In describing the natural resources of Texas, I have, by adducing the testimony of others, adopted a course which will enable my readers to appreciate the trustworthiness of my views and assertions. Indeed, I should be reluctant to convey the ideas I entertain of the beauty and fertility of Texas to my countrymen, unless I were in a condition to confront incredulity with a body of precedent and unimpeachable evidence. And strong as I am in concurrent authority, I shall not seek, in detailing facts, to increase their effect by straining after any embellishments of language."

To this we merely add the following sort of testimony, quoted from a speech of Mr. Clay, the American orator, in a debate in Congress. He said,—

"All accounts concur in representing Texas to be extremely valuable. Its superficial extent is three or four times greater than that of Florida. The climate is delicious, the soil fertile, the margins of the rivers abounding in live oak, and the country admitting of easy settlement. I am not disposed to disparage Florida, but its intrinsic value is incomparably less than that of Texas."

Relative to the natural resources or condition of Texas, we shall merely state, without enumerating its many interesting or precious productions and treasures, animal, vegetable, and mineral,—and such as would first engage the economist or the sportsman, that abundance of coal is mentioned, while unlike many parts of the American continent and other countries in a natural condition, an emigrant on his first settling down will find, if he chooses, large tracts of land, sufficiently clear of wood to allow him at once to commence his agricultural operations.

We shall now proceed to glance at Mr. Kennedy's history of Texas, from the period of the first European settlements to the establishment of the Republic; his narrative, if the facts be as stated by him, completely bearing him out when asserting and reiterating that the colonization of the country by the Anglo-Americans was for peaceable purposes and legitimately commenced, as well as justly

maintained; and also that there is no ground for believing that these colonists contemplated the upholding of Negro slavery in the large vacant field. After having noticed some of the main points of his narrative, not only down to the establishment of the Republic, but of its affairs subsequently and to the present time, we shall cast an eye to the social aspect and prospects of the Republic, as pictured by our author, not overlooking Lord Palmerston's policy in recognizing its independence.

From our abstract and extracts it will be seen that Mr. Kennedy's heart is with the Anglo-Americans who have passed into Texas, not merely because he is convinced that their occupancy of its soil was honestly obtained and honourably persisted in, but because, he deems that the Anglo-Saxon race are fitted and destined to develop the resources of such a country in a manner far superior to any other people, and also so as to cherish friendly relations with Great Britain, and to strengthen our hands throughout the world.

When the arms of Cortez subjugated the aboriginal race which inhabited Mexico, instead of finding a roaming people and in scanty numbers, there was a settled peasantry, to a certain degree given to industry and skilled in agriculture. It was the obvious policy of the Spaniards not to sweep from the land, or to drive to more distant regions this people, and the plan they adopted, on dividing the territory among the conquerors, was to lord it over the Red race, but to allow them to occupy farms, and to employ them as labourers, after a fashion not very different from what was the custom with the peasantry of Europe. Two things resulted from this arrangement which distinguished Mexico from other parts of America: there was little demand for Negroes; and a mixed race sprung from the conquered and the conquerors,—a circumstance which in a manner brought the red and the white men into one family; so that there might have been expected some extraordinary developments in the progress of arts and civilization. But the vile and tyrannical system of the Spanish government at home, which absorbed most despotically all authority over and within its colonies, monopolizing both power and profits, and most mistakingly denying to the Creole population any share in these things, or in what was an object of honourable ambition, produced those effects which might have been foreseen; repressing energy, and confining the more favoured settlers, and the superior classes of the Mexican population, to the central regions of the country; while the ruder and fiercer of the people,—the half-breeds, and the more excluded of every description,—resorted to the more distant and dangerous parts, to pursue whatever course appeared to them most suitable. The region coming under the designation of Texas was thus irregularly inhabited, along with the ancient barbarians; at the same time that it was regarded as a desirable barrier against the French

in Louisiana. Consistently with this notion of intervening protection several fortifications were planted, called *Presidios*, near to which Franciscan monks established themselves, with the professed view of converting the Indians; the real object, however, for the most part being to enrich themselves in the fertile country,—the Fathers literally kidnapping the barbarians and forcing them to labour as well as to make the sign of the cross, which nearly completed the work of conversion. All this the missionaries were enabled to do, by means of military assistance and the strongholds which they built for themselves. But when the arm of Spain grew weak and her military could no longer maintain the wonted strength of the monarchy in America, the native tribes regained their ascendancy, and swept from the Texan territory all vestiges of fortress and mission-house, excepting at one or two stations to which the remnant escaped.

Such was the deserted condition of Texas about the beginning of the present century; and even for several years afterwards, owing to the distractions in Europe, and the overturning of thrones, the effects of which were sensibly felt in the New World. True, the loosening hold which Spain began to experience upon her colonies, as well as the rapid spread of the Anglo-Americans in the United States, were circumstances destined to bring the region of which we are now speaking into particular notice. The Mexicans and adventurers from among the Anglo-Americans sometimes contested the possession of this rich country, and with fluctuating fortune; although from the vast superiority of the former over the latter in these conflicts the enterprises planned by handfuls of those who boldly crossed the boundary did not terminate in permanent success. The invaders, however, saw enough, performed such achievements, and were so excited by their reverses, that it was not likely that Texas should be wholly lost sight of, or long be kept out of the hands of the most energetic race of colonizers in the world.

According to Mr. Kennedy's narration of facts, it so happened that the germ of the Anglo-American colony which has fixed itself in Texas, made no hostile invasion, not even in the face of Spanish policy; although in former times, by the law of that monarchy, it was death for a foreigner to set foot, without a license, upon the soil of its colonial possessions. But a change took place in her policy, for she showed herself willing to dispose of her waste lands, no doubt with a view to financial results, and perhaps from other enlightened motives. The consequence was, that a gentleman belonging to Connecticut,—a person of much experience and of singular energy,—after a variety of negotiations, learned that on condition of settling three hundred families in Texas, he would obtain a large grant of land; terms which his son, Stephen Austin,

was destined to fulfil. Mr. Kennedy satisfies us, at least, that this is the true version of the beginning of the Anglo-American colony; as he does that its later history is in truth widely different from what the anti-slavery and the Mexican party have represented it.

Stephen Austin appears to have been endowed with all those sterling qualities calculated to found a colony, and to plant the seeds of a permanent nation. But he had many difficulties to encounter, which the revolt of the Mexicans from the mother country, the continued revolutions which distracted the Mexican Republic, and the barbarous Indians, proved more or less troublesome. Still, he was allowed to retain possession of the granted lands; new districts for new importations of his American brethren were obtained. He and his people were permitted to exercise self-government, which, so long as the colony could be controuled by one good and wise man, had the most promising results; the Indian tribes around being also taught that they had now a different race of men to deal with, from those in the times of the Franciscan missionaries.

The success of the Anglo-American settlers and the manner in which they developed the natural resources of Texas, attracted numbers, and according to a rapidly increasing ratio, from the United States. In the meanwhile, however, they were annoyed by the frequent changes in the Central Government, and by the madness and wickedness which characterized every new dominant faction. It appears to us, that the young colony exhibited extraordinary patience and prudence, until the jealousy, the perfidy, and the military outrages of the Mexicans, not to speak of the want of all the important attributes of government, forced the Texans to take up arms and achieve their deliverance.

We shall not trace even by the slightest outline the war that began to be waged against a comparative handful of Texans by the armies of Mexico, or the Federal constitution. The atrocities and fortunes of Santa Anna, and others on the same side, have been so recently the subject of newspaper reports, that few of our readers can be so young in years as not to have a general remembrance of the details; such as those of the siege of Alamo, when the whole garrison were massacred in cold blood. Yet what was the treatment which Santa Anna met with when he at last fell into the hands of the Texans? His life was spared, and he was released; nor since the triumphs of the brave and the strongly banded Anglo-Americans, have they been again assailed by the cruel descendants of the Spanish race. In the meanwhile the Texans have adopted a constitution, and been steadily proceeding in the work of consolidation and improvement.

In that part of Mr. Kennedy's book where he treats of the institutions and policy of Texas, we learn that these resemble in their general features those of the United States,—the main distinction

between them being that Texas is an integral, and the United States a Federal Republic, manifestly a more advantageous condition for the new country. Besides, the President of the United States is elected for four years, and is eligible to re-election; the President of Texas is elected for three years, and is not eligible for re-election until the lapse of at least one presidential term.

The common law of England, "so far as it is not inconsistent with the Constitution and the acts of the Congress," has "together with such acts," been adopted as the general law of the land. There is a Supreme Court holden at the seat of government, the city of Austin, to be composed of the chief justice of the Republic, and the judges of each district as associates. Texas has already a Bar. There are inferior Courts for different purposes, and held at fixed times in the different counties. With regard to the Post-Office and the stations belonging to this department,—to schools and churches,—to army and navy,—to the press and public amusements,—to towns and corporations, &c., the Republic is much better provided and further advanced than we had imagined, or than the British public have any notion of. It has even a railway; while the facilities offered by the surface of the country for locomotive conveyance must be rapidly taken advantage of, the geographical position of Texas being also eminently favourable to the rapid growth of a profitable commerce. We shall here quote some illustrations of enlargement and rapid extension:—

"Galveston.—In 1836, there was hardly one arrival in a month of shipping at that port. In 1837, there were but seven houses on the island. In May 1839, there were thirty sail of vessels in the harbour at one time; three steamers plying regularly between it and New Orleans, and the same number between it and Houston. A brig arrived from Boston (a voyage of 3,000 miles), with 150 tons of ice, to cool the beverage of the citizens, and otherwise minister to their comfort. There were about 300 houses, sprinkled over a large surface, and a closely-packed population of more than 2,000 souls. Two wharfs were in progress, and a pier and mole commenced. The public buildings, which were, as might be expected, on a small scale, were a custom-house, court-house, gaol, commissariat and naval store-house, market, magazine, armoury, arsenal, and hospital. Two hotels were in existence, and three in progress. There were three large warehouses and fifteen retail stores, six licensed taverns and coffee-houses, two printing-offices, reading-rooms, &c. &c."

As a fact illustrative of the "go-a-head" principle of the Anglo-Americans, Mr. Kennedy was informed that the timber of a frame-house, containing 20,000 dollars' worth of goods, had been growing in the State of Maine ninety days before.

Relative to England's recognition of the independence of Texas, we have these words:—

"Lord Palmerston—who had avoided, on the one hand, affording, by

undue precipitancy, pretext for offence on the part of Mexico, and had, on the other, shown respectful consideration for the position and claims of Texas—agreed to arrange the terms of a treaty, or treaties, with General Hamilton. A commercial convention was framed on the basis of perfect reciprocity: and conditional stipulations were made for the assumption by Texas of one million sterling of the debt due by Mexico to British bondholders. The treaties finally agreed upon were signed at the Foreign Office, on the evening of Monday, 16th November, 1840, by Lord Palmerston and General Hamilton, and were ratified by the Texan Government in February, 1841.”

When Lord Palmerston entered into this convention, both Belgium and France had acknowledged the independence of Texas. Holland, too, and even the United States, had made a like recognition. Was England to hold out after this, and when there is not the remotest chance of Mexico ever recovering her sway over the invigorated and advancing young Republic? Had the convention been longer delayed, England would probably have lost an opportunity of ever forming an alliance with Texas on the most favourable terms, and equal with those of any other nation. But according to the arrangement that has taken place we have strengthened our position in North America, and in all probability will draw to us a new nation, even in a closer manner than it will adhere to the United States, counting on the jealousies which the near proximity of communities from one stock are apt to entertain, when under entirely distinct governments. Besides, according to the reciprocal principles of free trade, which constitute such a prominent feature in the alliance, what a field has opened, and will be constantly enlarging, for our manufactures in exchange for the choicest raw materials? But then, it will be said, Lord Palmerston has lent his countenance to slavery and its unlimited extension by the treaties into which he has entered with General Hamilton. Without arguing this point upon a broad principle of international policy, we merely ask if such an objection prevailed when our friendly relations with Brazil, the great Leviathan in respect of Negro bondage, were adjusted? The truth is, that it would be much wiser, and far more conducive to the welfare of the African race, that instead of reviling the Texans who have probably nearly ten thousand slaves in their republic, to approve of Lord Palmerston's recognition, to second its objects by encouraging commerce with the young Republic, by urging our fellow-subjects who contemplate emigrating to take into consideration the wondrously fertile and tempting “rolling” lands of the new country, and thus, while securing themselves of plenty and of prosperity, and contributing both to the benefit of Great Britain and of Texas, to take the surest practical steps to repress and extinguish slave labour. But we must let our author be heard at some length upon this same subject of slave-labour. He thus expresses himself:—

“ Political, social, and economic considerations have combined to render Texas a slave-holding country. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, most of the inhabitants were from the slave-holding States of the American Union and felt desirous that their relatives and friends, and people of manners and habits similar to their own, should settle among them. This, they knew, many of them would not do, unless permitted to bring their slaves along with them. Besides, the Northern States were opposed to Texas, and, in case of invasion, they had no allies to fall back upon except the people of the South. There was another (at present the most powerful) reason for introducing slaves from the neighbouring States—the abundance of land and the scarcity of labour. The Republic has sustained itself under extraordinary difficulties, but means are wanting to raise its currency, and to bring its commercial policy and plans of improvement into operation. Capital is required, to create which labour is essential, and that has not offered in such abundance as to induce the Republic to prohibit the removal of slaves with their masters from the Southern States, across the Sabine. It is computed that each field negro in Texas realizes by the cultivation of cotton and Indian corn to the amount of, at the lowest calculation, 500 dollars per annum, without injury to his health.

“ A planter with fifty negroes, procuring from their labour a yearly income of £5,000, is not easily to be *argued* into the relinquishment of a right which the law and usage of his birth-place have always recognized. As to approaching the planters, or people of the South, with threats and vituperation, *that* can be productive of nothing save unmitigated mischief. Much exasperation has grown out of this mode of interference already, wholly unredeemed by beneficial results. Unless foreigners are prepared to effect by force of arms the emancipation of the negroes in the United States and Texas, they will do well to abstain from exaggerated statements and intemperate language; they can only hope to make an impression by the use of moral dissuasives, and especially by addressing themselves to the question in its economical aspect, bearing in mind the wants of a new country, every emigrant to which is expected to bring with him an addition to its resources, in labour or capital—the introduction of negroes being considered equivalent to the latter.

“ With the exception of the low line of the coast, particularly the rich tract adjoining the Brazos, the labours of tropical agriculture may be performed by whites without detriment to health. In the less salubrious districts, the soil is peculiarly adapted to cultivation by steam power, for the application of which, an ingenious American engineer, now in London, has obtained a patent. The machinery, he alleges, is capable of performing nearly all the labour required in cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco estates, besides clearing forest land. If such machinery can be effective anywhere, it must be on the alluvial lands of Texas, where the surface is level and the earth free from stones.

“ The demand for slave-labour decreasing in proportion to the introduction of free, which is much better,—by interdicting the latter, the field is left open exclusively to the former: yet this is the way in which anti-slavery advocates propose to promote their principles in Texas, whose inhabitants they essay to influence, not by reason and moderate language, but by calumny and invective.”

Mr. Kennedy calculates, as has been already noticed, that the whole slave population of Texas cannot amount to 10,000, although he says that Sir T. F. Buxton, in his "Slave Trade and its Remedy," states that he has been informed "upon high authority," that, within the years 1837 and 1838, no less than "15,000 negroes had been imported from Africa into Texas." But the Consul-General at Havannah, adds our author, has gone a step farther, having said that this amount had been imported in a single year. But, to quote a little more of Mr. Kennedy's apparently impartial statement,—

"Texas is not geographically adapted to the great extent of slavery. Beyond the Rio Grande labour is abundant; the population distributed along its banks lead a pastoral life, and the climate towards the west and north-west is better suited to the European than the African constitution. Negroes would make very indifferent herdsmen, whereas the Mexicans of the northern provinces cannot be surpassed. Why should Europe assail the people of Texas because they avail themselves of the only practicable mode of cultivating their fertile country and recruiting their finances, where the territory is open to the industry of all who choose to transplant themselves thither and pre-occupy the field of labour?"

"Among the unjust accusations brought against Texas, is the charge of encouraging the African Slave-trade,—a charge refuted by the provisions of the Constitution, which prohibit the importation or admission of Africans, or Negroes, into the Republic, excepting from the United States of America, and declare it to be piracy. This provision was the voluntary act of the framers of the Constitution. (Mr. K. quotes the terms of the Act of Congress which assigns death, without the benefit of clergy, as the punishment of such piracy.) It was likewise decreed by the same act that, 'If any person or persons should introduce into the Republic of Texas any Africans, or any slave or slaves from the United States of America, except such slave or slaves as were previously introduced and held in slavery in that Republic, in conformity with the laws of that Government, should be deemed guilty of piracy; and upon conviction thereof, before any court having cognizance of the same, should suffer death.' By an act, of June, 1839, all free Africans, or the descendants of Africans, who were in Texas at the date of the Declaration and Independence, and their natural issue, were granted the privilege of remaining in any part of the Republic they chose."

Mr. Kennedy admits having heard that Cuba speculators had succeeded in smuggling a number of Negroes into Texas, but not to any considerable amount; while the Texan newspaper which he quotes denounces the offence in the severest terms, and expresses a hope that the smugglers will be captured and treated with the utmost rigour and decision of the law.

The last paragraph of our author's work, every chapter of which is well-written, and full both of interesting subjects and of right thinking, must close our review. He says,—

" Unless the grossest folly should govern the movements of both, the enjoyment of peace and prosperity by Texas will be productive of the most signal benefits to Mexico and England. The energies of an enlightened people will show the Mexicans the value of the gifts which Nature has lavished upon their soil ; by position and example, that people will rescue them from the consequences of a barbarous policy ; and English manufactories—with the principles of free trade predominant—will furnish untaxed clothing for the naked millions that have pined in hapless indigence since the days of Cortez."

ART. III.—A Plea for the Poor in Scotland, and for an Inquiry into their Condition. By the REV. DR. ROBERT BURNS.

FOR years, the condition of the poor in England has been a theme of universal and earnest discussion. A great portion of the time of both Houses of Parliament has been occupied with the subject ; and, judging from present appearances, it will continue to be the occasion of violent debate, and even to be a test of party politics. The squalid poverty too, which prevails in Ireland, has found vehement tongues for its proclamation, and been the frequent topic of a vast deal of fine sentiment. But Scotland has been generally overlooked, as if there was no poverty within her borders, or as if there was a hardihood in that part of the island that enabled her sons and daughters to bid defiance to cold, nakedness, and hunger. We can very readily excuse the people, both in and out of Parliament, who belong to the southern side of the Tweed, for their silence in this case, seeing that the influential, the well-informed, and the humane of the Scotch themselves, have preserved a remarkable apathy with regard to the subject. Circumstances, however, have lately occurred, certain inquiries have been set on foot, and several individuals have been so exerting themselves, as will ere long, we anticipate, awaken something like an equal interest in behalf of the destitute of old Scotia with what has been excited for those in other parts of the empire ; for it is quite incredible when it becomes known that there is no allowance to multitudes of Scotch paupers, or next to none ; and that although there be a Poor-law in Scotland, which, if strictly and thoroughly carried out, might be adequate in many instances ; yet, that from the mode of administration, which has by no means kept pace with the change of times and the progress of society, the law is almost a dead letter, that it can much longer be tolerated. Indeed, the obsolete character of the statutes relative to the subject, will be at once inferred from the fact, that the most recent of them, dated as far back as 1698, when the principal towns were comparatively small, and when voluntary contributions met many cases of need, which now are hidden from the public eye, and which even escape the knowledge of the most cha-

ritable and humane. In rural parts, we are aware, there is still a great amount of relief bestowed upon decayed servants and family-tradesmen, when the donors do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame. There is also a most praiseworthy feeling cherished in Scotland, and which, in many instances, is far better than any poor-law provision which man could contrive; viz., that it is a disgrace to beg, or to be the recipient of that which has not been earned by industry, so long as work can be obtained and accomplished. The frugality and silent endurance that have, in consequence of this sort of Scotch pride been fostered, have often been the theme of admiration and eloquence. There is, besides, a precious interchange of moral feeling connected with the custom, which obtains in landward parishes, and where the Elders and the Heritors, or others in comfortable circumstances, have a knowledge of individual cases of poverty and want; for then both the giver and receiver are bettered, charity being twice blessed. Gratitude is begotten and expressed; generosity, humanity, Christianity, are awakened, kept alive, and invigorated. What is given, is given without a grudge, and accepted without sullenness or a thought of a legal and imperative claim. The poor man knows precisely who has been his benefactor; the rich man can trace the particular good he has performed, and has the delight of beholding its results; thus, day after day, meeting with a noble reward. Even the universal custom of contributing a trifle every Sunday at the church door, has sacred and precious associations, which are too obvious to require description, and which put this means of relieving the poor upon a footing that appeals to the better principles of human nature, so as neither to encourage idleness and spendthrift habits, nor to beget sourness and reluctance. But wherever the inhabitants of a parish are in crowds, and the great majority are employed as labourers, and manufacturing or trading people, the present system of parochial relief is sadly inadequate, and demands speedy reform. It shall now be our endeavour to convey an idea of the Poor-laws of Scotland, and in as interesting a manner as the subject will admit, considering the dry nature of legal matters; when it will be seen, that, instead of the Scotch pauper getting too much, and without discrimination, as was the complaint under the former law in England, very often in cases of urgent necessity nothing is got, or only so little as in England would be deemed a mockery. Think of an allowance that does not exceed a penny per week, or even a halfpenny, as has lately been shown to be the amount offered to indigent persons in some parts of the country, and say if any thing so miserably inadequate has ever been the treatment of paupers on the south side of the Tweed, and coming under the designation of out-door relief.

We have frequently heard people in England, and in Scotland even, talk as if there was no Poor-law in Scotland, while others

have spoken as if the system in that part of the island was excellent. It is time, therefore, that it be universally understood that neither of these representations is correct; and we go on to state that the law of that country recognizes several classes of poor, and may be enforced in their behalf. Orphans and destitute children, under fourteen years of age, and whether legitimate or illegitimate, are entitled to parochial relief; so also insane persons, idiots, and such as are disabled, through incurable and permanent disease, from earning a livelihood; so also persons who are seventy years of age or upwards. Widows, and mothers of bastards, who cannot support their children, get an allowance. In every case, however, the claimant must have no funds; he or she must not be a "sturdy" beggar,—the law in fact providing punishment for such vagabonds; while children, whose parents are not paupers, are excluded, just as parents are whose offspring is in a condition to support them. Persons out of employment have no claim.

It is upon the parish to which the pauper belongs that his or her claim must be made, the precise parish being determined by settlement, which a residence of three years establishes. By marriage, too, a woman acquires the settlement at once of her husband; but if he have none she loses hers without acquiring any, or even recovering hers if she survives him. Legitimate children, under fourteen years of age, have the settlement of their father; illegitimate that of their mother. A foreigner acquires a settlement by three years' residence, if not interrupted by one year; nor is it necessary that a pauper should ever have been independent of charity. Should he or she have led a vagrant life from infancy, the claim for positive support lies against the place of birth.

The manner in which the funds are obtained for the benefit of paupers is either by assessments or voluntary contributions, or both; the most general mode in which these contributions are given being at the church door. The law declares that one half of this church-door collection be devoted to the support of the poor; the other half is at the discretion of the Kirk-Session, the members of which are the minister of the parish and a certain number of laymen, called Elders, belonging to his congregation. It is usual, of course, that persons most eminent for gravity and piety are chosen for Elders, their duties being not only of a religious kind, but the court so constituted, being of an ecclesiastical nature, and having legal powers. It is desirable that these laymen have their residences, especially in a landward parish, in different parts of it, so that a district, larger or smaller, may be under the eye of one or more; and where the urgency in the way of sickness or poverty may have an early notice, and obtain a special discretionary contribution, which the moiety of the church-door collection, together with other small dues that accrue to the Kirk-Session, is intended to meet, as

well as to defray some other expenses inseparable even from the deliberation of such a simply constituted body. The half of the voluntary contributions that is paid over to the general fund for the support of the poor, is at the disposal, in landward parishes, of the Heritors and Kirk-Session, and in royal burghs, of the Magistrates. With regard to imposing assessments, the persons and classes now named, according to the respective circumstances of the parish, have the right to decide ; and every person may be assessed, landed proprietors according to the value of their property, and all others according to an estimate of their means and substance ; the same mode of arriving at a judgment in this estimate being adopted towards all, although in different parishes, and at different times, there be no uniform method. Any amount may be thus levied. The Elders generally collect the voluntary contributions at the church door ; but if they refuse to perform this duty, the Heritors have a right to do so.

The law affords the poor a right and method to make their claims upon the particular parish to which they belong, or in which they have a settlement. We have already seen that the Kirk-Session and Heritors, as also Magistrates of burghs, have particular powers in the administration of the Poor-laws. But if they neglect their duties, such as to take lists of the poor, collect and raise funds, or to distribute the money so collected or raised, the sheriff of the county, or even the justices of the peace, may, on complaint, impose fines upon the parties so failing ; or, if again, any person who has been assessed, refuses to pay up his share, an action lies against him before the law courts ; while the decision of every inferior court relative to the poor, whether Kirk-Sessions, board of Heritors, justices of the peace, or sheriff, may be carried by appeal before the supreme civil court of the land. It does not appear, however, that any court, although it forces an assessment to be made, has the authority to fix what its amount is to be, or can dictate to Elders and Heritors what share any particular pauper is to receive of the distributed funds. Much is discretionary as regards the proceedings and decisions of these parish boards. They may meet as often as they please, and whenever they are called upon by the minister from the pulpit. It is the business of the Kirk-Session to inquire into the condition of the claimants ; but it is obvious that there will be very considerable diversity of opinion in different parishes and districts of the country, as to the degree of destitution which entitles a claimant to relief. It is proper to bear in mind that paupers can sue in courts of law free of expense ; but then as the proceedings at the meetings of the Kirk-Sessions, and also of the Heritors, are for the most part conducted verbally, and no record in writing kept of them, or but a very brief and succinct one, it is not often that a claimant can come before the courts of law with a very clear case for adjudication and appeal.

It may seem to persons who are entire strangers to Scotland and to the practical working of the Poor Law which we have been describing, that its machinery is not unwisely constructed, and that amongst a people where morality and religion are held in high estimation, the system is sufficiently full and intelligible ; so that any reform or alteration is to be dreaded. When it is borne in mind that the Kirk-Session has the most immediate knowledge of the poor, and is largely occupied concerning them ; and that the members of such a court are presumed to be the most exemplary for the gifts of the heart whatever their learning or natural abilities happen to be, it may be thought that appeals made to their humanity will meet with hearty and adequate responses. We confess that we cherish towards the institution of Eldership, as witnessed in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, feelings of respect and veneration, which are neither few nor slight. Our memory recurs to what we have witnessed in rural districts, especially in the Western part of the country, where the descendants of the Covenanters still manifest a considerable share of the manners of that zealous and self-sacrificing class of professors. In that quarter of the land the Elders are very generally Heritors—small proprietors—“bonnet lairds,” in short,—or the tenants of the gentry, and cultivators of the soil ; there being seldom any marked difference in the state and acquirements of these classes. The Elder himself sat at the same table with his servants, was to be seen in the field daily with them, and not many years ago would wear the stuff that his wife, daughters, and maids had spun. Hard-featured, carrying the signs of a lifetime of toil, and bending under the weight of threescore and ten, how often have we beheld with profound complacency such a saint trudging to the house of God, officiating there on the Sabbath in collecting the voluntary contributions of the congregation, or ministering as an assistant at the altar in the distribution of bread and wine !—how frequently have we met such a staid character of an evening on his way to the bedside of the sick, or the humble shed of the indigent ! No doubt in rural parts, and where cotton-mills or other large manufactories have not been planted by the edges of streams, this order of men are still conspicuous ; but what of the large towns, where the boundaries of the parishes are as wide as ever, but where five times the number of people have wedged themselves in to what formerly belonged to the place ? There is still only one church,—one Kirk-Session ; although there may be several dissenting Meeting-houses, and also hundreds of the most needy who resort to no place of worship at all. In such circumstances how can a dozen or so of Elders take cognizance of all the indigent ? Even although accurate lists were drawn up from time to time, where are the funds that hands can be laid upon for the purpose of affording relief to the numerous poor ? It is obvious that the

collections at the Parish Church-door can never supply regularly any very considerable amount. But the assessment, it will be suggested, is the next resort. Land, houses, and every man of "means and substance," may be forced to contribute; and rather than see their fellow-creatures dying of hunger, and frozen for want of shelter, fuel, and clothing in winter, the humane and religious Elders, with the spiritual Pastor over them, will come forward, and cause the necessary levy to be carried through.

But in the case of the Poor Law of Scotland, as in many other instances, theory and practice are widely at variance; and the fact is, that it is one of the rarest occurrences to impose an assessment. Who are the parties whose duties it is to decide upon and to apportion such a tax? Why, the very persons who will have the greater part of it to pay, or who are under the influence and greatly at the command of the principal payers. The Heritors have to combine with the Kirk-Session, and generally exceed the latter body in weight and number. Several of the Elders themselves are proprietors of lands; if not, they are the tenants of the rich and landed. An assessment is held to be a bad precedent, and not only to lead the poor of the parish to look for a renewal of such a levy whenever their condition requires it, and consequently to relax their exertions, but Heritors and a Kirk-Session who show themselves prompt to relieve such necessities would in a few years gather around them pauper settlements in abundance; whereas the natural policy is to starve as many of the old ones out as can well be done; so that the poor have everywhere been gradually withdrawing from the landward parts and crowding into the wynds and lanes of the large towns, too often there to pine away into a premature grave, and to propagate infectious disease. What chance have the poor of a parish against the all-powerful Heritors of that parish? If the former apply to Justices of the Peace they only address themselves to members of a class whose feelings and interests are against such claims; or if an appeal to the Court of Session is meditated, every disadvantage has to be encountered,—one grand difficulty being, that hardly any parish records are kept of the proceedings of Heritors or Kirk-Sessions whereon to found formal precise steps. That the existing Poor Law of Scotland is sadly inadequate in crowded districts to the necessities of the poor can no longer be concealed; and that an attempt at reform must ere long be made will not be denied, unless the feelings of the British people and the sympathy of Parliament be entirely dead to the Scottish poor,—unnatural and impossible things. Well then, some sort of effort will be made at amendment; but what we fear is, that owing to the callousness of the Scotch themselves who are not indigent, and the interests of the Heritors on the one hand, and the ignorance of Scotch habits on the part of the majority of those who will have to legislate on the

subject, on the other, a copy of the English system will be introduced and made to reach over Lowlands and Highlands alike, much to the damage of the national character, and the dislike of the bulk of the people.

It appears to us that the wisest principle of reform would be to accommodate it, as nearly as possible, to the existing system, and to engraft it upon the forms that have been so long in use. If instead of persons who are immediately and chiefly interested in the payment of assessments, there was a board elected in each parish of individuals who the majority believed and felt, no matter of what sect, could have no selfish motives to sway them either in the imposing or apportioning such a tax, justice might be done to all parties, and general satisfaction produced. To the Session of each congregation, whether of the Establishment or of the Dissenters, the spiritual concerns of the poor, and the distribution of the church-door collections, might be intrusted. And lastly, the whole machinery of the law might be simplified, rendered more definite and plain, and highly efficient.

The symptoms that a deep interest is beginning to awaken over the breadth of the land in behalf of the Scottish poor, are growing numerous; and had it not been for the war of opinion, absorbing, we fear, some of the best feelings of human nature, and blinding even the clergy of the Kirk to the most urgent wants, which the non-intrusion question has evoked, we can hardly think but that some progress would have been already witnessed towards a reform which would immediately reach the destitute and peaceably enduring population of which we have been speaking. Government even has begun, as well as have certain members of Parliament, to consider of the destitution of multitudes of the Highlanders, and emigration upon a large scale at the public expense has been proposed, and also systematic assessments. Both of these remedies, it appears to us, should be energetically adopted; and if wisely contrived, especially if free trade in provisions were established, or the Corn-laws were repealed, society in the Hebrides and other parts of the North, where extreme pauperism exists and periodical famines occur, just as in other parts of the nation, where sudden fluctuations take place, would, to an extent never yet witnessed in our day, be rendered comfortable, healthy, and satisfied.

In no state of society, can there ever be found universal prosperity and happiness. None but the boldest visionaries can ever expect that there shall be no poor at any time, unless human nature morally and physically is to undergo a wondrous change. There will always be improvidence on the part of some individuals; there will be mental imbecility, disease, sickness, and dire accidents; there will be helpless old age, and there will be orphans. In every one of these cases, even when destitution is the result of folly and

spendthrift habits, humanity will not permit mankind to let the victim of his own errors perish for lack of bread. Besides, poverty is the fruitful parent of crime, and even for the benefit of the deserving, and the well-being of the community, it is a wise precaution to provide for the destitute. All therefore are bound both as a duty and as an interest to contribute, according to their means, towards the relief of the poor and the needy. Still the duty, the feelings, and the motives which should govern every one, will not be experienced or exemplified without compulsion, and some general regulations ; hence the necessity for Poor Laws.

But in a society constituted as is that in the British islands, crowded and ever augmenting, it necessarily follows that population outruns employment, and that a portion should, both for the relief of those they leave behind, and the benefit of themselves, remove to a distance, to a new or less densely occupied country, and where their intelligence, skill, labour, enterprize, and industry, will be adequately and speedily remunerated. Curiosity alone, or other motives, will always induce some members of a civilized nation where business and the arts are in vigour, to settle in other countries, and thus extend the relations and intercourse of mankind. Offshoots in all ages have in this way been planted and will continue to grow up. But then it is requisite that colonization should be conducted judiciously,—that the settlers be well advised with regard to the land chosen by them,—that combination and the sound principles of social and civil institutions be kept in view,—and that labour as well as capital be transported ; all which require the direction and superintendence of a paternal government,—a benevolent regard to the mother country and to its offspring, at one and the same time. Hence the call, as respects Scotland and her children, for a permanent system of emigration judiciously planned and maintained. The rules and arrangements to be observed in this department of government have been recently ripening into a science, which we hope soon to see earnestly applied to emigrants going out from the northern division of Great Britain.

But systematic assessments in behalf of the poor, and a judiciously conducted mode of relieving a country of its over-population, especially one situated and containing the natural riches which ours does, will not produce the utmost good which the laws and a wise government have it in their power to bestow. There must be a free trade in provisions ; so that our island, with its precious minerals,—its coal and iron,—which give to industry the highest advantages, and enable a proper complement of hands to obtain the means of purchasing the products and luxuries of foreign lands at a cheaper rate than the same thing can be got from the growth of our own,—ought to invite and welcome, without restriction or prohibition, whatever can be more profitably purchased from

abroad than at home of the same kinds and of our own produce. Our insular situation affords us mighty advantages for free trade, and for the unlimited supplies which the earth produces, whatever be the clime or region ; and to impose restrictions upon the import of the greatest of all necessities, viz. of food, is a most cruel policy ; for it occasions poverty, and either half or wholly starves a portion of the people. Let the Corn-laws be repealed or modified,—let the principles of trade be adjusted ; put emigration upon a sound footing ; and reform the Poor-law ; and then we shall see Scotland as distinguished for prosperity and comfort, as her sons and daughters are for intelligence, industry, and frugality.

ART. IV.—*Journal of a Residence of Two Years and a Half in Great Britain.* By JEHANGEER NOUROJEE and HIRJEEBHOY MEERWANJEE, of Bombay, Naval Architects. Allen and Co.

MANY of our readers may not be aware that till a comparatively recent date, shipbuilding for British India was done by natives, Surat being the centre of this sort of architecture. In fact, about the year 1735, a specimen of workmanship executed under the eye of Lowjee Nasserwanjee, so pleased the British authorities at Bombay, that he was invited to establish himself at that presidency ; and from that moment a new dockyard began to rise into repute, until it attained such an eminence that many of the Company's ships have been built there, and even some for the Royal Navy. The "Lowjee Family," a well-known designation, have been particularly distinguished in this department at that eastern arsenal ; others of them having been extensively engaged in commerce ; while others again held responsible situations in public affairs. The authors before us are descendants of Lowjee, and the sons of the present principal naval architect for the Company. But after all their skill with regard to *sailing* vessels, the application of steam to navigation was in a great measure a mystery and a secret in trade to them. It was therefore resolved that Jehanjeer and Hirjeebboy should cross the seas and pay a visit of considerable length to Old England, to make themselves masters of the new branch which appears destined to effect such changes in peace and in war, in commerce and in civilization. These interesting visitors experienced no lack of friendly counsel and patronage either by the British in India, or influential Directors in England ; Sir Charles Forbes appearing to have been their particular *cicerone* and host.

The first business of a practical nature that the Parsees set about, was to study our language and our customs, which they did for a year, under a clergyman at Egham ; after which they repaired to

the government yard at Chatham, to perfect themselves in the branch of art and trade in which they were already far advanced, and also to make themselves masters in the more modern department of naval craft.

The Journal contains such things as might naturally be expected from intelligent and inquiring Orientals, having the objects in view and the opportunities which we have mentioned. They give us an account of their voyage hither, of what most astonished them while in England, and also of professional objects and experience. They made excursions to various parts of the country, as well as having access to the things most worthy of their notice in the metropolis ; so that they have been enabled to pronounce an opinion or to express their amazement concerning a great diversity of topics. This they have performed whether as describers, students, or critics, in a manner highly to their honour, as regards sentiment, and not less as reasoning men. There is much simplicity and yet certain Oriental features in the literary character of the book, and an unaffected earnestness, not merely as if their hearts were fraught with genuine gratitude for what they experienced and learnt in this country, but as if a deep anxiety prevailed in them to inform and to influence their countrymen. Accordingly, to ourselves there is a good deal in these pages that deserves attention on account of its suggestive and reproofing nature,—more, because of the specimen which is furnished of how persons born and bred under totally different institutions, speak of what they found amongst us ; but especially do we regard the volume as valuable and interesting, because while it proves that a thirst for knowledge has begun to grow up among the natives of India, and indicates the direction which inquiry there is taking, together with the capacity for making rapid advancement, the book will also be a precious and a stimulating addition to that which is already known concerning science and art, Europe and England, by the natives of Hindostan. What strides may not this work originate in the civilization of the East, and more immediately in the maritime superiority of the port of Bombay ! May not these two Parsee naval architects be the Peters the Great of India in ship carpentry, and hereafter regarded as founders of a power in the regions of the East that will cope successfully and single-handed with the Northern Autocrat's now gigantic strength at sea ?

Three remarks more we make, after which we shall no longer withhold from our readers a variety of extracts from the Journal itself, which contains many things that will command respect and afford sterling entertainment. First, the direction of the minds of these strangers, their previous acquirements, and the curiosity which they excite are of a different and far more gratifying kind than what the Persian Princes by their residence in this country or the narrative of what they saw and thought, produced. Not only are

the naval architects really superior men to the offshoots or descendants of royalty to whom we refer, but their objects were of a far nobler order, far fuller of promise, than those which any pauper or refugee prince can be supposed to contemplate. Secondly, although our Lowjees are manifestly persons of great natural shrewdness and well versed in the ways of their world, they frequently show how liable the most accomplished and liberal-minded travellers are to draw wrong conclusions from what they see or hear, and how apt a stranger is to frame a strong and general opinion from partial premises. Thirdly, it will strike every reader of our extracts that these Parsees must have made wonderful progress in our language, during their stay in England, before they set about writing this book ; and although there be many Orientalisms in the work, more frequently too in the manner of thought than in the expression, considering the practical turn of the writers' minds and pursuits, yet we cannot avoid thinking, from the frequently idiomatic style, as well as on account of the kind of remarks volunteered, that some person or persons have supplied them either with whole paragraphs every now and then, or on revising their manuscripts and notes, have interpolated liberally. Still, we do not think that any such assistance can have materially altered the character of the work, at least as concerns the natives of India ; for we do not believe that either of the strangers would allow a passage to go to the press in which they thought they were not bound to acquiesce, or that they would not when exercising the vigilance of intelligent and sincere men, endeavour to satisfy themselves relative to the accuracy of any statement.

It was on the 27th of August, 1838, that the Parsee ship-builders, with some retinue, arrived at Gravesend ; and they are so particular as to mention the very hour of this notable occurrence in their history. For most notable, as is testified in innumerable parts of the volume, did they consider the epoch when they first set foot upon British soil, and found themselves within the din of traffic of the mighty metropolis. Hear how these men, who must have been familiar with many splendid sights in the East, and also with the bustle of trade, express themselves with regard to the port of London :—

“ Here we were greatly surprised to see the amazing number of ships going out and pouring into the Thames, and steamers every now and then running backwards and forwards : we cannot convey to our countrymen any idea of this immense number of vessels, and the beauty of the sight. You will see colliers, timber-ships, merchantmen, steamers, and many other crafts, from all parts of the world, hastening as it were to seek refuge in a river which is but a stream compared to the Ganges and the Indus, or the still larger rivers of America. We thought it a great wonder that such a small and insignificant a speck as England appears on the map of the world,

can thus attract so many nations of the world towards her; and we asked ourselves, why should not those mighty rivers and countries, which have naturally much better accommodations for commerce than England, be not frequented as much? But a moment's reflection satisfied us on this point: the answer presented itself; and we will tell our countrymen, that it is the persevering habits of the English, it is the labour and skill of that people, that is the cause of such attraction. They are never satisfied with any one thing unless it is brought to perfection, it does not matter at what sacrifice. They are ever ready to receive improvements; and thus they have attained that celebrity in their manufactures, that countries which grow materials bring them here to be converted into useful things, which are distributed all over the world; and while other countries were satisfied with what they had, England was eager to augment her resources. And how has she effected this? what has been the principal means of her doing it? Why, by knowledge or science put in practice, because knowledge is power; and it is by the power of knowledge *alone*, and not by the power of arms, that she has so many means of attracting the world to her, and extending the spread of her manufactures."

They remark that the river Thames, however small it may be compared with the rivers of Asia or America, is the largest in England; and then go on to narrate as follows:—

"When we came within about five miles of London, we were surprised at the amazing number of vessels, from the humble barge to the more beautiful ships and steamers of all descriptions. The colliers were the most numerous; and vessels were anchored close to each other, and the river seemed to be almost covered with vessels; and the masts and yards give it the appearance of a forest at a distance. Indeed, there were to be found ships from all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; and a great number of steamers ply about in all directions, filled with passengers. None of our countrymen can form an idea of this noble river and the shipping on it."

They admit that the report, which was familiar to them, of London being the metropolis of the commercial world, was borne out by what they beheld in the river. But other wonders, in rapid succession awaited them:—

"It was nearly dusk when we arrived at London Bridge: notwithstanding which, an immense number of persons flocked round us to view our costume; for, in addition to our two selves, we were accompanied by a friend, and also by two of our domestics, and five individuals in the Parsee costume, collected quite a mob, through which it was difficult to pass to our carriage; we think quite a thousand persons were congregated together. We proceeded through the city of London to the Portland Hotel, where arrangements for our reception had been previously made. And from the immense number of people and vehicles of every description that we saw hurrying along, apparently in great haste, and from the increasing noise, we

were apprehensive that some public commotion had taken place, or that there was some grand spectacle to be witnessed, towards which they were thus hastening. But yet it appeared so odd that there was as much haste and desire to get forward in those who moved eastward as well as in those who were progressing westward. Every street down which we looked appeared to be pouring out countless multitudes to swell the throng. And we were lost in conjecture as to what this bustle could possibly mean. But when we were afterwards informed that this constant tide of human beings was to be witnessed every day for twelve or fourteen hours, we were indeed lost in amazement at the myriads that must exist in London to furnish out of doors such an exhibition of people."

This is truth, sobriety, and sense, compared with the ecstasies and bedizenment of the Persian Princes, when they described their first impressions on visiting our shores.

Sir Charles Forbes soon after their arrival conveyed the ship-builders to the Zoological Gardens in the Park, when the equipages and the liveries which they beheld were astonishing ; and many of the women "appeared to us most beautiful." "We saw more of female beauty in a few hours than we had ever beheld in all our lives." But we like the Journalists never better than when they are upon matters of plain and practical fact, their reflections and interpretations in these instances being often racy and graphic, as well as original and sound. Take them upon the omnibuses and the men that daily hurry to the vicinity of the Bank :—

"At about a quarter before nine you will see all the omnibuses approaching the neighbourhood of the Bank with sober-looking, business-like persons, who are principally clerks in the Bank of England, the numerous private banking-houses, or some of the thousand mercantile firms in that vicinity. At first sight it appears extravagant that you should daily see the same persons, at the same hour, alight from the same vehicle, and you think it a lavish daily expenditure ; but most of them are married men with large families, who reside in a neighbourhood where they can have a commodious house in an airy situation at a moderate rent, which enables them to add the six shillings per week which they pay for riding to the article of rent, and even then they can get a house at nearly half what they would pay for one in a confined situation nearer to their business. At about ten, or half-past, you see men a little gayer in their attire, a great deal stiffer in their manners, and seem to think themselves very great men ; these are the upper clerks and cashiers of banking-houses. About this time, too, you will see smirking, priggish-looking men arriving in great numbers, many of them, if not Jews, looking to have a cross of the Israelite in their blood : should you happen to be in the same omnibus with them, you can immediately detect them ; should an intimate friend get into the omnibus, they will play some quiet practical joke upon him as he passes, either by putting out their feet to cause him to stumble, pulling his coat tail, or some boyish freak to get their hands in for their childish play, when they get to kicking each other's hats to pieces in their room for business. Some of these are

members of the Stock Exchange, where money operations are transacted. The next lot consists of the principals of firms, who ride up in the omnibus to their house of business in the morning, and their wives and daughters come about two or three in the afternoon, in their own carriages, to fetch them for a drive in their way home. Most of these persons are daily taken up at their own doors; and at the several hours of three, four, five, and six, may be seen progressing to the side of the Bank to re-enter their vehicles, upon their return to spend a pleasant evening in the bosom of their families. Very few ladies are to be met with in omnibuses; they do occasionally ride in them, but only in or out of town. To travellers in quest of orders, visitors to London who wish to see all they can as soon as time will admit, and at as cheap a rate as possible, omnibuses are of very great advantage. We were also much surprised to see standing in the middle of the principal streets a very great number of carriages drawn by two, and smaller ones by a single horse, all of which are for hire; and for very small sums you can go to any distance you please."

We presume that the Parsees never read Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses, and are no way acquainted with the slang or cant of criticism in regard to the imitative arts. But still they express themselves distinctly about art, giving reasons, and these too not unfrequently deserving of notice. Windsor afforded them occasion to pass opinions of the sort to which we allude. For example they say,—

"About the year 1831, a very large equestrian statue of the king on horseback (George the Third) has been erected on the highest part of this hill; it is at the end of the long road from the Castle, and is to be clearly seen all the way; it is placed upon stone work like a huge rock, of twenty-four feet high, and the horse and man are twenty-six feet high, thus being fifty feet above the road. We are told by those who knew George the Third, that it is very much like him; he is not, however, dressed as an Englishman, and we as foreigners, should have taken him for some Roman figure, similar to those in the British Museum. We understand, the sculptor, Mr. Westmacott, thought it would make a better figure than if in the uniform, cocked hat, and large boots, which George the Third wore. It may look better, perhaps, to the eye; but the grand object, of handing down the name and memory, the likeness, and the costume of the age in which he lived, is thus quite lost."

But we must not leave Windsor without some notice of its living pride of figures, and hearing of the manner in which curiosity and politeness were reciprocated, to the modest delight of the strangers:—

"In a very few minutes we saw her Majesty come on the Terrace; and everybody ranged themselves on both sides of the road, to pay their respects and have a peep at their youthful Sovereign. She was plainly dressed; and we had the honour and gratification of seeing her.

"She passed by close where we stood; and had in attendance upon her Lord Melbourne and Lord Falkland; there were many others who were not pointed out to us. We were of course steadfastly and earnestly gazing upon the interesting face of that young lady, who holds so high and important a post as the Queen of Great Britain; and we were asking ourselves, whether she would not in all probability have been happier, had her lot been to have passed through life as Princess Victoria, without being called upon to fill the high responsible position she now does! When, attracted by seeing us in our costume, she turned her head and looked upon us, we made our salaams, (an Indian bow): but we received an answer in that look—an answer to what had been passing in our minds.

"We saw in an instant that she was fitted by nature for, and intended to be a Queen; we could perceive a native nobility and expression about her, which induced us to believe that she could, although meek and amiable, be firm and decisive; and that whether Whigs or Tories were the Ministers of the day, she would still be the Queen, and have her own will, and judge for herself. * *

"Shortly after she had passed us, one of the attendants came to inquire who we were, and what country we came from; which we informed him; but he returned again, to say her Majesty was pleased to know our names; and as we knew the difficulty an Englishman has to pronounce our names, we gave our cards to him; which he handed to Lord Melbourne, and no doubt were read to her Majesty, who did us the honour, upon reaching the end of the Terrace, again to look upon us, and what to her was the novelty—our costume.

"We felt highly honoured in being thus noticed by our gracious Sovereign—the greatest in the world; and we were highly delighted with the loyalty which the English people present evinced towards her Majesty; as we observed every individual that was on the Terrace take off their hats and pay proper respect and homage to her."

Relative to every object or subject upon which our Bombay friends fancied their countrymen could experience curiosity, or the description of which they thought would stimulate exertion in India, improve education, invite imitation, or convey entertainment, they write with anxious minuteness. The British Museum and the theatres, of course, are not omitted. We quote some strictures *anent* the latter:—

"Upon the stage we saw a great many females dressed exactly alike, all very handsome, dancing and performing difficult evolutions, standing upon one leg, and whirling rapidly round, with the other stretched straight out. It was the last evening upon which Taglioni, the favourite French dancer, was to dance in England, and an English friend who accompanied us very frequently, asked us how we liked her dancing. He, for his part, was very much delighted with it, but to us it appeared of very little interest; and we were very much surprised to hear that for every night she appeared upon the stage she had been paid one hundred and fifty guineas!!! Only think,—one hundred and fifty guineas every night to be paid in England to stand

for a long time like a goose upon one leg, then to throw one leg straight out, twirl round three or four times with the leg thus extended, to curtsey so low as to nearly seat herself upon the ground, to spring occasionally from one side of the stage to another; all of which jumping about did not, on her part, occupy an hour; and to get more money for that hour every evening, than six weavers in Spitalfields, (who produce beautiful silk for dresses) could earn all of them, working fourteen hours every day, in twelve months! It does appear so absurd that a dancing woman should thus take out of English pockets every night, for an hour's jumping, more than would keep six weavers of silk, their wives and families, for a whole year. Had we not seen instances that convinced us the English were clever people, we should have thought them very foolish indeed thus to pay a dancing puppet."

With regard to the *ladies* who frequent the saloons of the theatres the ship-builders remark very justly; thinking the thing "very discreditable to be allowed." Our next extract contains a correct enough statement respecting the *vulgaries* and the blackguards who frequent the cheaper parts of the *minors*; but we must not permit our country readers to trust to the soundness of the general inference. Neither relative to the exorbitant sums paid to Opera dancers can we allow that the Journalists have philosophised deeply upon the modes in which wealth, idleness, and a high degree of artificial taste or the tyranny of fashion will operate among the English. The Parsees regarded us chiefly as a nation of engineers, shopkeepers, and money-makers. But they forgot the follies and the fashions inseparable from wealth. But to our extract:—

"In concluding our description of the theatres of London, we have to commend to our countrymen, should any of them on their visit to England desire to see the theatres in London, always to go to the boxes, which are frequented by a respectable class of people, and there they will receive much civility and attention; but never, for the sake of economy, go either to the pit or gallery of any of them (except the Italian Opera), because these places are always resorted to by the humbler classes, as well as by rogues, thieves, and pickpockets, and, should a stranger happen to be there, he is often teased and insulted with gross and abusive language by these fellows; besides, he could not see much of the performances. We state this from the treatment we once experienced at Astley's Amphitheatre, but, on our discovering the error, we immediately left the place. We therefore advise our readers, always to pay a little more and go to the boxes, rather than be in company with a set of fellows who derive pleasure at the expense of your comfort. And here we would inform our countrymen that the majority of the lower orders in England are very rude in their manners towards strangers, whom they do not like to see in their own country."

But, as we have already intimated, we like these Bombay shipwrights better and better, the nearer they approach what lies within their own branch of study and pursuit. The Adelaide and Poly-

technic Galleries enraptured them, and England looked glorious in these mirrors and miniature worlds of science and art. They say—

“If we had seen nothing else in England besides the Adelaide Gallery and the Polytechnic Institution, we should have thought ourselves amply repaid for our voyage from India to England. There can be nothing conceived more interesting to persons like ourselves, who, having from an early age been taught to believe that next to our duty of thankfulness and praise to our God and Creator, that it is the duty of every man to do all that he can to make all mankind happy; we were early instructed that the man who devoted his energies to the works of science and of art deserved well of his fellow-men. To us, then, brought up in India for scientific pursuits, and longing ardently to acquire practical information connected with modern improvements, more particularly with naval architecture, steam-engines, steam-boats, and steam navigation, these two galleries of practical science seemed to us to embrace all that we had come over to England to make ourselves acquainted with, and it was with gratitude to the original projectors of these institutions that we gazed upon the soul-exciting scene before us; we thought of the enchantments as related in the ‘Arabian Nights Entertainments,’ and they faded away into nothingness compared with what we then saw. Here within this limited space were miniature steam ships, with every possible variety of improved machinery, gliding upon the water; here were exhibited all and every description of paddle-wheels for propelling them through the water. There was a ship upon the stays ready to be launched upon the removal of the dog shores; here was every possible variety of lock gates for entrances to wet docks, calculated to open with facility and to resist the pressure of a great weight of water when the ship was in dock; here you could learn how safely to descend into the sea with different contrivances; and here you were taught how you might best ascend into the air in a balloon. Here the scientific man for hours and days may acquire valuable information, and here the man in quest of pleasure and amusement may, day after day, gaze upon pleasing inventions and beautiful models of a light nature to please the eye whilst his ear would be charmed with good music.”

The panegyric waxeth warmer; coal and iron evoking their utmost enthusiasm and praise:—

“It is most extraordinary to see the multiplicity of purposes to which iron is now applied; steam-boats and indeed steam-ships are built now of iron. Mr. Waghorn has carriages on the desert on the overland route to India composed entirely of iron, lighter than they could be made of any other material, and possessing the advantage that hot weather will not cause them to shrink. Iron cables we have all seen, and the strong prejudice that existed against them of their want of elasticity is dying away; for, singular as it may appear, iron cables have, in use, really more elasticity than hempen ones; for a ship always rides with her hempen cable in a state of tension, (that is, drawn out in a line from the anchor to the ship’s bow,) but on the contrary, from its weight the iron cable always hangs slack, (bellying, as sailors term it,) and the fact is, when the ship heaves, the giving up of this

bellying of the cable, yields greater relief than the elasticity of a hempen cable can possibly do. We have chain used for standing rigging and for securing the bowsprit ; we see it used most extensively for knees of ships ; we use it in ships for hawse-holes, and for facings to bit-heads ; it has been used for boats ; it is used by thousands of tons for railroads. Within doors in England every domestic article may be met with in cast-iron ; it is used for staircases, for mantel-pieces, and for cooking kettles ; and in the church-yard it is used for monuments instead of tombstones ; on the high-road it is extensively used to supersede milestones ; and we hear that it is used even for coffins."

They exclaim, " How much does England owe to her inexhaustible mines of coal and of iron !" and thus continue :—

" It is to them she is indebted for all her riches, gold and silver mines are not to be compared to those of coal and of iron, gold and silver would employ but few persons and enrich but very few, but coals and iron in their processes afford employment to countless thousands, they are the parents of the steam-engine ; no country, destitute of coal and iron, can compete with England in steam machinery,—it would be an endless subject to treat upon. Coals and iron are the parents of the power-loom, of the spinning-jenny, of all the machinery in England. Oh ! happy England, possessing within yourself this source of employment, of manufacture, and of wealth ; old happy England, you are, and long will be the wonder and envy of the world ; you possess materials that enable you to work machinery, that allows you to bring cotton from India, thousands of miles, to manufacture it into fine muslin, and to send it back to India and to sell it there much cheaper than it can be made there, although a few pence per day will there keep those employed in manufactures ;—it enables Englishmen in every market upon the Continent of Europe to offer cloths, cottons, stockings, and silks, at prices so much lower than they can be produced even in those places where labour is cheap, that in many parts they prohibit English goods, in order that their manufactories may not be closed from inability to produce such goods so cheap. What does not coal and iron do ? What is there in England that cannot be done by steam ? Carriages fly upon iron railroads heated by coal, wood is sawn by steam, iron is hammered into anchors, and rolled into plates, bars, and wire by steam. The very fires to get up all these powerful machines are blown up by steam ; water is pumped up by steam ; butter is churned by steam ; books are printed by steam ; money is coined by steam ; ships, heedless of wind and tide, navigate the seas by steam ; guns are fired by steam ; flour is ground by steam ; and every article of clothing from head to foot is made by steam."

We shall not quote anything of what is said about our courts of law, our police, our shops, or our literary journals ; but conclude with sketches of some of our public men, as well as certain ideas concerning features of our legislative assemblies. As to the house of " Incurables " we thus read :—

" The House of Lords at the present time as thus composed : three

princes of the royal blood (dukes), twenty-one dukes, twenty marquesses, one hundred and thirteen earls, twenty viscounts, two hundred and nine barons, sixteen peers of Scotland, twenty-eight peers of Ireland; twenty-four archbishops and bishops of England, and four archbishops and bishops of Ireland; and how have these peers who form this House of Lords been made, and what are they? In the earliest ages persons, who were possessed of much land, kept about their houses a great many persons called retainers, who followed them to fight, and upon occasions when the king required a number of supporters, he used to summon these land-owners at a particular time and place for their assistance and counsel; and this was the first House of Peers. After some time admirals of the navy and commanders of the army were made noblemen and sent to the House of Peers, sometimes persons have been made noblemen for lending their lives for the king, sometimes if a person has been very troublesome in the House of Commons and been constantly asking for information not pleasant to the government to give, he has been made a nobleman; if a minister wanted votes upon a particular measure which he was anxious to carry, a peerage has been conferred upon a person to abstain from voting against the question; and if a man who held a little place in the ministry was found to be of no use, and would not resign his situation, he was made a nobleman and sent to the House of Peers. The lawyer who made himself the active instrument of government and hesitated not to decide always as the ministry wished him, was made a nobleman, and sent to the House of Peers; a very great many of the House of Lords, were made peers because they were owners of Pocket Boroughs and could return several members to the House of Commons."

Not less racy is the notice of O'Connell who "is paid very largely for his exertions by an Irish contribution called 'Rent,' to remunerate him for having given up his practice as a barrister." But we must hear something more of Dan and the "much talkee" people, as the Chinese would say, of the House of Commons. First as to some general matters:—

"We were admitted into the body of the house somewhere about six o'clock on Thursday evening, and there we sat until half-past two on Friday morning, about eight hours and a half. Shortly after we entered the House, an influential gentleman among the Conservatives told our friend that the Ministers would have a majority of six; and about eight o'clock he said another Ministerial Member had posted home from Vienna, and that the majority of votes would most probably be seven: and, to prove how accurately he made his calculation, the Ministers had a majority of five; one of the persons who was expected to vote with the Ministerialists voted with the Opposition, and thus accounted for the variation. The gentleman in question is sometimes called the Whipper-in of the Conservatives; that is to say, he urges all to vote, knows where every Member is, and if he intends to be in the House or not. This must be a troublesome office."

Now for the "agitator":—

"Spoke upwards of two hours; addressed the House in most energetic terms, imploring the Members, for the safety and welfare of England and

Ireland, 'to do justice to Ireland,' by placing her on the same footing as England in all things. He spoke most feelingly, most forcibly; and with his large figure, clear distinct voice, and peculiar Irish pronunciation, he attracted much of our attention, particularly when he said very loudly—'Grant this bill, and you will take away much of my powerful influence. I call upon you to disarm me by doing justice to my country.' He was very many times loudly cheered by the Members who sat on his side of the House."

They fancied, as they made a conspicuous figure on account of their costume, that Dan alluded to them when he said, as he seemed to look at them,—“Mind what you are doing! the eyes of the whole world are upon you.” Sir Robert Peel appeared to them for a time exceedingly indignant:—

“After Mr. O’Connell had finished his speech, Sir Robert Peel (who was formerly first Minister of the Crown, and who has been for some time leading man of the Tory party) rose, and looking very angrily at Mr. O’Connell, attacked him for some time for threats that he (Mr. O’Connell) had indulged in towards England. He said—‘He has spoken in a tone totally unworthy of the representative of the Irish people; in a tone and temper unworthy of that character, such as I never heard. I do not complain of the high tone which that honourable and learned gentleman takes; but I do complain of the apparent delight with which he gloated on the past animosities between the two people.’ Sir Robert also said, ‘I believe you libel your country; you libel your country when you insinuate that they would not join us in repulsing the attacks either of France or America.’ In making these observations, he seemed as if he was much angry and could not control his feelings. We think a great debater should never lose his temper; if he does, we think he may sometimes lose sight of his argument. After a little more than a quarter of an hour, the violence of Sir Robert Peel towards Mr. O’Connell appeared to abate, and he then went into the merits of the proposed measure, and calmly stated his views and opinions in very fluent language. Mr. O’Connell, after Sir Robert had finished his personalities, packed up his papers, made his bow to the Speaker, and left him to his two hours’ speech. And we think him a great speaker, but his actions were odd, as he kept thrusting one of his hands out between the flaps of his coat, and swinging himself round. We should have called him an orator but for his losing his temper. Still we should say he reasoned well; and his speech appeared to make a great impression upon his side of the House. The cheers were loud and often.”

Lord John—

“Then rose; and we were surprised to find that he did not speak fluently; he appeared to have an impediment in his speech; but after a little while he shook off his apparent impediment, and he, for nearly two hours, spoke principally in explanation of the question before the House. His side of the House cheered him quite as loudly as Sir Robert Peel had

been cheered. We looked at him: he was a little pale-looking man, with a tolerably loud voice, but not harmonious, and his action although energetic, was not altogether pleasing."

Lastly, what thought they of the "talkee"? The Parsees did not reflect that the orators knew that the people expected to hear and would read what they had to say:—

"But after all these people had spoken and argued, to gain converts as it were, the result was nearly as it had been foretold at an earlier hour in the evening. For upon a division the Ministers of the Crown had only a majority of five. So that all these long speeches might have been spared; and all the Members of the House, the messengers and the reporters, might, for all the good effect the debate had had, all of them been quietly enjoying their night's rest."

ART. V.—*The Nestorians; or, the Lost Tribes.* By ASHAEL GRANT, M.D. London: Murray. 1841.

DR. GRANT, in the year 1835, left the United States and repaired to Persia, under the patronage of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; that body having formed a mission in the East among the Nestorians in certain provinces, one of the stations being in Ooroomiah, which is situated in the north-western part of the modern kingdom of Persia, and constituted an important province of ancient Media. It was thought by the Board that a suitable Missionary Physician would be an efficient member of the Society and might procure favour and protection, by affording convincing proofs of benevolence and disinterestedness. But for more than a year the call had gone through the breadth and length of the American Union, before a medical gentleman offered his services. At last Dr. Grant, "abandoning an increasing and delightful practice in Utica, and with Mrs. Grant" presented himself. The volume contains first an account of his travels and adventures in the new and perilous sphere of his exertions; viz. in ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media, and Mesopotamia; and, secondly, his reasons for thinking that the Nestorian Christians are indeed the representatives and lineal descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel; the subject being one of surpassing interest. Seldom, indeed, have we had evidence of bolder and well-conducted missionary enterprize than in the case of our author; seldom of more rapid success, in as far as his attempts and purposes went; while the opening which he achieved and the promise which he holds out, to missionaries among a branch of the primitive church, are especially gladdening.

The greater part of the volume, the whole containing between three and four hundred pages, is devoted to an account of the manners, customs, ceremonies, traditions, language, physiognomy, &c.

of the Nestorians, and such comparisons, reasonings, and proofs, together with illustrations drawn from Scripture, as Dr. Grant thinks entitle him to pronounce that people to be the "Lost Tribes."

Our readers are all aware that a variety of opinions have been offered with regard to the identity and discovery of the Ten Tribes ; that some have maintained that the American Indians are this people ; others that they are the Afghans ; others that they are absorbed in the nations among whom they settled ; some suppose that they are amalgamated with the Two Tribes, that is, the Jews Proper ; and very lately we saw what was the Rev. J. Samuel's opinion in his work entitled "The Remnant Found ; or, the Place of Israel's Hiding Discovered,"

We shall not notice the reasons given for upholding or opposing any one of these theories or conjectures. We shall not even give an abstract of our present author's facts and conclusions ; although we warmly recommend his evidences of the heirship to Israel of the people of whom he particularly treats to the consideration of our readers, not only because the subject is one both curious and of deep importance, but because Dr. Grant adduces much that is altogether new both in the discussion of the difficult question, and previously unknown to the civilized world relative to those he calls the Independent Tribes of the Nestorians. We believe that very few were aware, before the publication of this book, of the existence of the Mountain Nestorians ; or at least of their numbers, still less of their customs and character. Even by the Koords and other races who live around the people to whom our author penetrated, they are in a great measure a mystery and a terror. These circumstances invest the subject with singular interest ; while in themselves the Nestorians are peculiar in many respects, exhibiting a strange condition of religious belief and practice.

It is to what occupies the first part of Dr. Grant's volume that we shall now confine ourselves ; that is, to his narrative of travels, which continued down to about the middle of 1840, at which time he embarked for his native country, but from which he is likely again to depart with renewed zeal in his missionary labours among those he believes to be the remnant of Israel left from Assyria. That zeal is still indeed remarkable ; for the dangers and toil which he has already encountered in the East, the sickness he has endured, and the death of his young wife who, with "her infant twin-daughters now repose by her side within the precincts of the ancient Nestorian church in the city of Ooroomiah," might well be supposed to have cooled his ardour. On the contrary, however, he appears to have waxed more and more enthusiastic ; and while his trials and bereavements sublimated his views, many things which he describes were calculated to stimulate and reward his exertions. We must now accompany him in his missionary travels.

Having arrived at Tabreez, in Persia, where he met with a cordial reception from the few English residents in that commercial city, the British ambassador having lent all the aid and protection within his power in behalf of the missionaries, he, after resting a few days, proceeded to Ooroomiah, where the American Board have established a Station, as has already been notified. The Nestorians in particular have welcomed the adventurers; the bishops and priests sitting at the tables of the missionaries, joining in worship with them, gladly receiving instruction, and there being much to raise Christian hope, although the people are "sunk into the darkness of ignorance and superstition." Still the Americans have been permitted to prosecute their labours "without a breath of opposition" from the ecclesiastics or their flocks; Dr. Grant without an over-sanguine feeling, stating that there are "some who now appear to lead exemplary lives." Twelve or fourteen free-schools have been opened in the province; in the city a seminary and girls' boarding-school have been established on the Mission premises; considerable portions of the Scriptures have been translated into the vernacular of the Nestorians. The churches are at the service of the strangers for Sabbath schools and for preaching; and among the accessions from America, besides clergymen and their wives, a printer has been sent out, with a press of such a construction as to admit of transportation on horseback from the shores of the Black Sea.

With regard to the province of Ooroomiah itself, we are told,—

"It is separated by a lofty chain of snowy mountains from Ancient Assyria or Central Koordistan on the west; while on the east the beautiful lake extends about eighty miles in length and thirty in width. The water of this lake is so salt that fish cannot live in it: its shores are enlivened by numerous water-fowl, of which the beautiful flamingo is most conspicuous, and sometimes lines the shore for miles in extent.

"A plain of exuberant fertility is enclosed between the mountains and the lake, comprising an area of about five hundred square miles, and bearing upon its bosom no less than three hundred hamlets and villages. It is clothed with luxuriant verdure, fruitful fields, gardens, and vineyards, and irrigated by considerable streams of pure water from the adjacent mountains. The landscape is one of the most lovely in the East; and the effect is not a little heightened by the contrast of such surprising fertility with the stern aspect of the surrounding heights, on which not a solitary tree is to be seen; while in the plain, the willows, poplars, and sycamores by the water-courses, the peach, apricot, pear, plum, cherry, quince, apple, and vine, impart to large sections the appearance of a rich, variegated forest.

"Near the centre of this plain stands the ancient city of Ooroomiah, containing a population of about twenty thousand souls, mostly Mohammedans, and enclosed by a fosse and wall of nearly four miles in circuit. At a little distance on the east of the city an ancient artificial mound rises to the height of seventy or eighty feet, and marks the site, as it is said, of the ancient

shrine or temple, where in days of yore the renowned Zoroaster kindled his sacred fires, and bowed in adoration to the heavenly hosts.

"The climate is naturally very delightful; but owing to local causes a poisonous miasma is generated, occasioning fevers and the various diseases of malaria, to which the unacclimated stranger is specially exposed; and the mission families have suffered much from this cause."

The main body of the Nestorian Christians were supposed by the Missionaries to be located on the west of the central mountains of Koordistan, and to consist of independent tribes that have their abode in the most difficult fastnesses of these mountains of central ancient Assyria. It was deemed of the highest importance to bring them under an enlightening influence, before they should become alarmed by changes among their brethren of the plain; and our author regarded these mountain tribes as the principal field for missionary exertions. Soon after the death of his wife and twin-daughters, and early in the year 1839, he received instructions to proceed into Mesopotamia to these independent tribes; and however difficult and dangerous it was for any stranger to travel through the Koordish mountains, on account of the sanguinary and thieving character of that people, it was thought that Dr. Grant's professional character and medical achievements, which had become proclaimed far and wide, would secure to him a safe passport. That professional character had already wherever he went procured him ready access to the retirement even of the harem, and the social as well as domestic circles of every class of people. Still, the lawless and predatory habits of the Koords were sufficiently formidable to cause the Doctor deep anxiety, and even to induce his American brethren either to counsel him to relinquish the enterprize, or to make them refrain from any advice that would urge him to persist in its prosecution. The following conversation with one of the nomadic Koords and a Nestorian bishop is given to serve as an illustration of the character of the mountain robbers:—

"*Myself.*—Where do you live?

"*Koord.*—In black tents. We are Kouchee Koords.

"*M.*—What is your occupation?

"*Bishop.*—You need not ask him. I will tell you. They are thieves.

"*M.*—Is that true, Koord?

"*K.*—Yes, it is true. We steal whenever we can.

"*M.*—Do you kill people too?

"*K.*—When we meet a man that we wish to rob, if we prove the strongest, we kill him; if he proves the strongest, he kills us.

"*M.*—But suppose he offers no resistance when you attempt to rob him?

"*K.*—If he have much property, we would kill him to prevent his making us trouble; if he had not much, we would let him go.

"*B.*—Yes, after you had whipped him well.

"*M.*—Suppose you meet a poor man who had nothing but his clothes, what would you do? Would you molest him?

"*K.*—If his clothes were good, we would take them and give him poor ones in exchange. If not, we would let him pass.

"*M.*—But this is a bad business in which you are engaged, of robbing people. Why do you not follow some other occupation?

"*K.*—What shall we do? We have no ploughs or fields; and robbing is our trade.

"*M.*—The Persians will give you land if you will cultivate it.

"*K.*—We do not know how to work.

"*M.*—It is very easy to learn. Will you make the trial?

"*B.*—He does not wish to work. He had rather steal.

"*K.*—He speaks the truth. It would be very difficult, and take a long time, to get what we want by working for it; but by robbing a village, we can get a great deal of property in a single night.

"*M.*—But you are liable to be killed in these affrays.

"*K.*—Suppose we are killed. We must die some time, and what is the difference of dying now or a few days hence? When we rob a village, we go in large parties upon houses, surprise the villagers when they are asleep, and escape with their property before they are ready to defend themselves. If pursued by an army, we strike our tents and flee to our strongholds in the mountains.

"*M.*—Why do you not come and rob these villages, as you used to do?

"*B.*—They could not live if driven out of Persia. They fear the Persians.

"*K.*—We should have no other place to winter our flocks; so we give the Persians some presents, and keep at peace with them.

"*M.*—I wish to visit your tribe. How would they treat me?

"*K.*—Upon my eyes they would do everything for you.

"*M.*—But you say they are thieves and murderers. Perhaps they would rob and kill me.

"*K.*—No, no; they wish to have you come, but you are not willing. We never rob our friends. You come to do good, and no one would hurt you.

"*M.*—But many of them do not know me.

"*K.*—They have all heard of you, and would treat you with the greatest kindness if you should visit them."

Dr. Grant having, after many inquiries, found that there were no Nestorians remaining on the western side of the Koordish mountains,—excepting some who had "become Papists" or *Chaldeans*, as those Nestorians are called that have embraced the Roman faith, in consequence of the efforts of certain missionaries educated at the Propaganda of Rome,—assumed the Oriental robes and turban, and entered upon his perilous journey to the independent mountain tribes, having previously paid a visit to Constantinople and thence towards Persia, from the frontier of which he thought it might be practicable for him to reach the people he was so anxious to visit. At length he got as far as Mosul, a city containing thirty thousand

inhabitants, and after a short stay there, he started towards the unexplored mountains of central Koordistan, accompanied by two Nestorians of Persia, a Koordish muleteer, and a Turkish *cavass* (police officer) from Mohammed, the vigorous Pasha of Mosul, and whose authority he had made to be acknowledged at a great distance from his seat of power. In the course of the Doctor's journey towards the Nestorian tribes whom no European had ever attempted to visit, excepting Mr. Shultz, who was murdered by the Koords, he came upon scenes famous in history, such as the river Tigris, which separates Mesopotamia from Assyria, and where Nineveh stood. Soon after he found himself among the Yezibeas, the reputed worshippers of the devil. Our author became the guest of one of the chiefs, whose dwelling, like others in the place, was a rude stone structure, with a flat terrace roof. The following particulars have an interest in them :—

“ Coarse felt carpets were spread for our seats in the open court, and a formal welcome was given us, but it was evidently not a very cordial one. My Turkish *cavass* understood the reason, and at once removed it. Our host had mistaken me for a Mohammedan, towards whom the Yezidees cherish a settled aversion. As soon as I was introduced to him as a Christian, and he had satisfied himself that this was my true character, his whole deportment was changed. He at once gave me a new and cordial welcome, and set about supplying our wants with new alacrity. He seemed to feel that he had exchanged a Moslem foe for a Christian friend, and I became quite satisfied of the truth of what I had often heard, that the Yezidees are friendly towards the professors of Christianity.

“ They are said to cherish a high regard for the Christian religion, of which clearly they have some corrupt remains. They practise the right of baptism, make the sign of the cross, so emblematical of Christianity in the East, put off their shoes and kiss the threshold when they enter a Christian church; and it is said that they often speak of wine as the blood of Christ, hold the cup with both hands, after the sacramental manner of the East, when drinking it, and, if a drop chance to fall on the ground, they gather it up with religious care.

They believe in one supreme God, and, in some sense at least, in Christ as a saviour. They have also a remnant of Sabianism, or the religion of the ancient fire-worshippers. They bow in adoration before the rising sun, and kiss his first rays when they strike on a wall or other object near them; and they will not blow out a candle with their breath, or spit in the fire, lest they should defile that sacred element.

“ Circumcision and the passover, or sacrificial festival allied to the passover in time and circumstance, seem also to identify them with the Jews; and altogether they certainly present a most singular chapter in the history of man.

“ Their system of faith has points of strong resemblance to the ancient Manichean heresy; and it is probable that they are a remnant of that heretical sect. This idea derives support from the fact, that they seem to have

originated in the region where Manes first laboured and propagated his tenets with the greatest success; and from the coincidence of the name of their reputed founder or most revered teacher, Adde, with an active disciple of Manes of the same name and place of abode. If Adde of the Yezidees and of the Manicheans was one and the same, the circumstance at once reconciles their remains of Christian forms and sentiments, with the testimony of the Syrian and Nestorian Christians around them, to their Christian origin, and throws important light upon the early history of this remarkable people. Their Christian attachments, if not their origin, should at least plead strongly to enlist the sympathies of Christians in their behalf, while it holds out cheering encouragement for us to labour for their good.

“That they are really the worshippers of the devil can only be true, if at all, in a modified sense, though it is true that they pay him so much deference as to refuse to speak of him disrespectfully (perhaps for fear of his vengeance;) and, instead of pronouncing his name, they call him the ‘lord of the evening,’ or ‘prince of darkness;’ also, Sbeikh Maazen, or Exalted Chief. Some of them say that Satan was a fallen angel with whom God was angry; but he will at some future day be restored to favour, and there is no reason why they should treat him with disrespect. It may be found that their notions of the evil being are derived from the Ahriman of the ancient Magi, and the secondary or evil deity of the Manicheans, which was evidently ingrafted on the Oriental philosophy. Some of the ancient Nestorian writers speak of them as of Hebrew descent: a question which I shall examine more at length in another place in this volume.”

We must hurry over some incidents of travel, such as sleeping at night in the open air. His distribution of medicine and advice helped to smoothe his path in one sense, although as he advanced among the difficult mountains, he had to sell his horse and mount a mule, which was better fitted to traverse such steep and rugged paths; but he had sometimes to betake himself to his feet, and let the hardy quadruped, with his packages of medicine, follow in the best way that could in a moment suggest itself. On approaching the borders of the independent Nestorian country, he tells us that—

“My Koordish cavass from the chief at Akra was still with me; but he was very reluctant to proceed, lest he should fall into the hands of some of the independent Nestorians, who are represented as a most formidable race of people. The most extravagant stories are told of them, and it is said that, when any of them come to Amadiéh to trade, they are not allowed to remain in the town over night, lest they should obtain possession of the fortress. They are regarded as almost invincible, and are represented as having the power of vanquishing their enemies by some magical spell in their looks. On one occasion they came and drove away the flocks of the Koords from under the very walls of Amâdiéh, in return for some aggression upon themselves. And when the Ravendoos Koords, after subduing all the surrounding region, threatened their country, the Nestorians are said to have seized six or seven of the Koords, cut off their heads, and hung them over a narrow bridge which led to their district, as a warning to the

Koords who might attempt to invade him. That such stories are told and believed by their Moslem neighbours is sufficient evidence of the terror inspired by their name.

“ ‘To the borders of their country,’ said the vigorous pascha of Mōsul, ‘I will be responsible for your safety; you may put gold upon your head, and you will have nothing to fear; but I warn you that I can protect you no farther. Those mountain infidels (Christians) acknowledge neither pashas nor kings, but from time immemorial every man has been his own king!’ To the borders of their country I therefore required the attendance of the cavass as a protection against the Koords, and we set out through a bold rocky défile over the wild mountains on our north and south-east.

“ As we approached the village of Dūree, after a toilsome ride of seven hours over the rough mountain passes, we were hailed by several of the mountain Nestorians from the independent district of Tiyary, who demanded who we were, what we wanted, whither going, &c.; and the demand was repeated by each successive party we passed, till finally the cry seemed to issue from the very rocks over our head, ‘Who are you? whence do you come? what do you want?’ A cry so often repeated in the deep Syriac gutturals of their stentorian voices was not a little startling; and then their bold bearing, and a certain fierceness of expression, and spirited action and intonation of voice, with the scrutinizing inquiry whether we were Catholics or bad men whom they might rob (as one inquired of our Nestorian guide), bereft my poor cavass of the little courage that had sustained him thus far; and he manifested so much real alarm that I yielded to his earnest request, and dismissed him as soon as we reached the house of the bishop, who assured me that his presence was no longer desirable.

“ The people soon satisfied themselves of my character and friendly intentions, and, finding that I spoke their language, seemed to regard me as one of their own people, and gathered around me in the most friendly manner, but without that familiar sycophancy so common among the Christian subjects of Persian and Turkish dominion. The next day they came from all directions for medical aid. One man became quite alarmed at being made so sick by an emetic; but, when it was over, such was his relief that he wanted some more of the same medicine; and others, instead of asking me to prescribe for them, often asked for ‘*derman d'mortha*,’ or medicine for bile.

“ The bishop, who is a most patriarchal personage, with a long white beard, was very cordial, and took me into his venerable church, a very ancient structure, made by enlarging a natural cave by means of heavy stone walls in front of the precipitous rock. It stood far up on the side of the mountain, and within it was dark as midnight.

“ The attentive old bishop took my hand and guided it to a plain stone cross which lay upon the altar, supposing I would manifest my veneration or devotional feelings after their own custom by pressing it to my lips. I must confess that there is something affecting in this simple outward expression as practised by the Nestorians, who mingle with it none of the image worship, or the other corrupt observances of the Roman Catholic Church. May it not be that the abuse of such symbols by the votaries of the Roman see has carried us Protestants to the other extreme, when we

utterly condemn the simple memento of the cross ? The old bishop sleeps in his solitary church, so as to be in readiness to attend his devotions before daylight in the morning ; and he was much gratified by the present of a box of loco focos which I gave him to ignite his lamp. A number of bee-hives, the property of the Church, were kept here, and the honey from them was regarded as peculiarly valuable. It was certainly very fine. Red squirrels were skipping among the black walnut-trees ; the first of the squirrel tribe I had seen in the East."

The Doctor was still separated by a high range of mountains from the proper country of the independent Nestorians ; and he had been strongly advised at Mosul not to venture into that country, until he had obtained an escort from the Patriarch. But mature deliberation, and a consultation with the bishop just now mentioned, reassured the Physician, and determined him to avoid delay ; and accompanied by an intelligent young Nestorian, he went on his way cheerfully :—

" To enable me to secure a footing where, as I was told, I could neither ride on my mule nor walk with shoes, so precipitous was the mountain, I exchanged my wide Turkish boots for the bishop's sandals. These were wrought with hair-cord in such a manner as to defend the sole of the foot, and enable the wearer to secure a foot-hold where he might, without such protection, be hurled down the almost perpendicular mountain-sides.

" Thus equipped in native style, I set off on the 18th, at an early hour in the morning ; and, after a toilsome ascent of an hour and a half, I found myself at the summit of the mountain, where a scene indescribably grand was spread out before me. The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision like a vast amphitheatre of wild, precipitous mountains, broken with deep, dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the cheerful, smiling villages which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church. Here was the home of a hundred thousand Christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts whose lofty, snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. Here, in their munition of rocks, has God preserved, as if for some great end in the economy of his grace, a chosen remnant of his ancient Church, secure from the beast and the false prophet, safe from the flames of persecution and the clangour of war. As I gazed and wondered, I seemed as if standing on Pishgah's top, and I could with a full heart exclaim,—

" ' On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands ;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands !
Mourning captive !
God himself shall loose thy bands. '

" I retired to a sequestered pinnacle of rock, where I could feast my vision with the sublime spectacle, and pour out my heartfelt gratitude that I had

been brought at length, through many perils, to behold a country from which emanated the brightest beams of hope for the long benighted empire of Mohammedan delusion, by whose millions of votaries I was surrounded on every side. My thoughts went back to the days when the Nestorian missionaries were spread abroad throughout the East, and for more than a thousand years continued to plant and sustain the standard of the cross through the remote and barbarous countries of Central Asia, Tartary, Mongolia, and China ; to the time when, tradition and history alike testify, the Gospel standard was reared in these mountains by apostles' hands ; for it was not from Nestorius, but from Thomas, Bartholomew, Thaddeus, and others, that this people first received the knowledge of a Saviour, as will be seen in the sequel."

Besides the ruggedness of the mountains, and the weariness which climbing, descending, and pursuing zigzag pathways in their turn produced, there was still considerable anxiety with regard to the manner in which the wild inhabitants of a populous village near at hand, would extend to our missionary. A breath of suspicion or some sudden impulse might actuate a people who had never seen the face of a foreigner till then ; but, says Dr. Grant, "the way was prepared before me in a manner so wonderful that I hardly forbear repeating the account, though already made public." The account thus proceeds :—

"The only person I had ever seen from this remote tribe was a young Nestorian, who came to me about a year before, entirely blind. He said he had never expected to see the light of day, till my name had reached his country, and he had been told that I could restore his sight. With wonderful perseverance, he had gone from village to village seeking some one to lead him by the hand, till, in the course of five or six weeks, he had reached my residence at Ooroomiah, where I removed the cataract from his eyes, and he returned to his mountains seeing. Scarcely had I entered the first village in his country when this young man, hearing of my approach, came with a smiling countenance, bearing in his hand a present of honey, in token of his gratitude for the restoration of his sight, and afforded me an introduction to the confidence and affections of his people.

"I was invited to the residence of the chief man of the village, whose house was built, after the common style of the country, of stone laid in mud, with a flat terrace roof ; having a basement and second story, with two or three apartments in each. We were seated upon the floor in 'a large upper room,' which serves as the guest-chamber and the family room in summer, but it is too open to be comfortable in winter. Food was placed before us in a very large wooden bowl, placed upon the skin of a wild goat or ibex, which was spread upon the carpet with the hair side down, and served as a table and cloth. Bread made of millet, baked in the manner of the Virginian 'hoecake,' but not so palatable, was laid round the edge of our goatskin table, and a large wooden spoon provided for each one of the party, eight or ten in number, to help himself out of the common dish. The people here less generally eat with their fingers than do those of Persia.

" Whenever the goatskin was brought forward, I noticed that it contained the fragments of bread left at the previous meals, and was told, on inquiry, that this singular custom was observed in obedience to our Saviour's injunction, ' Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost ;' and also that they might retain the blessing which had been pronounced by a priest upon former repasts ; because the service being in the ancient language, is only intelligible to the clergy, and cannot be properly performed by the laity.

" The women do not eat with the men, but, instead of receiving what they left, as is very common in the East, a separate portion was reserved for the females, and, in all respects, they were treated with more consideration, and regarded more as companions, than in most Asiatic countries.

" Till evening they were constantly occupied in their various employments, within or out of the house, and in many respects remarkably exemplified Solomon's description of a virtuous woman, even in their method of spinning (Prov., xxxi. 19), literally holding their distaffs in their hands, while they give their long wooden spindle a twirl with the other hand, and then lay hold of it to wind up their thread ; for they use no wheel. They clothe their household in scarlet or striped cloth, made of wool and resembling Scotch tartan, of a beautiful and substantial texture.

" The women appear to be neat, industrious, and frugal, and they are remarkably chaste, without the false affectation of modesty too often seen in these countries. Two of the young married women in the house came forward in the evening, and, in the presence of their husbands, joined in our social visit. Each of them, at my request, gave me a brass ring from her wrist to show to our American ladies, regarding whose customs they made many inquiries. Like others of their people, they were the most surprised that our ladies should negotiate their own matrimonial engagements, and that their fathers should give them in marriage without receiving a dowry in payment for their daughters. Their dress is neat and becoming ; they braid their hair, and wear but few ornaments. Their form is graceful, their expression agreeable, and their complexion (except that it is sometimes affected by more exposure to the sun and the smoke of their dwellings) as fair as that of most Europeans."

Speaking of the females in relation to another village, we are told that they are social, frugal, active, and virtuous ; and that their minds are susceptible of the highest culture. Their children too, are bright and active ; but are suffered to grow up without controul. Female education is still exceedingly scanty. There have not been above two of the sex among the mountain Nestorians of recent times who could read, these being the sisters of the Patriarch. But the acquirements of those ladies commanded marked respect, which is a promising symptom ; pointing out besides the sort of influence which female missionaries would have in elevating this singularly interesting people.

Sabbath scenes and a sacramental occasion are the subject of our next extract :—

" The church, like all I saw in the mountains, was a very solid stone

edifice, with arched roof, and might stand for ages. Others that I saw had stood for more than fourteen centuries, according to their ancient records. For the narrow door (which would not admit a man without much stooping) the usual explanation was given, 'Strait is the gate,' &c., a truth of which they wished to be reminded when entering the sanctuary. The prayers and the singing or the chanting of the psalms were all in the ancient Syriac language, and quite unintelligible to the common people; but one of the priests read a portion of the Gospels, and gave the translation into the vulgar Syriac spoken by the Nestorians; and this constituted the preaching. Sometimes the reading is accompanied by some explanations or legendary stories, of which they have many.

"It was a sacramental occasion; and the bread and wine were consecrated in the sanctuary or 'holy place' of the church, and then brought out by a priest and a deacon, while each member of the church went forward in rotation, and partook of a small piece of the bread from the hand of the priest, who held a napkin to prevent any particles from falling, as he put the morsel into the mouth of the communicant; and then he drank off the wine, which was held with great care by the deacon, so that not a drop should be spilled. But there was none of that idolatrous adoration of the host, so characteristic of the mass of the Romanists and of the other Oriental churches. On the contrary, there was almost a scriptural simplicity in the observance of this solemn ordinance.

"The priest who had officiated in the prayers and instruction of the congregation first partook of the sacred elements, and then invited me to partake."

The Doctor remarks that there was painful evidence of a great want of spiritfult life. Yet he could not but hope that some almost smothered sparks of vital piety were still burning upon their altars: there was still much in their character and circumstances of deep and lively interest.

"There was a great stillness and propriety of deportment in the congregation, and all retired without noise or confusion. In passing out, each person received at the door a very thin *leaf* of bread, rolled together, and enclosing a morsel of meat. This was the 'love feast' of the early Christians of the first and second centuries.

"Several of the people then went to the house of the church steward, and partook of a more substantial but plain repast, retiring soon after to their houses or calling upon their more immediate friends. The day was observed with far more propriety than I have seen among other Christians of the East. There was a general stillness throughout the village, such as I have noticed in few places in more highly-favoured lands. There was no noisy merriment, no attention to secular business; and the social intercourse of the people was nothing more than what was practised in the ancient Hebrew Church. Formerly they are said to have regarded the Christian Sabbath with so much sacredness as to put to death persons for travelling on that holy day.

"In the evening many of the people again assembled for worship at the

church, and morning and evening prayers are offered there through the whole week. But, unlike what I have seen anywhere else in the East, many of the people say their prayers in their own dwellings, instead of going to the church during the week; and a small wooden cross may be seen hanging from a post for them to kiss before prayers; a practice which they regard as a simple expression of love to Christ, and faith in his death and atonement. The cross, however, is not considered in any sense as an object of religious worship."

Our author frequently notices the distinction indicated in the last sentence of this extract, intending a contrast with the conduct and belief of the Catholics. But the latter religionists will deny that his inferences with regard to them are correct; while we may be allowed to question if any ignorant and benighted people will long regard the sign and the thing signified on the occasions mentioned as entirely distinct.

The Doctor had wherever he alighted throngs around him in need of his professional services; and it has been a matter of some surprise to us how in his rough journey he could carry with him a sufficiency of medicines to answer the demands.

From incidental glimpses or statements we gather that the independent Nestorians are skilled and ingenious in the arts necessary to their existence and freedom. Owing to the abruptness of the mountains, most of the soil is prepared for cultivation by forming artificial terraces. They make lead from the ore which they find in great abundance in their mines. They also manufacture their own powder; and generally each man makes his own hats and shoes; and having few wants they very seldom resort to foreign sources. Indeed, a people so much shut out from the busy world can have but a very confused and imperfect knowledge of what is to be found, or of what is going on, in other countries. An intelligent host of our author, however, who evinced a strong desire for information, had heard of steam-boats and balloons; and wished to know if it was true that the English had ships which could sail under water, or which they could render invisible to their enemies, as he had heard.

As a proof that the independent Nestorians confide much in each other's general integrity, he mentions that property is left much more exposed than is common in the East. "We have no thieves here," he was told; and he speaks of a high sense of honour that prevails amongst them, rendering it a custom for any one who finds a lost article to retain it until the owner comes for it, however long the interval. But this high sense has sometimes unhappy results, one of which occurred some years ago in a family with which our author had friendly intercourse, and occasioned the death of two promising boys.

“ One of these boys went out to cut down a valuable tree, in the absence of the parents of both, who were brothers. His cousin forbade him, saying the tree belonged to his own father. But the first boy persevered, while the other went and brought out his gun, and deliberately shot his cousin dead upon the spot. An indelible stain would now rest upon the family of the murdered boy, unless vengeance was satisfied according to immemorial usage ; and the bereaved father, who was the legal avenger of blood, could accept of nothing but the blood of his brother's child, and they were both buried in one grave before the setting of another sun !

“ Another instance is said to have occurred at a social party, where, with less of formality than is used by some of our ‘ men of honour,’ a person, in exchange for some supposed insult, plunged his large dagger, such as every one wears at his side, into the breast of another ; upon which the brother of the slain, the legal ‘ avenger of blood,’ closed the tragical scene by laying the murderer dead at his feet. But such cases must be of very uncommon occurrence, and they are related as such by the people. The summary manner of the punishment no doubt deters from crime, since the criminal has little chance of escaping justice.”

Here is a tradition,—

“ At a short distance from Lezân, a precipice is pointed out, where the people say their forefathers, before the Christian era, were in the practice of carrying up their aged and helpless parents, and throwing them down the mountain, to relieve themselves of the burden of their support. At length the following incident put an end to the horrid practice : A young man, who was carrying his aged father up the precipitous mountain, became exhausted, and put down his burden to rest ; when the old man began to weep, and said to his son, ‘ It is not for myself, but for you that I weep. I well remember the time when I carried my father up the same mountain ; but I little thought then that my turn would come so soon. I weep, my son, to think that you too may soon be dashed down that dreadful precipice, as you are about to throw me.’ This speech melted the son's heart : he carried back his venerable father, and maintained him at his own home. The story was told to others ; it led to reflection, and from that time the practice ceased. This may serve as a specimen of the fables of the country, if it be no more than a fable.”

At one village of about one hundred houses, there were said to be forty men who could read, and which was regarded a remarkably large proportion. Probably, says the Doctor, but a small part of them can read intelligibly the ancient Syriac, their only written language. He continues—

“ At Asheetha I became the guest of priest Auraham (Abraham), who is reputed the most learned Nestorian now living. He has spent twenty years of his life in writing and reading books, and has thus done much to supply the waste of, if not to replenish, the Nestorian literature. But even he had not an entire Bible ; and though the Nestorians have preserved the Scrip-

tures in manuscript with great care and purity, so scarce are the copies, that I have not found but a single Nestorian, and that one the patriarch, their spiritual head, who possessed an entire Bible; and even that was in half a dozen different volumes. Thus divided, one man has the Gospels, another the Epistles, the Psalms, the Pentateuch, or the Prophets. Portions of the Scriptures are also contained in their church liturgy or ritual. The book of Revelation, and two or three of the shorter epistles, they did not possess till furnished with them by our mission; and these portions of the Bible appear not to have reached them when their canon was made up. But they readily received them upon the testimony of other Christian nations, and the internal evidence of their authenticity.

"The Nestorians attach the greatest value to the Scriptures, and are desirous to have them multiplied among their people in a language which all understand; and when I told priest Auraham of the power of the press to multiply books, his keen, expressive eye was lighted up with a new brilliancy, and he manifested a strong desire to see it in operation here.

"Seeing me take the catalogue of his small library, he begged me to write down his application for the Scriptures he had requested; and others following his example, said, 'Write down my name:' 'Write my name, that I may have the Gospels too;' referring to the four Gospels in the ancient Syriac, which is the only portion of the Bible printed in the Nestorian character.

"This priest may yet prove an efficient aid in our future efforts for the improvement of his people. His twenty years' toil, in copying the few works of the Nestorian literature, are beyond all commendation, when we think how small was his encouragement, and that he stood almost alone in the work. No wonder that he was deeply animated, or, I might rather say, almost electrified at the prospect of seeing a power in operation which could do his twenty years' work in a less number of days, and at a far less expense than what he had paid for his paper and parchment. His style of writing with the reed was truly beautiful, and the glossy lustre such as can scarcely be equalled by type. He was very desirous to see schools established for the education of his people; and said that great numbers would attend, if we would open a school in the village."

With regard to missionary efforts amongst these romantic, pastoral, and patriarchal Nestorians, the Doctor suggests that it may require extraordinary devotedness to the cause of Christianity; for that the teacher may have to exchange the conveniences of civilized life for the canopy of bushes or canvass, a seat upon the earth, and the many privations of a nomadic life; because although permanent stations will be in the larger villages, health and usefulness will demand occasional removals with the Nestorians "to their *Zoxan*, or pastures upon the mountain heights, and beside the still waters in the higher vallies." Let us now hear something of the Patriarch.

"At half-past twelve I found myself in the presence of the Patriarch of the East, the spiritual head of the Nestorian Church, who gave me a cordial welcome, but without that flow of heartless compliment and extravagant

expression of pleasure which is so common in the mouth of a Persian. He said that he had been looking for a visit from some of our mission for a very long time, till he had begun to think we should never arrive; but now that I had taken such a long and difficult journey to see him, he could not doubt that we would have given him the pleasure of an interview at an earlier day, but for an apprehension of the dangers to which I had alluded as the reason of our long delay. 'And now,' he added, 'you are doubly welcome; my heart is rejoiced that I see your face; and you will make my house your own, and regard me as your elder brother. It is a happy day for us both. May your journey be blessed.'

"The patriarch is thirty-eight years of age, above the middle stature, well proportioned, with a pleasant, expressive, and rather intelligent countenance; while his large flowing robes, his Koordish turban, and his long grey beard, give him a patriarchal and venerable aspect, which is heightened by a uniformly dignified demeanour. Were it not for the youthful fire in his eye, and his vigour and activity, I should have thought him nearer fifty than thirty-eight. But his friends assured me that the hoariness of his beard and locks was that of care, and not of age. His situation is certainly a difficult and responsible one, since he is, in an important sense, the temporal as well as the spiritual head of his people. To preserve harmony and settle differences between the various tribes of his spirited mountaineers, and with the Koords by whom they are surrounded, is a labour that would tax the wisdom and patience of the greatest statesman; and I could hardly wonder that the hoar-frost of care was prematurely settling upon his locks. It was quite evident that the patriarch's anxiety extended not less to the temporal than to the spiritual wants of his flock; as his first inquiries related particularly to their political prospects, the movements in Turkey, the designs of the European powers with regard to these countries; and why they did not come and break the arm of Mohammedan power, by which many of his people had been so long oppressed, and for fear of which the main body of them were shut up in their mountain fastnesses.

"He is pacific in his disposition, and he carries his rifle in the anticipation of an encounter with the brown bear, the wolf, hyena, or wild boar of their mountains, rather than with the expectation of fighting their enemies the Koords. But, while the latter never enter the central parts of their country, they are sometimes brought into collision with them on their borders, as already noticed. Such had recently been the case in Tehoma and Jelu; and during my visit at the patriarch's, he was called upon to decide what should be done with two Koords who had been taken by his people from a tribe that had some time before put two Nestorians to death. Blood for blood is still the law; and custom requires that a tribe be held accountable for the conduct of each of its members. Hence it mattered not whether the individuals they had taken were guilty of the murder; it was enough that they belonged to the same tribe, and by right they should die. The patriarch, however, was inclined to mercy, while his people, at the same time must receive justice. After due deliberation and investigation of the case, the patriarch at length decided that, inasmuch as his people had brought the captive Koords into their own houses, they had, in a sense, become their guests, and, consequently, their lives must be spared. But they might

accept a ransom from the Koords; and thus the matter was finally settled.

"During five weeks which I spent at the patriarchal mansion, I had an opportunity to see Nestorians of the greatest intelligence and influence from all parts of their mountain abodes, and to elicit from them such information as I had not an opportunity to collect in any other way. I endeavoured by every possible means to collect satisfactory statistical and other information, to which I shall have occasion to recur in other parts of this work. I also visited some of the villages and places of chief interest in the vicinity."

Dr. Grant's sojourn among the independent Nestorians was necessarily but brief; and on departing from a region to which he seems to contemplate a return, or in which, at least, he has been the pioneer, we may rely on it, of energetic missionary efforts, he resolved, instead of retracing his long and weary route towards Mosul, to proceed through the country of the Hakary Koords, by way of Salmas, to Ooroomiah; his different routes and journeys being made plain by a map which accompanies the letter-press, and which presents as rugged a surface as any that we have seen indicated by a like miniature picture. The course he thus determined upon taking required him to visit the Koordish chief who had put to death the unfortunate Shultz; and this circumstance, while it excites the interest of the reader, was the occasion of incidents that are very striking in detail. We must quote the narrative of these things.

"Learning that Shultz had fallen a victim to the jealousy and cupidity of the Koords, I took especial care not to awaken these dominant passions of a semi-barbarous people.

"My scanty srip contained little more than medicines, and these I hoped, in any event, to be able to retain. To provide for the contingency of losing my purse, I had secured some small gold coin in the centre of a roll of blister salve. I had no other articles which I was unwilling to expose. I visited none of their mines on my route; and though passing through a most interesting geological region, I procured scarcely a singled specimen, lest the ignorant Koords should suppose I had come to spy out their land with ulterior designs, as was intimated in the case of Shultz. I was also careful to avoid his habit of noting observations in public, and I took the bearings of my compass unobserved.

"With such precautionary measures as these, I made my arrangements to proceed on my way. The parting scene was truly Oriental. The patriarch presented me with a pair of scarlet *shalwars*, the wide trousers of the country, trimmed with silk, and one of the ancient manuscripts of his library. It was the New Testament, written on parchment seven hundred and forty years ago, in the old Estrangelo character. His favourite sister Helena furnished us with a store of provisions sufficient for a week, and sent me a pair of warm mittens, made by her own hands from the soft goat's hair of the country.

"Finally, a thousand blessings were invoked upon my head, and ardent wishes were expressed that I might return with associates, and commence

among these mountains a similar work to that in which we were engaged upon the plain. Our last repast was finished, the parting embrace was given, and I set off towards the residence of Nooroolah Bey, the famous chief of the independant Hakary Koords. He had removed from his castle at Jûlamerk, the capital, and was now living at the castle of Bash-Kalleh, nearly two days' journey from the residence of the patriarch.

"A report that robbers were on the road occasioned some alarm as I pursued my way along the banks of the Zab. But no robbers made their appearance; and I passed on without molestation to the strongly-fortified castle of the chief, which was distinctly visible, long before we reached it, from the mountain spur on which it rests.

"Most unexpectedly I found the chief upon a sick-bed. He had taken a violent cold about three days before my arrival, which had brought on inflammation and fever. I gave him medicine and bled him, and then retired to my lodgings in the town, at the foot of the mountain on which the castle was built.

"In the evening the chief sent down word that he was very sick, and he desired that I should do something to relieve him immediately. I sent him word by his messenger that he must have patience, and wait the effects of the medicines I had given him. About midnight the messenger came again, saying that the chief was still very ill, and wished to see me. I obeyed the call promptly, following the long winding pathway that led up to the castle. The sentinels upon the ramparts were sounding the watch-cry in the rough tones of their native Koordish. We entered the outer court through wide, iron-cased folding doors. A second iron door opened into a long dark alley, which conducted to the room where the chief was lying. It was evident that he was becoming impatient: and, as I looked upon the swords, pistols, guns, spears, and daggers—the ordinary furniture of a Koordish castle—which hung around the walls of the room, I could not but think of the fate of the unfortunate Shultz, who had fallen, as it is said, by the orders of this sanguinary chief. He had the power of life and death in his hands. I knew I was entirely at his mercy; but I felt that I was under the guardian care of One who had the hearts of kings in his keeping. With a fervent aspiration for his guidance and blessing, I told the chief it was apparent that the means I had used were producing a good effect, though he needed more powerful medicine, which, for a time, would make him worse instead of better; that I could administer palliatives; but, if he confided in my judgment, he would take the more severe course. He consented, and I gave him an emetic, which he promptly swallowed after he had made some of his attendants taste of the nauseating dose to see if it was good. I remained with him during the night, and the next morning he was much relieved. He rapidly recovered, and said he owed his life to my care. I became his greatest favourite. I must sit by his side, and dip my hand in the same dish with himself. I must remain with him, or speedily return and take up my abode in his country, where he assured me I should have every-thing as I pleased. As I could not remain, I must leave him some of the emetics which had effected his cure.

"The chief had just heard of the case of a Koordish woman from whose eyes I removed a cataract while I was at the patriarch's residence. With a

spice of the characteristic passion of her sex, she was curious to know what had been the effect of the operation, and, long before the prescribed time, she removed the bandage from her eyes. But so strange was the prospect that opened before her, that she was frightened, and immediately bound up her eyes, resolved thereafter to abide by my instructions. This story was so amusing to the chief, that he continued to divert himself by rehearsing it to his courtiers, with encomiums upon my professional skill too Oriental to repeat. He is a man of noble bearing, fine open countenance, and appeared to be about thirty years of age. He was very affable, and on my departure he made me a present of a horse, as an expression of his gratitude for the restoration of his health."

The Doctor had in view, besides his own personal convenience, the securing the confidence and favour of this chief, thinking that it would be an important acquisition in connexion with missionary prospects among the mountain Nestorians, and perhaps open a safe channel of communication between them and the station at Ooroomiah, to which he proceeded, and where he arrived after an absence of more than eight months, during six of which he had not occupied a chair, and had dispensed with the use of knife and fork.

We have before only alluded very generally to the second part of the Doctor's volume, and stated that we shall not enter upon it, although both the reasoning and the facts there to be found will repay a close and anxious perusal. We shall only mention two circumstances: the one is, that, according to our author, the tradition of the Nestorian Christians is that they are descendants of Israel; and secondly, the hatred existing between them and the Jews seems to forbid the idea of the fabrication of this tradition. "What motive," asks the traveller, "could lead them to claim affinity with their most implacable enemies?"

What if the missionary physician have made the most interesting discovery with regard to the Ten Tribes! What,—and this is still a more important consideration, and is not an improbable circumstance,—what if he has been the first herald of pure and complete Gospel truth in modern times to the independent mountaineers whom he describes, and the pioneer of speedy civilisation and regeneration! His ministry in that case will have been a glorious one; he will have been the instrument of a mighty achievement, such as seldom falls to travellers to perform.

ART. VI.—*Sketches of China.* By J. F. DAVIS, Esq., F.R.S. 2 Vols. London: Knight. 1841.

MR. DAVIS, late his Majesty's Chief Superintendent in China, and the author of a well-known and highly-reputed account of the Celestials, has in the present publication given what may be considered a supplement to his preceding volumes, which mainly referred to circumstances that occurred so far back as 1816, when the writer

formed one of Lord Amherst's abortive and unsuccessful embassy. But while these "Sketches" belong to what was observed and learnt at rather a by-gone period, having been partly taken "during an Inland Journey of Four Months, between Peking, Nanking, and Canton,"—there are added "Notices and Observations relative to the Present War," which are calculated to meet and satisfy to some extent the extraordinary interest at this moment felt with regard to the success and progress of the Expedition. Even the sketches that refer to the period of Amherst's embassy have some degree of novelty in them; for Mr. Davis has not only studied the Chinese language and literature with great earnestness, and had, for an Englishman, an unusual amount of practical knowledge of the people of the Flowery Empire, but his vigilance and inquiries have down to this moment been incessant on the subject; so that what is comparatively old in his narrative is interspersed with much that is not generally known, and nearly the whole will read as new or original matter. Then as to the "Notes and Observations,"—these are particularly valuable at this moment, on account of the intelligence, the sagacity, and the deep appreciation which the author displays as a commentator on public events, and as an interpreter of character, whether that be of the Chinese government or of the Chinese people; for according to Mr. Davis, there is a wide distinction to be observed in judging of, and dealing with, the two.

From our author's representations, and those of others who have lately written about China, we are led to conclude that while the government is deceptive, the people are tolerably honest,—that while the former is absurd, the latter are reasonable.

In the first place the rulers appear to feel that they are weak as regards army and navy. Their great effort therefore is to be strong in negotiations; which is as much as to say, that they are adepts at mystification and evasion; at falsehood and tergiversation, whenever diplomacy is to be conducted with foreigners. But secondly, this system of double-dealing with "barbarians" is regarded by the administration as absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the Empire and the integrity of despotism, with all the profits and privileges of mandarins and others in office; for it is felt that unless the Chinese people be kept constantly and completely under a cloud of delusion, there would be disunion and revolt, and a speedy recognition by the majority, of what is true and just, and of what would chiefly contribute to the benefit and honour of the public. Hence the unfailing and studied efforts to represent all foreigners as inferiors, or to inveigle them into some act of etiquette that will degrade them in the eyes of the natives; which hardly any guardedness can escape, when the exclusiveness, and peculiarities of the Chinese are considered, and the consequent ignorance of strangers relative to them.

Persons with the information, the firmness, and the far-sightedness which Mr. Davis seems to possess, it appears to us, might have avoided many of the errors which have been committed by the British with regard to China, not only in the course of the present war, but of dealings and negotiations for a series of years; apparent submissions, acknowledgments taken to be humiliating concessions, and a variety of acts as well as declarations, construed to be proofs of weakness, might, we think, been guarded against. Every instance of yielding to their pretensions, of course strengthened their arrogance and fed their pride; thus increasing our difficulties. To go back to Lord Amherst's mission,—the inscription of "tribute-bearer," which the ambassador allowed to float from the mast of his yacht, could only tend to propagate the idea of vassalage; and, in the journey to the capital and court, must have afforded the interested Chinese officials, a fine topic for enlargement and triumph; till at last the insolence and degrading demands reached such a height, that the ambassador could no longer endure them, and had to make a hasty return after much fruitless anxiety. But our author would have acted in accordance, he tells us, with what we read in the following passage:—

"In proceeding to the court, we should certainly be hurried off as ungraciously, at least, as all other foreign embassies; while, if we returned, it would be impossible for the court of Peking to conceal the occasion of our return, viz., our refusal to do homage as vassals and dependents,—and this, as far as it went, was a positive advantage. I laid little stress on the apprehension of those who thought that the consequent ill-will of the emperor might have a prejudicial effect on our trade at Canton. The trade would support itself by its own merits, and by its importance to that province; and I was as much as ever convinced that the mere complacent feeling of the court of Peking was of less real importance to the welfare of the trade, than the vindication of our national independence in the eyes of the Canton government, with which we are immediately concerned."

There is reason to believe, from what we read in the present volumes, that not a few of the errors into which the immediate negotiators of British affairs with the Chinese have fallen, are to be attributed to the imperfect, the indistinct, or the restricted powers given them by the authorities in Downing Street. When the ambassador was with the characteristic wiliness of the Celestials urged and tempted to perform the *Ko-tow*—to acknowledge the Emperor's supremacy by knocking his head against the imperial threshold, it seems that, not in consequence of the instructions of the King's Ministers, but of the Sovereigns of Leadenhall Street, the indignity was resisted. The instructions by the former, says Mr. Davis, "implied that we went simply in search of whatever we could pick up, and that the performance of the ceremony was to be regarded

in no other view than as it affected the question of profit or loss." But the Company said, "Have most regard to the effect that the Embassy is to produce at Canton; complain of the conduct of the local authorities of our trade; and make no concessions in point of ceremony or reception, which appear calculated to diminish the national respectability of the English at that place." The fact is, that the knowledge and the experience of the Company far surpassed what his Majesty's ministers possessed; and therefore the instructions of the former, whether as concerned our national eminence or British trade, were worthy of chief reliance. But just to afford a specimen of Chinese diplomacy, and also to show how narrowly Lord Amherst escaped committing himself to such an extent as would, in all probability, have only brought grosser demands to be insisted on, we shall extract an account of the discussion and the decision to which the *Ko-tow* led:—

"The conversation with the Mandarins began by some general questions from Duke Ho, relative to the number of months that had been spent on the voyage, &c.; being willing, perhaps, to remind us how far we had come—a very common argument with them when they wish to carry a point by persuasion. The subject of the ceremony was then introduced, and debated with great temper by the Koongyay, who now could hardly be identified with the vociferous and insolent Tartar that only five days ago had 'vomited forth' his wrath and pride against us within the town of Tangchaw—'Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!' Still he did not hesitate to repeat the superiority of the Chinese Emperor over every other foreign sovereign, and the consequent propriety of our compliance.

"In the intervals of conversation, Duke Ho paid particular attention to the ambassador's son; and calling him to his seat, presented him with purses, fans, and other trifles suited to a boy of his age. There was Chinese policy in this, absurd as it may seem, and only proved the low estimate which the Chinese generally entertain of European intellects and feelings, to suppose for a moment that they could be influenced in such a way to swerve from any points of policy and duty. Ho Koongyay at length gave a hint that, in the event of compliance, we should certainly not be without an equivalent advantage in negotiation, and that he would himself stand our friend with the emperor; and it was finally determined to go back, and for the last time to deliberate if it were possible to perform the Tartar ceremony on these terms. The Chinese, upon this, became all that is most gracious: We were ushered to our chairs with an incumbrance of ceremony; while the six lads of Mongden accompanied us to even an *outer* gate, profuse of bows, and smiling uncouthly. I awaited with the utmost anxiety the result of the impending deliberation.

"Both the ambassador and third commissioner declared their readiness to perform the ceremony on the terms proposed by Duke Ho, provided that their remaining colleague (Sir George Staunton) concurred in its expediency; but they at the same time called on him to deliver his own opinion definitively, and stated that they were resolved to abide by it, as the

dictate of personal knowledge and local experience. Being thus placed in a somewhat difficult and delicate position, the second commissioner thought it right to give a final corroboration to his sentiments, by referring (with the ambassador's consent) to those among us who had passed some time with him at Canton. He found us, I believe, unanimous in the main. For my own part, I merely persisted in what I had often expressed to him before; and the short answer which I gave was grounded on such reasonings as have already been stated.

"It was at length decided that Duke Ho should be informed for the last time, that the prostration *could not* be performed by us; and the ambassador wrote a civil, but firm note, thanking Ho for his polite reception in the morning, but declaring that, after mature deliberation, he had come to the conclusion of its being impossible to perform any other ceremony than the one already proposed, namely, three genuflexions on one knee, and nine inclinations of the head."

The Chinese authorities were now, although they had managed to render the embassy abortive as respected trade or any extensive and determinate political relations, placed in embarrassing circumstances; for the people at large, who had been flattered to find the British representatives, in their progress to the Celestial court, conducted as a tribute-bearing party, would on their return learn that the "barbarians" were not so tame and self-abased as had been supposed; nay, that at last they refused to offer divine homage to the Emperor, firmly repudiating the required ceremony, and would go back to their own country independent, haughty, and incensed. A thoroughly characteristic stratagem was invented to neutralize or entirely surmount the difficulty, so as still to delude the nation. The embassy was manœuvred in such a manner that it arrived at Peking early in the morning, when by hastily separating Lord Amherst from his suite, the attempt was to inveigle him unprepared into the imperial presence:—

"The party then were conducted to an apartment on the other side of the court before which the carriage had stopped. Here the whole truth broke upon them at once. From the great number of mandarins in their full dresses of ceremony, including princes of the blood, wearing their circular badges, it became evident that this was the moment of an imperial audience; and that the ambassador and commissioners had been inveigled by the most unworthy artifices, and the most indecent haste, to be carried before the emperor in their present unprepared state. They were presently informed that his majesty had changed the day of audience from to-morrow to this day, and that Duke Ho was waiting to conduct them at once into his presence."

The British ambassador's discovery of the paltry snare, and his dignified resistance to it, were the signals for an indignant order to return,—the inconvenience and fatigue of the embassy being a mo-

tive no doubt for the speedy insult; an insult which, while it caused the Chinese Emperor some uneasiness after reflecting on it, might since have fully opened England's eyes to the Celestial system, and called for some expressive and permanently felt reproof.

The failure of Lord Amherst's embassy was not complete, for it is clear from several passages in Mr. Davis's sketches, that it led to valuable results at Canton; while it afforded opportunities, as these volumes demonstrate, for acquiring some just and important knowledge of the Chinese government and of the people. See how one of the high officials was taught, on the other hand, to judge of British character:—

“We all of us received this morning some presents from our friend Chang Tajin. He sent me a coloured drawing on a roller, and a Chinese snuff bottle; and though these were but trifles, I kept them as testimonials of goodwill. Chang was highly elated at his new promotion (of which we were only this day informed) to be Gan-ch-sze, or criminal judge of the province of Shantung. This was a very high office, and in the present instance said to be an introduction to something higher still. Chang had been raised in so sudden and marked a manner, that there was some ground for regarding the present embassy as the cause of his elevation.

“It was probable that as he knew us on our first arrival, and had so much intercourse with us since, this Mandarin had been able to form a juster estimate of our real character than any of the other functionaries; and that while Duke Ho and Kwong were sending up reports to Peking of the probability of our ultimate consent to perform the ceremony, he might have stated that, from his own observation of our character and intentions, there seemed little chance of it. Thus *truth* may for once have met with its reward, even in China, while Duke Ho and his colleague had been punished for misleading the Emperor. Such a supposition derived strength from Chang's late behaviour to us; which since our rejection by the Emperor [rather refusal to go to him] had been more friendly and civil than before; and he often spoke of his admiration of the blunt integrity and straightforwardness of the English character.”

Having listened to our author for some time with regard to receptions and discussions connected with Chinese etiquette, we quote one other passage that conveys a few further ideas concerning the stiffness and restraints imposed by imperial rule; and also notices of certain rather extreme relaxations:—

“The legate paid a long visit to his Excellency, and proved more loquacious than usual. He entered into a detail of all the restraints imposed by his high station upon the Emperor while in public; a detail which proved that the autocrat of so many millions was not to be envied. He cannot even lean back on his seat, nor use a fan to cool himself, like all his subjects of both sexes; and is sometimes subjected to these painful demands of ceremony for a whole day. I once obtained from Padre Serra, a Catholic priest who had passed many years in the neighbourhood of the palace, a

particular account of the daily habits of Keaking, the father of the present reigning Emperor (1840.) When the public ceremonies were over, he retired to play on instruments and sing with his comedians; thus displaying a curious contrast between his private and his state demeanour. After this he sometimes drank to intoxication; and at night proceeded with some of his players, masked, to the seraglio. These things excited a remonstrance from the faithful minister and censor, Soong Tajin; who was only disgraced for his interference."

Leaving those parts of these volumes which deal with reminiscences and things collected a good many years ago, but which appear to us rife with lessons for the present and the future, let us turn to the Expedition which is occupying so much of public attention at this moment. According to what we here read, compared with other sources of information, we suspect that incaution and ignorance, perhaps negligence and carelessness, on the part of the authorities at the head of affairs at home, together with the incapacity, vacillation, and credulity of those who represent England in China, have marked our late warlike proceedings, and also negotiations with Mandarins and Commissioners. It seems that a grand mistake was committed in not at once totally demolishing the forts at the Bogue, and taking measures to leave them for all time coming a heap of ruins; and also in not striking a primary blow at Canton, which would have suddenly not only have awed the government there, but obliged Lin to refer to Peking; so that by the time the expedition had sailed northward and to the vicinity of the capital, there would have been a fair excuse for remaining, refusing to depart, and carrying out further threatening or chastising operations, until a satisfactory and imperial settlement of a treaty was solemnly, and with suitable guarantees, accomplished. But what did our representatives do,—or what did Chinese humbug perform when the negotiations were again put off, to be conducted at Canton? Why, indecision and stupidity seem to have distinguished the one party of diplomatists,—mystification, cajolery, and mockery the other; seeing that, on account of the monsoon, Peking and the North would be safe for more than six months; and what in the way of casualties might not occur to our armament in that time, not to speak of other unforeseen events. But we do not indulge in criticism of this sort, but conclude by quoting some of our author's latter pages wherein are to be found views relative to the existing and prospective state of our struggle with the Celestials, which must be confessed to indicate both experience and political wisdom. Here is part of a retrospect:—

"The year 1840 was destined to present the extraordinary spectacle of a British naval and military force on the coast of China, a region so far removed from Europe that its existence 600 years ago was scarcely known,

and the faithful narrative of a long resident and traveller in the country received as a tissue of fables concerning another El Dorado. Our own intercourse with this farthest extreme of the Asiatic continent had scarcely exceeded two centuries; but in the course of that time a trade had grown up, and become of such importance to our commerce and revenue, that the loss of it could not be viewed in any other light than as a national calamity. The series of untoward events, which after a course of about five years terminated in the British trade being proscribed at Canton, it would be useless to recapitulate in this place, or to debate the question as to whence the disasters originated. The commerce being at once lost, a powerful and expensive armament was deemed necessary for its recovery, and for the vindication of injuries inflicted on the national honour and interests. It will, therefore, be more to our purpose to view the progress of events, and to consider what has yet been done towards restoring and improving the state of our relations with China. The course of rash and unadvised measures, pursued by the imperial commissioner at Canton, were clearly grounded on the notion that the English were unprovided with any means of redress, superior to those with which they had so inadequately opposed the arrogance and oppression of his government. The frequent failure of strong measures, adopted on our side with insufficient powers, had emboldened the Chinese authorities; and it was plain that the commissioner further proceeded on the presumption that, when the English had been excluded from Canton, their place would be amply supplied by Americans and others. The commencement of a blockade of the coast first opened his eyes to the error of the last calculation; and it was not until the actual arrival of a powerful force, that he began to relax in the confidence with which he viewed all hostile threats and rumours, as mere repetitions of those fulminations which repeated impunity had at last taught the Chinese to disregard. The imperial commission (now appointed Viceroy of Canton) accordingly pursued his course of hostility in an uncompromising manner, and to the best of his abilities. It may be a question with some whether he authorised the poisoning of the water and the tea; but the more open, though equally fruitless, attempts on the fleet of merchantmen with fire-rafts (a favourite method of Chinese warfare), were three times repeated by the orders of this implacable enemy of the British name. It so happened, that the last attack of fire-rafts occurred on the night of the 9th of June, the very day on which the *Alligator*, being the first ship of the approaching expedition, arrived at Macao. That frigate was, in fact, guided to the anchorage at Capsingmoon by the light of the burning rafts, and her boats were employed in towing them from the fleet. The attack had been concerted with all imaginable secrecy, and scarcely had the signal of danger been made, than the fire burst out from nearly twenty rafts, or rather boats, chained together two-and-two, so that they might swing athwart our ships with the tide, which, as well as the wind, was in their favour. The scene is described as very beautiful, heightened as it was by the darkness of the night. During their approach to the fleet, a portion of the combustibles exploded like regular fireworks. The confusion was considerable among the merchant shipping; most of them slipped their cables in the hurry to move out of danger, and as the wind slackened, several cases of collision occurred among the numerous vessels adrift at once in a narrow space. No serious injury,

however, was sustained, and this cowardly mode of warfare proved utterly abortive; though it could not be followed by the condign punishment which attended the more daring hostility of Admiral Kwán's squadron of war-junks on a previous occasion. The Chinese authorities at Canton had now done their worst, and the arrival at last of the armament, which they had long treated as an empty threat, disheartened them, for a time, from further attempts at active mischief."

Passing over other operations and our author's revision, let us hear what are his concluding observations and recommendations:—

"Meanwhile the Chinese had gained an important advantage, calculated to give them elation and confidence, and not unlikely to be abused by them to sinister ends, in the capture of about twenty prisoners from the brig Kite, which had been sent to survey the mouth of the Yang-tse-Keang, and got aground there. Captain Anstruther, an officer of the Madras artillery, had likewise fallen into the hands of a concealed party, while he was out sketching in the neighbourhood of Tsinghae, and was carried off to Ningpo. The Chinese were thus hovering, in a furtive manner, within our own precincts, ready to perpetrate by treachery what they dared not attempt to accomplish by force. The fate of these several prisoners (with the addition of the captive at Canton) could not fail to weigh with some pressure upon the minds of the Plenipotentiaries. It was learned, however, that for the present they were kindly treated at Ningpo, and offered in exchange for Chusan. Whatever may be the nature of the negotiations, the Chinese will consider these prisoners as their trump cards, and play them accordingly. The cardinal and indispensable points to be gained from the Chinese may be comprised under a few heads. First, then, the safe surrender of the said prisoners, which, in all probability, will only be obtained by making the bombardment of Canton the alternative. Secondly, considering the degradation of Lin as a matter of course, some indemnity for the consequences of his acts. Thirdly, the restitution of the trade under circumstances of security to persons and property, both of them so outraged by the Chinese commissioner. Under this head must be comprised some provision for cases of accidental homicide, and the difficult subject of the opium trade. Fourthly, the recognition of the national character of the British representative, and the disuse of the offensive language in which the Canton officers have been accustomed to indulge. Without these, any treaty would be a lame and impotent conclusion, and leave us just where we were before."

There are other concessions on the part of the Chinese which Mr. Davis would insist on; but which, although not so absolutely necessary to the character and existence of our trade with them as the foregoing, would yet, he says, be more strenuously denied. These are—

"Admission to the northern ports for purposes of trade; the abolition of the monopoly of Hong merchants, who can now no longer be opposed by

the East India Company; a tariff of regulated duties on exports and imports; and the residence of an agent of the crown at Peking. The cession of an island is the very last point that would ever be yielded by the court of Peking, as the capture of one has been that which most annoyed it. The temporary occupation of such an island as a means of compulsion is excellent; but the permanent possession of any Baratania of the kind could not be easily proved to be otherwise than an embarrassment, if the power of the Chinese government can so effectually prevail over its subjects to leave us 'alone in our glory,' as experience has proved at Chusan. A general feeling of disappointment and despondency was the result of the adjournment of the discussions to Canton, followed by the fruitless expedition to Ningpo in behalf of the prisoners. There was nothing peculiarly encouraging even in the speech of the 26th of January on opening Parliament; for if the Chinese government could ever have been expected, 'from its own sense of justice,' to bring these matters to a speedy and amicable settlement, what, it may be asked, had twenty ships of war and four steamers to do in China? And what have they done beyond the capture of Chusan, to accomplish which a tenth part of the force would have amply sufficed? A hope still remains that the concentration of a large naval force in the Canton river may lead to such stringent measures as shall effectually bring down Chinese arrogance, and put an end to the temporising contrivances and lingering pretexts of that utterly weak, but most cunning and perfidious, government. One season of operations on the coast is at an end, and only chance of preventing the necessity for another seems to lie in placing Canton at the mercy of the British squadron. The delay of every month, with the sickness of the troops, and the capture of prisoners, is calculated to inspirit the Chinese, whom it certainly cannot be estimating too highly if we compare them to the Mexicans who opposed the Spaniards in the sixteenth century; yet even they took courage to resist, when they found at last that their European enemies were subject to the casualties of sickness and death. It may fairly be doubted if any treaty is likely to be of the least avail to secure our trade from future annoyance in the Canton river, should the batteries at the Bogue escape demolition. A lesson of that kind could never be dissembled nor forgotten, and as it is quite clear that no persuasion except that of force has the least chance of prevailing, there seems to be no theatre for its exercise preferable to the point where the Chinese consider themselves strongest. When everything has been gained that an armed negotiation can give, it must all be guaranteed by something more substantial than words, or even paper documents. The Chinese pretension to universal sovereignty is not altogether unlike the Romish claim of a cognate kind in spiritual matters; and as the one dispenses with the observance of good faith towards 'heretics,' so the other rejoices in the same convenient latitude towards 'barbarians.' It is plain, therefore, that a respectable naval force will in future be always required on the Chinese coast; added to a well-founded conviction, on the part of the Peking court, that the renewed misconduct of its provincial functionaries will be followed by trouble and involvement to itself. If a second campaign to the north-eastward (as now appears all but inevitable) should be undertaken in the summer of 1841,

the cruise of the Conway and Algerine has established the most important fact, that the great Keang is navigable forty miles inwards from its mouth, and that a clear channel exists for vessels of any size, with a depth of five or six fathoms water. Whenever it shall be found necessary or expedient to 'make war' on the Chinese government, in the sense which that term bears everywhere else, nothing can at once so severely distress and perplex it as the blockade of the grand canal at Kwa-chow; but this, to be completely effective, must commence before the grain and tribute junks begin their departure for the northward, in the month of May, or perhaps earlier. When it is considered that the food and clothing of Peking, the rice and tea, the silk and cotton, proceed almost entirely from the south of the great river, by what may really be called the alimentary canal of the empire, it is impossible not to acknowledge the importance of this point, so vulnerable to our steamers and ships of war, and at the same time so vital to the Chinese."

Enough has been said and quoted by us to convince our readers that Mr. Davis's present volumes contain many things of which the generality of readers are not aware. But besides this, that which has been oft repeated or described with regard to China as a country, the character of its people, or the system of its government, has seldom been so clearly stated or illustrated by such apt and expressive examples. Above all, he has brought judgment, experience, and enlarged notions to bear upon that which is old, as a matter of information, so as to deduce fresh and useful suggestions for our future conduct.

ART. VII.—*Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L.* By LAMAN BLANCHARD. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1841.

WHILE the *Life of Letitia Landon* has been looked for with anxiety naturally experienced by many who have reaped exceeding delight from her writings,—which a number of years continued with ceaseless flow to charm the reading public,—in order to become acquainted with the habits and progress of one so gifted, an additional curiosity has been excited by the once disparaging reports that found some currency concerning her, and which the mystery that attached to her premature death served in some measure to revive. The melancholy thoughts which her career, her works, and her end could not fail to awaken in every rightly-constituted mind, must have helped to deepen and rivet expectation, not merely on her own account, but as a lesson and an illustration in the world of human nature. What an instance of spiritual essence, of intense sensibility, of ethereal genius, brought into temporary contact with what is earthly, material, and hard! That which has contributed in literary circles to the anticipations and longings regarding this extraordinary being was, the notion that she herself had contemplated such a memorial, and also that she had confided to Mr. Blan-

chard the task of vindicating her character as well as of being her and biographer literary executor.

We must instance it as a proof of her sound judgment, nice foresight, and also lasting friendship rightly placed, that she selected a person for the delicate offices mentioned, so competent and faithful as these volumes prove Mr. Blanchard to be. We could hardly have expected that an ardent admirer of her genius and productions ; that one who would as soon have believed that a stain could attach to an angel, as that L. E. L. had been other than grossly slandered by the envious and the malignant, could have acquitted himself with such candour and impartiality as reign throughout these pages. But in squaring his biographical conduct according to these guides, he has displayed a profound regard for the memory and virtues of the deceased ; and taken the surest way to command respect for himself, as well as to finish the beautiful monument she herself founded, reared, and so lavishly adorned.

It is true, that the biographer has on some occasions rather stimulated curiosity than satisfied it ; in part owing to the want of sufficient evidence from which to come to a convincing conclusion ; but in part also, we think, on account of Mr. Blanchard's rather superficial, although fluent mode of treatment ; the sentiments being always agreeable, and also commanding by their many sympathies. Still, it is to be kept in view that the waywardness of genius, and the events which occur in the lives of persons of original turns of mind, are likely at times to elude the philosophy of the most correct thinker, and to baffle patient investigation. Besides, mystery to some considerable extent envelopes, at least, the close of the poetess's career ; gloom peculiar surrounds her grave. Perhaps, however, bolder speculation and less delicacy towards the living, with a firmer expression of the writer's own excellent feelings, would have done more justice to the dead with regard to certain passages of her history. These ideas we throw out with some hesitation, being upon the whole highly pleased with the biographer's principles of liberality ; and not less satisfied with the manner in which he has allowed his subject to manifest her charming self by well-chosen extracts from her writings, notices of her peculiarities, and recollections of particular scenes.

The first of the two volumes before us contains the Life ; the second, the Remains,—consisting of posthumous writings, besides fugitive pieces, and specimens of, or selections from, her poetry. We shall confine ourselves to the biography.

There is nothing very remarkable in the earlier part of the life of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, if birth, education, or accident are merely to be regarded. All these were such as happen to thousands of females of whom the world never hears. She was of what is called a good family, which, going no further back than the com-

mencement of the 18th century, appears to have been settled in Herefordshire, "where they enjoyed some landed property, in the possession of which they flourished until about the period of the South Sea mania, when one of them, Sir William Landon, Knt., concluded a series of enterprises, by which the circumstances of the family had been materially advanced, with some less prosperous speculations, whose issue involved the total loss of the patrimonial estates." The church seems after this to have been the "ark of safety" for the Landons; although the father of L. E. L. went to sea in early life, his later career being upon land, where he experienced considerable vicissitude. When he married, he took up his residence in Hans Place, Chelsea. There Letitia, the eldest of three children, was born on the 14th of August, 1802. A brother still survives, long her inseparable companion,—the Rev. Whittington Henry Landon, M. A.

But while the birth and up-bringing of L. E. L. were in no respect very unusual, not so common-place was the cast of her mind, or her literary progress; her indications of a poetical genius being precocious and unmistakable. Her imagination was so powerful and lively that there was no end to her invention and stories, and even of lispings in numbers; all which she did with ease and without becoming weary. Her memory was extraordinary; her quickness not less so; and her emulation and natural appetite for mental occupation such, that she could not but make rapid advances. Her reading all along from the time that books could engage her, appears to have been as devouring as it was desultory. But we must look into Mr. Blanchard's pages for some fuller notices and illustrations, traits and anecdotes, than the impressions left by a hasty perusal of his volumes have left upon our memory. This is what we are told of her first lessons and earliest steps in learning to read:—

"She was taught to read by an invalid and neighbour; who amused herself by scattering the letters of the alphabet over the carpet, and making her little pupil pick them up as they were named. The principle of rewards was adopted solely; and these rewards, as they were won, were as regularly brought to *her brother*. That living relative, who was her only playmate and companion, relates, in a letter from which we write, 'If she came home without a reward, she went up stairs with her nurse, of whom she was particularly fond, to be comforted; but when she brought her reward with her, she never failed to display it in the drawing-room, and then share it with me. She must,' he adds, 'have been very quick at that early age, for she seldom came empty-handed; and I soon began to look for the hour of her return, for which I had such very good reasons.'"

With regard to her capacity for acquiring knowledge we are told—

“ When the young student was scarcely seven years old, the family removed to Trevor Park, East Barnet; where the care of her instruction was undertaken by her cousin, Miss Landon; whose zeal and guidance were repaid with the most constant acknowledgment of her worth. Some passages of a letter from this lady, in which she recalls the hours long past that were beneficially devoted to the interests of her charge, will happily exhibit the spirit of the modest and admiring teacher, while they strikingly exemplify the progress and character of the pupil. ‘ In very many instances,’ says the writer, ‘ in endeavouring to teach, I have myself been taught; the extraordinary memory and genius of the learner soon leaving the humble abilities of the teacher far behind. Any experienced person used to instruction would have smiled at hearing us. When I asked Letitia any question relating either to history, geography, grammar, to Plutarch’s Lives, or to any book we had been reading, I was pretty certain her answers would be perfectly correct; still, not exactly recollecting, and unwilling she should find out just then that I was less learned than herself, I used thus to question her— ‘ Are you quite certain?’ ‘ Oh yes, quite!’ ‘ You feel sure you are correct?’ ‘ Yes, very sure.’ ‘ Well, then, to be perfectly right, bring the book, and let us look over it again.’ I never knew her to be wrong.’ ”

Still, the rule that “ whatever she attempted she thoroughly mastered,” did not to its utmost extent hold good in her case. There were two exceptions: she neither excelled in music, “ of which she, nevertheless, understood the very soul,” nor in penmanship:—

“ Her cousin states that ‘ although Letitia’s kind and accomplished friend Miss Bissett spared no pains during several years to impart the same brilliant touch and execution she herself possessed, the attempt to make her proficient in music was vain. Yet,’ she adds, ‘ music seemed to charm and inspire her; for hours she would sit writing upon her slate while any one played or sang.’ As for her proficiency in penmanship, her brother graphically pictures the fruitless effort. ‘ Learning to write,’ he says, ‘ was a source of extreme trouble to her. A kind old gentleman who witnessed this distress, and who never believed that any fault whatever rested with her, undertook to teach her himself. And the copy-book was ruled, and his spectacles were rubbed, and his knife prepared to make the best pen possible; but it would not do: a broad nib and a fine nib, a hard pen and a soft pen, all failed, for in each case it was still *a pen*. At last he gave the task up in despair: he shook his head mournfully, and said, ‘ No, your dear little fingers are too straight;’ gave her a forgiving kiss, told her she was ‘ a dab at pothooks,’ took up his hat, walked out, and never renewed his attempt.’ ”

Let our readers bear two statements particularly in mind when seeking to appreciate her literary character and works. First, when she was but a child, and about seven years, she had such a knack and delight in giving accounts of the wonderful castles she had built in her imagination, that she would occupy an hour or two of the evening amusing her parents with them. “ When rambling in the

garden in fair weather, she had taken with her, as a companion, a long stick, which she called her measuring-stick, she was asked, 'what that was for?' her answer would be, 'Oh, don't speak to me; I have such a delightful thought in my head!' And on she would go, talking to herself." At one time she struck a bargain with her brother that she would devote one day to his pastimes if he would do the like another day to listening to her tales and imaginings. Mr. B. remarks, "There was a little world of happiness within her; and even then the genius afterwards developed was constantly struggling to break forth." Secondly, we are informed, that "writing verses was to her but a labour of love, if labour in any sense it could be called: it was far less irksome to her to compose a poem than to sit idle; and as she rarely looked about for choice subjects, but seized on those that first occurred to her, so she never waited for the 'poetic fit,' the 'happy moment,' but sat down to her desk in any mood, careless or solemn."

Now, from these statements, coupled with the flow and the grace, but also the dreaminess and sameness of her compositions, we discover how dangerous facility of composition is before the mind is properly developed, knowledge matured, habits of deep reflection established, and a steady rein kept upon the capacity of improvising. Necessarily, the result of such readiness and restless activity as characterized the powers and pen of L. E. L., was an amazing quantity of composition, prose and poetic; any specimen of which no doubt might have earned fame for any young lady; but, when the pieces grew numberless, would have been more substantial and valuable, if the matter in them had been more concentrated, more largely diversified, and altogether more fully premeditated. Let us, however, have some facts to go by in judging of her fertility, at a comparatively youthful period of her career. Says Mr. B.—

"It is not surprizing that she was continually repeating herself in stanzas on memory and hope, and love and disappointment; nor is it strange, considering the activity, or rather the restlessness, of her imagination, if the volumes which, up to this time, we have seen published in her name, formed but an inconsiderable portion of what she actually wrote. To the *Literary Gazette* she still continued a frequent contributor of poetical fragments; but her writings were far from being confined to those columns in which the initials of the poet were regularly sought. In the lighter departments of criticism, she was, week by week, a devoted labourer; and many are the authors, young and old, poets, novelists, dramatists, travellers, and reminiscence-mongers, who owe the first generous words of encouragement, or the cordial renewal of former welcomes, to her glowing and versatile pen. Written generally to suit the occasion merely, it is not thought worth while to make reference to these criticisms in detail; but it is due to L. E. L. to say, that, were her opinions upon books and authors, whether expressed in this or any other publication, impartially extracted, and collected in

volumes, there would be seen in them the results of great miscellaneous reading, research in more than one foreign language, acuteness and brilliancy of remark,—with, it is true, much hastiness of judgment, many prejudiced and inconclusive views, frequent wildness of assertion,—but without one ungenerous or vindictive sentiment, one trace of an unkindly or interested feeling. She has often gone far out of her way to recommend to the public the productions of rivals who abused her; and assuredly, towards those by whom she conceived herself obliged, though in the slightest degree, she was ever ready to play the friend where she should have been the critic only, and to repay with a column of praise the favour of a kind word; for the smallest service she always remembered and always over-rated. But here her sinning against ‘impartial judgment’ end. Her failings as a critic leaned to virtue’s side; and the young writer, with but a spark of the poetic fire in his lines, was as sure of a gentle sentence, of appreciation and sympathy, as the established favourite was of a grateful welcome, and an honouring tribute.”

About Letitia’s fourteenth year her father removed to Brompton, when the family became acquainted with Mr. Jerdan, who was a near neighbour; and whose opinion of her poetical effusions being favourable, they henceforward continued to appear in his journal, the *Literary Gazette*,—her name being ever after constantly before the public, in a variety of publications.

We need not trace the course of her private life with any degree of closeness from the period when she became an author: indeed it is not for a series of years very distinctly or fully described by her biographer. We may remark, however, that after the decease of her father, and when her mother was still alive, she appears to have boarded with strangers, Hans Place having attractions to her fancy. Take a general view of her habits and her happiness, given in the year 1830, when she lived with the Misses Lance, and with whom she had long been residing:—

“In her conduct and manners there had never been the slightest change. She pursued her literary tasks with unabated spirit; and though precluded, by her unprotected position, from going into society to the extent of the facilities created for her, she was yet enabled so far to extend the circle of her friends as to secure, by a short visit here and there, and by literary acquaintanceship, a fair share of relief from the monotony of her pursuits. Nobody who might happen to see her for a time about this period, enjoying the little quiet dance (of which she was fond), or the snug corner of the room where the little lively discussion (which she liked still better), was going on, could possibly have traced in her one feature of the *Sentimentalist* which popular error reputed her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit never ill-natured, and often brilliant—scattering quotations as thick as hail—opinions as wild as the winds—defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from

her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her looking younger than she really was; and, perhaps, struck by her animated air, her expressive face, and slight but elegant figure, his impression would at once find utterance in the exclamation which, a year or two afterwards, escaped from the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being first presented to her whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains,—‘Hey! but I did na think ye’d been sae bonnie!’—staring at the same time with all a poet’s capacity of eye.”

Mr. Blanchard proceeds to notice a variety of characteristics, after remarking that Hogg’s expression of surprise indicated that she was far prettier than report allowed her to be. He says—

“Her easy carriage and careless movements would seem to imply an insensibility to the feminine passion for dress; yet she had a proper sense of it, and never disdained the foreign aid of ornament, always provided it was simple, quiet, and becoming. Her hair was ‘darkly-brown,’ very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure, as before remarked, slight, but well-formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears, also, were observably little. Her face, though not regular in ‘every feature,’ became beautiful by expression: every flash of thought, every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile willingly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not excepting even her *bon mots* and aphorisms, was the most delightful things that issued from it. To judge of her powers of conversation, it is necessary to consider, not only the qualities already referred to, but her extraordinary memory, and the stores of information and anecdote which an unwearied and diversified course of reading, during many years, had placed at her command. We have seen nothing of the progress of L. E. L.’s acquirements since her childish pursuits came to an end, and the family left Trevor Park; and, indeed, it would be no easy task to trace her studies in regular order, to point out the sources of her extensive and varied knowledge. She often exhibited an acquaintance with books which could hardly by accident (it would appear) have been thrown in her way; and how she acquired, so early in life as she did, an insight into those subjects of foreign love which she afterwards displayed a thorough acquaintance with, was little short of a mystery. At the period to which we have now arrived she was well read in French, and almost equally well in Italian, literature. She had, in truth, been an indefatigable reader; and while triflers in society listened, excepting that her talk would be of moonlight and roses, they were often surprised to hear her—unless mirth happened to be her object, and satire or mystifi-

cation her choice—discussing the character of a distant age, or the rise of a great nation; the influence of a mighty genius upon his contemporaries; the value of a creed outworn; or some historical event, a judgment of which demanded—what she would not fail to exhibit if she spoke at all—an insight into the actors, the policy, and the manners of the time to which it related. Her studies, in short, put her in possession of great advantages, which her excellent memory enabled her to turn readi'ly to account."

Persons who knew nothing of her but through her writings, naturally imagined that such a romantic and plaintive genius must be allied to a melancholy temperament, instead of a talking, rattling, and never idling creature. The time came, however, when there was more of sombre thought in reality, more of gloom, and morbid feeling. But we are forestalling.

We have seen something of her infancy and her girlhood as well as of the woman,—something also of her education, its modes, the growth of her poetical faculty, her habits, &c.; from all which some estimate may be formed of her genius and of her literary qualities. But there are still two points in the history of L. E. L. that will be eagerly sought after in Mr. Blanchard's pages, and which he does not turn aside from, either from any affected or real over-nicety of delicacy. To these we have but as yet vaguely alluded; but will now return, with the design of presenting the pith of the biographer's account: we allude to the calumnious reports concerning Miss Landon which obtained at various times, and the still more affecting mystery of her death.

The slanderous reports that found currency in 1826, and at some other periods, were by Miss Landon's friends, (for who that knew her could be other than real friends and ardent admirers, unless when baseness was the party's character?) at once set down to the envy of disappointed authors, to jealousy, and other most unworthy motives. But Mr. Blanchard, although as sincere and warm-hearted as the best and truest of all that surrounded her, does not place his complete defiance and exposure of the calumny exactly upon the indiscriminate grounds mentioned; but admits that there was unguardedness on her part, injudiciousness, and blameable indifference. He says—

"Unfortunately the very unguardedness of her innocence served to arm even the feeblest malice with powerful stings; the openness of her nature and the frankness of her manners furnished the silly or the ill-natured with abundant materials for gossip. She was always as careless as a child of set forms and rules for conduct. She had no thought, no concern about the interpretation that was likely to be put upon her words by at least one out of a score of listeners; it was enough for her that she meant no harm, and that the friends she most valued knew this: perhaps she found a wilful and most dangerous pleasure, sometimes, in making the starers stare yet more widely. She defied suspicion. But to induce her to condescend to

be on her guard, to put the slightest restraint upon her speech, correspondence, or actions, simply because self-interest demanded it to save her conduct from misrepresentation, was a task which, so far from any one being able to accomplish, few would, without deliberation, venture to attempt; so quick were her feelings, so lofty her woman's pride, and so keen and all-sufficing her consciousness of right.

“ It must be owned that her own injudiciousness still exposed her to attacks; and that to persons of an irritable or over-credulous temper she might easily become an object of suspicion and aversion, especially to her own sex. Her warmth of heart, her exuberance of gratitude even on trivial occasions of service, her buoyant spirits, her recklessness as to consequences, and her stubborn indifference to opinion, were still, as before, her great enemies that created enemies; and when writing to authors whom she had known and confided in for years, and in whom differences of age and the long-worn honours of the married lot might have sufficed to guard her from all misapprehension, she was sometimes apt to lay aside the formalities of respect due to middle-aged husbands and the reverence that belongs to the father of a numerous family.”

The unconscious, confiding, generous lady might have remained ignorant of the vile scandal, had not a female friend, a married person, written to her, conveying some hints concerning it, and counselling the injured creature to be more guarded. The answer of L. E. L. must be quoted:—

“ As to the *report* you named, I know not which is greatest, the absurdity or the malice. Circumstances have made me very much indebted to the gentleman [whose name was coupled with hers] for much kindness. I have not had a friend in the world but himself to manage anything of business whether literary or pecuniary. Your own literary pursuits must have taught you how little, in them, a young woman can do without assistance. Place yourself in my situation. Could you have hunted London for a publisher, endured all the alternate hot and cold water thrown on your exertions; bargained for what sum they might be pleased to give; and, after all, canvassed, examined, nay quarrelled over accounts the most intricate in the world? And again, if success had procured money, what was I to do with it? Though ignorant of business, I must know I could not lock it up in a box. Then, for literary assistance, my proof-sheets could not go through the press without revision. Who was to undertake—I can only call it drudgery—but some one to whom my literary exertions could in return be as valuable as theirs to me? But it is not on this ground that I express my surprise at so cruel a calumny, but actually on that of our slight intercourse. He is in the habit of frequently calling on his way into town; and unless it is on a Sunday afternoon, which is almost his only leisure time for looking over letters, manuscripts, &c. five or ten minutes is the usual time of his visit. We visit in such different circles, that if I except the evening he took Agnes and myself to Miss B——’s, I cannot recall our ever meeting in any one of the round of winter-parties. The more I think of my

past life and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment : from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continued struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty ; and I must say, not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change, to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two new dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have to contend with—but this is what I have no right to trouble you with.”

Could we suppose that Miss Landon’s peculiar manners were in any degree studied or affected, we should have hardly had any pity for her, however pure her virtue. But we believe her to have been a perfect child of nature, and as superior to vanity and frivolity as she was really brilliant and independent of all meretricious art. Had she been otherwise, she could not have treated with the utter scorn that she did the derogatory rumour, and which her noble contempt obliged to shrink into obscurity. But we must hear what Mr. Blanchard has to say on the subject, and then our readers will have grounds to be pleased with his judgment, his steadfastness, and manly sympathies :—

“ These were her real feelings expressed to a real friend. Her acquaintances knew nothing of them ; the world saw no change in her ; for in no one respect could she be persuaded to put a curb upon her high spirit, to substitute reflection for impulse, or to set a guard over the free expression of her thoughts and opinions. She could not, however, at this time, surmise the whole baseness of the scandal. The knowledge of it was reserved for after years ; when, her life and manners continuing what they had ever been, but the evil report never utterly silenced, it was discovered that a silent disdain of calumny is not always the best wisdom in the slandered, nor a reliance upon time and innocence for justice the truest delicacy in an adviser. It was L. E. L.’s fate to suffer deeply during many after years of her life, from her own high-minded indifference to false reports, and her resolution to wear no false manner at any time. How pitiful and base, if a shadow were to be cast on the name she has left, or her character were still exposed to the slightest misconception, by any false delicacy to the living, or any flinching from the truth, however painful on the part of one whom she had in solemn terms charged with the task of recording the successes and sorrows of her life. It is therefore that the writer feels it to be a duty thus to advert to the slander, and thus record the reply.

“ How deep was the shock her feelings sustained, her own words show. It would be in vain, perhaps, to speculate upon the duration of that bitterness and gloom which pervade the above transcript of her feelings ; but the evil effect was certainly not of brief continuance ; and perhaps from this time her real sentiments towards society, and her philosophical speculations on life, whether expressed in her correspondence or conversation, partook far more of the morbid, despairing, and desolate tone of her poetry than before.”

Miss Landon was not without suitors; and various were the reports in *blue* circles about her match-making and match-breaking. A marriage at length, with a gentleman whose name is not given, seemed to be on the eve of solemnization; but scandal again took wing, for what extraordinary woman has not all her faults or peculiarities raked up, and a thousand falsely added, at such an eventful epoch of her life? A correspondence commenced on the subject, with the view of tracing the accusation to its abominable source; but the venom was too subtle, the grounds too intangible, the idea too preposterous, to have a real lurking place; therefore it eluded all pursuit. Still, observe what was the result, as described in one of her own letters, and in her biographer's comments:—

“ It should be particularly marked, that the correspondence on this subject was not intended to be an inquiry into the truth of the accusation; *that*, so far from being deemed necessary by the parties to it, by any of her friends—more especially by that friend to whom she was then matrimonially contracted—would have been deemed by them all degrading to the last degree. There was never for an instant a shadow of suspicion upon their minds. Nothing they did in doubt, but all in honour. The sole-object was to trace the false accuser and drag him forward. This failing, the sense of falsehood remained as strong as before; stronger it could not be, or it would have been strengthened by the result of the steps that had been taken for the detection of the calumniator.

“ What should follow, then, but the fulfilment of the marriage-contract? As there was not the slightest scruple previously, on his own account, in the mind of the other party to that contract, so not the slightest scruple remained as an impediment. The bare existence of such a scruple would, of course, have been fatal to her peace and happiness. There was none affecting her honour in the remotest degree. Yet the contract was broken off by her. However strong and deep the sentiment with which she had entered into it, she had the unflinching resolution to resist its promptings; and in the spirit of communication at this period between her and the gentleman to whom she was engaged, it is not difficult to perceive that the same high-minded feeling on both sides, the same nice sense of honour, and the same stubborn yet delicate pride (neither, perhaps, discerning in the other the exact qualities that governed the conduct of both) so operated as to dictate a present sacrifice of affection, and the avoidance of a contract under the circumstances which had so controlled the parties to it.

“ The severity of the shock she underwent, and the extent of the self-sacrifice she deemed herself called upon by duty to make, may be inferred from the following letter addressed to him, with whom the contemplated union had now, she felt, become impossible. The handwriting gives painful evidence of the agitation of mind and weakness of body amidst which it was composed. Its insertion is permitted here, at the request of her surviving relative and of the writer to whom she confided the trust of doing justice to her memory. It must be received as the only explanation that can be offered of the feelings by which she was animated, and of the grounds on which she decided.

“ ‘ I have already written to you two notes, which I fear you could scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour ; and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thomson say—‘ You have an idea of what the rack is now.’ It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life ; I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain—but this is not what I meant to say. Again I repeat, that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement I cannot object to your stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—I cannot—allow you to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved ; where it a difficulty of any other kind, I might say, look back at every action of my life, ask every friend I have : but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man’s vanity or the slander of a vulgar woman’s tongue ? I feel that to give up all idea of a near and dear connexion, is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance, the mortification, of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard, coupled with insolent insinuation ?—you never would bear it.

“ ‘ I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—

“ ‘ After Monday I shall, I hope, be visible ; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose—as if it were possible. Can you read this ? Under any circumstances, the

“ ‘ Most grateful and affectionate of your friends, ‘ L. E. LANDON.’ ”

“ The conduct of the gentleman to whom this letter was addressed was throughout, and in every respect, worthy of the honourable appreciation it obtained, and of her who could thus feel and act towards him.”

We cannot meddle, by offering any opinion upon the issue of this engagement, but must join in the lament for the poor sensitive victim of malicious persecution. There were persons, it would appear, who although they would not have wantonly assailed her honour, yet represented that she rushed, in a sort of despair, into another match ; all which reports and interpretations might well have upset the earthly peace, if not the reason, of any high-souled woman. With regard to her marriage to Mr. Maclean, or his conduct towards her, we do not find lights sufficient to warrant any strong assertion that would affect the character of either. Mr. Blanchard indeed asserts, and his word ought to go a great way, that “ from the commencement of his acquaintance with her to the hour of her death, Mr. Maclean entertained but one feeling in

relation to the reports circulated to her prejudice. That feeling was contempt, contempt that never once wavered." Again, "he desired nothing more than an opportunity of vindicating her; and took every occasion to show how impossible it was to shake his steady faith in her truth and honour."

With regard to Mr. Maclean's proceeding to Cape Coast Castle, and with the probability of sojourning for no inconsiderable period there, we think that both husband and wife were in part accusable for the consequences; she appears to have been quite unprepared, and not to have reasoned with ordinary foresight, relative to the change of circumstances and the new calls that would be made upon her; while we do not discover that he was at pains to instruct or inform her concerning the sphere to which he was transporting her. Then, as to the immediate cause of her death, the biographer to be sure labours to show that it must have been natural. Still there is mystery around this melancholy event, so profound, to us at least, as to be impenetrable, even after Mr. Blanchard has produced letters of hers to the last, and commented on every available circumstance. The detention by Mr. Maclean of certain documents, ordered by his wife to be immediately delivered, or forwarded, is not sufficiently accounted for. But we must have done, and allow every one to form his own views of the question, or to remain like ourselves in the dark. Certain it is that the *Life* will be extensively read, and that it will revive much that is painful as well as tender respecting the gifted and the charming L. E. L.

ART. VIII.—*The Philosophy of Death; or a General Medical and Statistical Treatise on the Nature and Causes of Human Mortality.* By JOHN REID. London: J. S. Highley.

"THE object of the author in submitting" the above named work "to the public is," he tells us, "to give the general reader a condensed view of the principal causes of death in the human species." Now, in order to form any adequate conception of the causes of death some previous knowledge of the laws of life is indispensable; and just in proportion as the phenomena of the latter and their mutual relations are known, will the enquirer be fitted to appreciate the causes which sever these relations and cause the phenomena to cease. The very title therefore of his work taken in connexion with its proposed object convicts this author of incapacity for his task, for it is such a misnomer as no close thinker, no really philosophical mind, could have been guilty of. Nor is the execution of the work itself a whit better than the conception of its title: a grosser instance of sheer clumsy bookmaking it has seldom been our lot to encounter. It is made up for the most part of extracts put together in the most unskilful fashion, and connected by a tissue of the author's own

lucubrations composed in the most unreadable English. Philosophy indeed! Any printer's devil, with the author's raw materials and a pair of scissors, would have made up a book to which the name might have been applied with less profanation. The only parts of Mr. Reid's book of any value are the extracts from other writers; indeed, it is but justice to say that in his preface he declaims all pretensions to originality; but he has not the merit of having made a good compilation, for, besides his other deficiencies, his reading is evidently very limited in comparison with the wide range of his subject, and he has drawn his information in a great measure at second-hand, from medical and other journals. His book sins both by way of omission and commission. Who that possesses the least knowledge of physiology could suppose, that in a work written for general readers, and treating particularly of the phenomena of death, not a word should be said of the ambiguous nature of all its signs short of incipient decomposition, no refutation of the popular fallacy that "when the breath is out the man is dead," no warning against the fatal risk of premature interment? We may not perhaps believe all the tragic tales afloat of bodies found, on opening old graves, in postures that showed they had been committed living to the earth; for the horror excited by such stories may not unnaturally give rise to much exaggeration; still the melancholy fact is too well authenticated, that numbers of our fellow creatures have been consigned, perhaps by the hands of those who loved them best, to a death, which, most perhaps of all deaths, humanity shudders at contemplating. The records of medicine too abound with cases in which life has continued after apparent death, during a period much more than sufficient to accomplish that death in detail of the constituents of the body, which follow the moment of civil death, as we may call that moment that severs for ever that wonderful circle of action which combines into one individual life the several lives of each particle of the frame. In some of these cases actual death has at last occurred, but in others the patient has fully recovered. Instances have even been reported of persons supposed dead who, though incapable of muscular motion, were in full possession of consciousness, and who could hear the orders given for their own burial. To many persons this may seem an incredible fiction. We do not require them to believe it without ample proof; but while a shadow of its possibility remains, who that dreams of it could sanction the indecent haste with which the dead are too often consigned to the undertaker? Think of the corpse showing signs of life under the fatal scalpel of the Spanish anatomist!

We will now allow Mr. Reid to speak for himself, so as to afford our readers an opportunity of judging whether or not his mode of thought and his style are deserving of the censure we have pronounced upon them. In his first chapter, devoted to the elemen-

tary principles of physiology, occurs the following luminous passage :—

“The human body, as composed of fluids and solids, very elaborately disposed, may be compared to a complicated machine ; for it possesses so many different adaptations of structure which all tend to some direct purpose or effect, that” (mark the logical *vis consequentiæ*) “one and all of them give rise to those functions or actions which are the peculiar result of their mutual and conjoined associations.”

Again :—

“An organic body endowed with vitality possesses certain proprieties of susceptibility, by which it is necessarily affected by surrounding agents, so as to give rise to particular effects upon its sensitive or nervous system. These effects produced upon the system at large, through the medium of the nerves, give rise to all those organic, instinctive, and voluntary actions, which characterize life or vitality. The organic actions or functions of a part, as manifested in all those movements and changes which are constantly going on in both the fluids and the solids, are those essential or primary vital attributes observed to exist in the very first manifestations of animal organization ; and they exist in degrees more or less minute and complicated in every organic structure, according to the nature of the functions which it has to perform.

“Every atom of animal matter being endowed with nervous susceptibility, is capable of receiving impressions calculated to excite its vital or organic actions ; and thus the whole animal body, even to its most minute atomical parts, is a congeries of vital molecules. The vital actions of these minute particles or molecules, taken as a whole, may be termed the structural vital functions, because they preserve and renew the integral parts of all the different organs, and thus constitute the stimuli of their structural vitality.

“Now, all the different organs in the body, besides possessing in common these atomical vital endowments which give rise to molecular organic action, possess an appropriate arrangement or organization of their component parts, so as to give rise to those particular vital functions which administer to specific purposes in the animal economy. Thus, the stomach and the other digestive organs prepare the food into nutriment for the nourishment and growth of the system. The lacteal system takes up the *chyle* or nutrient portion, and conveys it into the blood ; the action of the heart propels the blood to all parts of the system for its renovation and support ; and the lungs, by their action, through the influence of the atmospheric air, free or purify the blood of certain principles which would prove inimical to the system if again circulated through it. These, and some of the others we have mentioned before, are the organic vital functions, and they all depend on, or are produced by, the particular structural adaptation of their respective organs.”

Does the author suppose that this is simplifying the difficulties of science, or is it not rather overlaying its dark places with a muddy heap of verbosity ? Is it true, that every atom of animal matter is

endowed with nervous susceptibility? Certainly not, if the word *atom* be used in its strict etymological sense, to which it is usually confined in philosophical reasoning, and from which it can never be either necessary or useful to divert it. Animal bodies are constituted *in the last result* of the same sort of atoms as enter into the mass of inanimate bodies: it is therefore a wanton abuse of language, a piece of slip-slop gabble most impudently assuming the name of philosophy, to make "the most minute atomical parts" of the animal frame identical with "the vital molecules." Then again, what in the name of common sense are we to make of this proposition: That the vital actions of these minute particles or molecules constitute the stimuli of the structural vitality of the organs?

Mr. Reid, it will be seen from the following extract, rejects the very well-grounded and convenient distinction made by medical men between organic and functional diseases, the latter being, according to the received notions, those which are characterized only by some irregularity in the action of an organ or organs, the former in which the very structure of one or more organs is vitiated. Mr. Reid confounds change of condition with change of structure, he converts a question of quantity into one of quality. According to him, the *structure* of the mill is changed as often as the miller lets on, or shuts off the water. An increased quantity of blood in the vessels of the eye, is according to him a change in its structure, intrinsically, and independently of the consequences this increase of blood may ultimately produce. If this be so, the skin of the cheek undergoes a change of structure whenever we blush, that of the fingers when we hold them to the fire, &c. We invite the reader's particular attention to the part of the following extract we have marked in italics. It needs no previous acquaintance with medical science to perceive the glaring violation of logic involved in it:—

"The natural operations of all the different vital organs of the body are the direct support of life and health; and, whilst they continue in a regular and harmonious action, it may be said that the system is in a healthy state, and consequently may be considered as free from disease. *Derangement of any of the vital functions always take place from some affection or alteration of the structure of the organs whose functions are impaired; for we generally find that according to the manifestations or symptoms of disease in any part, or organ, so is the derangement of its function.* That derangement of function does occur without any appreciable manifestations either of change or of actual disease in the structure of an organ, no one will deny; but it must be admitted that, in consequence of the very minute, indeed we may say inscrutable, nature of the ultimate structure of the different textures of the body, it is quite impossible to discover with the naked eye any functional motions in the extreme secretory vessels either in health or in disease. So, if we admit the impossibility in the one case, we must admit it in the other, and consequently refer the difficulty to the inadequate power of our

faculties to discover such minute differences. For example, in the very first stage of the commencement of an attack of inflammation of the eye, there is no perceptible change in any of its structures; there is, however, felt by the individual some painfulness about the part, which indicates that all is not right. But in the course of an hour or two, perhaps, the eye begins to be very painful, and it becomes a little bloodshot; then the alteration of structure is perceptible, in the vessels of the part becoming so large, and so distended with blood, as to be visible to the naked eye. If the progress of disease in every organ of the body could be watched with the same facility of detection as that of the outer textures of the eye, we are inclined to think that every derangement of function would be found to have its antecedent derangement or alteration of structure. So, in speaking of derangement of any of the animal or vital functions, it should always be understood to imply that such derangement is only an effect, not in the first cause, of the particular ailment. To take another example: an individual may for a considerable length of time have been complaining of bad digestion and all its train of capricious symptoms—in short, of great derangement of the stomach and bowels, with loss of appetite and increasing bad health. Now, such a case may have arisen from different causes—from errors of diet, from close confinement, from undue exposure and fatigue, or from any other irregular or pernicious effect produced upon the system. We shall say that, under such circumstances, and in that particular case, the stomach and bowels were the organs first affected. According to the constitution and temperament of the individual, the effect produced would vary: in some irritable constitutions the effects might be manifested in the symptoms of general irritation of the digestive organs, producing, perhaps, sickness, vomiting, diarrhoea, with all the other concomitant symptoms of irritation of the stomach and bowels: in a less irritable constitution, again, both the primary and secondary effects would be quite different; there might be at first headache, and languor of the whole system, which might continue for a good many days; and finally, there might occur all those *lurid* symptoms which are so characteristic of a depraved or vitiated condition of the secretory functions of the stomach, liver, and bowels. Now, in both of these cases, the primary exciting causes of the complaints were the effects produced upon the different organs by the particular influences which we have mentioned; and these effects, again, were the direct cause of some changes taking place in their relative nervous and vascular associated functions. Such changes, then, must be considered as arising from an alteration of structure; for, if the structure of the organs had continued in a normal state, the functions ought to have been continued in a normal state also. Every different organ possesses a peculiar organization, calculated for the performance of certain functions; consequently, any decided change in the functions of an organ implies that there must be some corresponding change in its functional parts: every disease or affection, therefore, originates in organic change of structure. The difference which exists, then, betwixt a healthy and deranged state of the system generally, constitutes the apparent symptoms or effects of bad health or disease."

Our readers will probably by this time have begun to suspect

that Mr. Reid scarcely understands, much less can write, English. So thinks not Mr. Reid: he thinks he cannot only write English, but very fine English too. Thus does he discourse of the "*Religious Causes of Death.*"

"*Religious Causes of Death.*—Religion, abstractly considered, and like every other institution, has frequently a direct influence in laying her devotees under the fatal influence of her mighty impulses. The weak minded and the nervous are often laid prostrate by religious doubts and religious melancholy; the highly imaginative, and venerative, often end their days in a madhouse from religious *mania* or mental derangement; and the diseased are often devoutly excited beyond the equilibrium of their vital tenure, being frequently hurried to that doom by those influences, which, under a salutary state of the system, might have proved their support and delight.

"In every age, and in every civilized country, a spirit of persecution has existed amongst the zealous partizans of different systems of religion. The savage tribes have always been in the habit of sacrificing unfortunate victims, as a fulfilment of their religious rites, either to gain the favour or to appease the anger of their imaginary gods. Other more matured systems at one time authorised an exterminating persecution, in the burning and massacring of all other sects. Besides, religion has often been made the pretext for wielding the rapier, and for firing the fagot against very excellent men—having sometimes been uplifted against the man who dared to expound the laws of God—at others, against those individuals who conscientiously differed in their opinions regarding the moral and religious government of man. Religion has been made the cause of much bloodshed, and sacrifice of human feeling, and human life. In the different persecuting periods, popes, priests, kings, and spiritual laymen, have all been linked together in the holy massacres. From such a combination sprung the INQUISITION, with all its fearful artillery of racking, cutting, piercing, and sawing engines—engines which were to mangle those bodies the divine workmanship of the Creator, and to give rise to those sensations of torture, the very thought of which is enough to make human feelings shrink for ever from its own consciousness of existence. Yes, such were the inventions of *spiritual* men; and such torturing engines were the workmanship of the pure and unspotted hands of holy monks and priests. Whilst these arch-fiends were thus preparing their hidden shafts of torture, they were at the same time kindling the flames of enmity betwixt man and man. Monarchs were set against monarchs, and subjects were raised both against their sovereigns and against one another. In short, the greater part of Europe in those periods might be compared to one bomb of rancorous and sanguinary feeling, ready to be let off, by the inflammatory anathemas of a sanguinary priesthood, against HERETICS of every denomination."

This is a fine, a very fine passage. What rhetorical skill does it display, what a consistent consciousness of his purpose does it bespeak in the mind of the artist! Here his object was not to communicate facts before unknown, or to convince the reason; the deep

feelings of the soul were to be aroused, pity, horror, and indignation were to be excited, to a pith only short of making "human feeling shrink for ever from its own consciousness of existence." Passion alone was to be elicited, reason therefore was sedulously to be kept in abeyance. Mark then the beautiful appropriateness of his opening sentence, how dexterously he employs the figure of speech called balderdash, how he at once knocks reason all of a heap, and leaves it obfuscated and conglomerated, while he proceeds to roll on the torrent of her vehement eloquence; till at last, he completes our bewilderment, bursting on our astonished faculties with the thundering report of the "great bomb of rancorous and sanguinary feeling!"

One extract more we will make from this blundering book, for the sake of contrasting with it a short passage, pregnant with good sense, which we find in "The Philosophy of Health" by Dr. Southwood Smith, a work worthy of its title. Mr. Reid says:—

"Mr. Forbes Winslow, in his 'Anatomy of Suicide,' advocates the doctrine, that this deed is generally to be attributed to insanity. He says, very few cases of suicide take place in which you cannot trace the existence of previous mental depression, produced either by physical or moral agents. It may be said that lowness of spirits is not insanity—certainly not, according to the *legal* definition of the term; but we may always be assured, that if mental anxiety or perturbation be more than commensurate with the exciting cause, it may be presumed that the individual is labouring under the incipient indications of insanity.' Every individual has experienced lowness of spirits from some cause or other, sometimes from wordly grievances and bodily suffering, at other times from altered states in the electrical condition of the atmosphere. Now if, under such circumstances, an individual, in his own hearing, were seriously charged as being insane, would he not naturally arouse himself from his mental torpor, and show his insane philosophising accusers that his lowness of spirits could no more be considered an indication of insanity, than their own curious conjectures regarding such. If lowness of spirits, or mental perturbation, can be traced to specific causes, it will always be found that such exist in a greater or less degree according to the mental peculiarities of the individual; and, although they may be excited, or exist to a greater extent in some individuals than in others, still they must just be regarded as degrees of mental depression, or of excitement. In insanity a person thinks and acts from uncontrollable and morbid impulses, arising from the lost balance of his intellectual faculties: but, in lowness of spirits, an individual's mind may be quite harmonious in all its actions, whether perceptive or imaginary. We must look, then, amongst the fatalities of worldly concerns for the incentives to suicide, for assuredly their potential influence is at once the predisposing and exciting cause to self-destruction. Suicide is generally committed with the view of getting quit of some insupportable grievances—some calamities, either apparent or real, too great for the individual to meet with any prospect of overcoming in a satisfactory manner according to his excited view."

Now hear Dr. Southwood Smith.—“It would be most erroneous to suppose that these persons put an end to their existence under the mere influence of the mental states of disappointment and despondency. The mind, reacted upon by the body produced physical disease, probably inflammation of the brain, and under the excitement of this physical disease the acts of suicide were committed. More than one case has come to my knowledge in which inflammation of the brain having been excited by mental suffering, suicide was committed by cutting the throat. During the flow of blood, which was gradual, the brain was relieved; the mind became perfectly rational; and the patient might have been saved had a surgeon been upon the spot, or had the persons about the patient known where and how to apply the pressure of the finger to stanch the flow of blood, until surgical aid could be procured.”

ART. IX.—*Italy : General Views of its History and Literature in Reference to its Present State.* By L. MARIOTTI. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1841.

“DOWN in a southern clime, amidst the silent waves of a tideless sea, there lies a weary land, whose life is only in the past and the future.” This is Italy, to solve the problem of whose destiny the author of the work before us has produced what may be called a moral history of that land, scrutinizing its literary and political annals from the grey dawn of modern time, selecting and arranging the leading facts of both series, weighing their reciprocal influence, and tracing continuously the general causes that have operated in forming the Italian mind. This is the right course to be adopted by the political enquirer, who would rise into a clearer medium than the misty atmosphere of empiricism; the more fully it is followed out, the more does the false colouring of accident disappear from the form of history; the more will it be seen that the events it records are not fortuitous; that, before contributing their share towards the formation of national character, habits, and institutions, they have been themselves prepared by these. Thus do we learn to interpret the present by the light of the past, to “pluck out the heart of its mystery,” and to read therein the dim characters of the future. Applying this process to the case of Italy we shall perhaps arrive at the conclusion, that neither should her present abject condition be looked on with cold disdain, nor her future regeneration be despaired of. Intellectual Europe owes, and long acknowledged, a deep debt of gratitude to Italy. In that country were the embers of the ancient civilization longest kept alive, and there too was the light of the new first kindled. In all the arts of war and peace she was the precursor, and long the nurse of the transalpine nations; and as she taught them the love and the practice of each, so did she set before

them in the persons of her own sons the brightest examples, the rivals worthiest of their emulation. She is now fallen into the lowest depth of wretchedness ; contempt and insult, hardly veiled by pity, are her portion at the hands of those whose wealth has been founded on the offerings of her bounty. Had her fall been more sudden, had she been struck down from her pride of place by some startling catastrophe, her voice would have been more missed, the memory of her greatness more vividly retained, and more sympathy would have been felt in her misfortunes by the nations of Europe. But her decline was lingering and long, it was the result not so much of foreign aggression as of an innate malady, whose violence did but accelerate ; unfavourable circumstances, her geographical position, her feudal and ecclesiastical relations with the rest of Europe, and her fatal dowry of beauty, invited the spoiler's hand, and developed all the vices of her constitution. Desperate were her fitful struggles ; but, wanting the consenting efficacy of union, they only exhausted her tortured frame ; and when she rallied herself for the last fierce contest in the fifteenth and the first third of the sixteenth centuries, it was with the delirium of a deadly fever ; never had the burning genius of her people been put forth with more energy, but never had it been stricken with deeper demoralization. After this last unavailing effort she sank into a lethargy broken only for a brief while by the delusive voice of her own child Napoleon, and subsequently by her two impotent convulsions of 1820, 1821, and 1831.

The scenes enacted in the first of these periods have entailed upon Italian name the hateful character of moral baseness ; the events of the last two have covered it with ridicule. In both instances the judgment pronounced has perhaps been too severe. *Audi alteram partem*. Signor Mariotti speaks thus to the first charge :—

“ The downfall of Italy was embittered by the virulent accusations of her foreign denominators, who loudly proclaimed that that nation only met with the fate that its cowardice and perfidy fully deserved.

“ Woe to the conquered.

“ The subjugation of a country, whose different states never but on one fortuitous occasion fought under the same banner, accomplished by the combined attacks of three colossal powers, was attributed to the unwarlike and pusillanimous despotism of its inhabitants. In vain did the last remains of Italian militia lavishly bleed at Agnadello, at Padua, at Ravenna, and on the Gaugliano. In vain did Hector Feramosca and his twelve followers chastise the taunting arrogance of an equal number of French men-at-arms in the private encounter at Barletta. (1503). The ugly stain of cowardice was inflicted on the Italian name, nor ever since that day has it ceased to brand our national character.

The arts of cunning and perfidy, and the double dealings and falsehoods with which foreigners so bitterly reproached the Italian princes in the

fifteenth century, might, perhaps, have been excusable on the part of weak and defenceless governments, brought all at once into an unequal contest with widely superior forces. But when we see the lion stooping to the wiles of the fox ; when we see Spain and France coolly parting between them the states of their confiding Neapolitan ally ; and again France and Germany conspiring to the extinction of inoffensive Venice ; and the honest Swiss not only basely deserting, but even delivering the fugitive Ludovic the Moor into the hands of relentless foes ; and the French aiding the Pisans to shake off their yoke, only to sell them back again to the Florentines whenever it suited their interests :—when we read of so many treaties and alliances shamefully broken, of so many flagrant defections, plots, and treacheries, we must confess that French, German, and Spaniards, were but too soon initiated in that crooked policy of which they so loudly complained, whilst they could not even allege a state of weakness and helplessness as an extenuation of their duplicity. But perfidy and duplicity remained among the characteristic traits of the Italian nature ; and foreigners in general make it a duty to look upon every person they meet on their way through our country as a professor of the unprincipled doctrines of Cæsar Borgea or Machiavello.

“ The deeds of sanguinary execution by which the conquest of Italy was accomplished or secured were utterly new and unexampled in the annals of the country, even among the darkest records of the barbaric invasions. The French, never shrinking from any open violation of the right of nations, surprised and stormed Capua while a parley was going on, butchered seven thousand unarmed citizens in the streets, and committed every brutal outrage on their defenceless wives and daughters. (1506). Louis XII, after granting an honourable capitulation to Genoa, sent the Doge and the principal citizens to the scaffold, thus punishing their heroic devotion to the cause of their country. (1507). The same monarch, irritated by the delay occasioned by the manly resistance of the towns of Peschiera and Caravaggio, hung their commanders on the battlements of their citadels, and put to the sword their surrendering garrisons. (1509). A French officer beset with fire the mouth of a cavern wherein the women and children of Vicenza had taken refuge during the wars of the leagues of Cambray, and nearly six thousand of their innocent victims perished among the cruel agonies of suffocation. (1510).

Such were the exploits of a king and a nation, who boasted of having signalized their age by the revival of chivalry. The morals of the country were shocked by the constant perpetration of such nefarious outrages. The hunted down population had scarcely any resource left but the dagger and poison. Yet even the arts of assassination and treason were brought into Italy, or at least carried into perfection by foreigners, if we are to believe that Roderigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI., was a Spaniard, and the Constable of Bourbon a Frenchman. But as a ferocious and sanguinary propensity is always found combined with dastardly timidity, no nation has ever been impeached with more wanton cruelty and bloody-mindedness than the Italians. The poniard is said to be essentially a national weapon, from their proudest noble to the bandit of the Appenines ; and ever since the death of the Dauphin of Francis I., not a poisoned cup has been administered with-

out an Italian being in some manner or other suspected to be privy to the deed.

"The free and easy manners of republican Italy were superseded by the gorgeous style and the gross adulation of foreign courtiers. The very language of Dante was diluted into the empty phrases of a pompous grand eloquence; and the awkward mode of addressing the third person was imported from Spain and naturalized into the Italian *lei*, a mode of speech till the sixteenth century unknown in Italy. Still the Italians are pretended to be the inventors of every kind of servility of language, and their cringing, coaxing, fawning manners are a theme of the constant reproach of their European brothers, who think they have reason to argue from it the unfairness and meanness, the emasculation and degeneracy of their national character.

"Woe to the conquered !

"The lustre of their Italian name faded with the loss of its independent existence. The vices and crimes which were either engrafted on them by their foreign invaders, or were only the consequence of oppression and vassalage, were laid to the charge of the fallen race, and became their characteristic distinction."

Our author insists, and we think rightly insists, that the insurrections of 1820 and 1831 were not national demonstrations; they were partial experiments, not spontaneously presenting themselves to the mind of the people, but suggested by a small body of leaders, and arbitrarily shaped in accordance with the preconceived views of their authors. In truth, Italy lacked then the most indispensable requisite to every consentaneous national movement, namely, the free communication of thought. Every state was isolated from the rest by the jealous vigilance of its despots; the sanctity of domestic privacy, the confidence between man and man was blasted by the ubiquitous intrusion of a spying police; education was crushed under the barbarous fetters imposed on the schools and universities; the censorship extended "its absurd and undiscerning tyranny equally to ancient and modern works, proscribing all organs of public opinion;" and the only unrestricted lessons set before the people of that unhappy land were those of a rampant priestcraft, and of eight luxurious and licentious courts, combining their efforts to darken their minds and corrupt their souls. Amongst a people so circumstanced, what possibility was there of that moral union which is the very life of its life to a nation? Or how could the cabalistic devices of the Carbonari, devices forced upon them by the Egyptian darkness that brooded over their countrymen, efficiently supply the place of daylight views and open discussion? They might, indeed, keep alive in the heart of the people the hate that burned there against their oppressors, they might fill them with vague hopes, but could they give them knowledge of their rights and of their strength, or prepare them for combined and deliberate action?

“If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?” Every sound of the trumpet must have been of ambiguous import to those undisciplined associations, whose bond of union was as yet not thought, but a mere passion. The leaders of the people were aware of this inherent weakness in this party; they felt that Italy was not in a condition to vindicate her liberties against foreign interference, and were therefore tremulously anxious to avoid giving the Holy Alliance any pretext for invading Italy. They limited their views to bestowing on a portion of the country at least the advantages of freedom of thought, of the liberty of the press, of a representative government, hoping thus to establish the nucleus of a constitutional system, the principles of which would be gradually diffused throughout the whole land. If they forced from Ferdinand of Naples the restoration of the constitution granted to his Sicilian subjects in 1822 under English patronage, and wantonly annulled in 1824, it was not that they had any deep faith in French charters—*chartes octroyées*—or Spanish constitutions; but they thought at least that by proceeding as they did, while they obtained one step in advance towards more popular measures, they would secure the sympathy of England, France, and other constitutional powers, and that “the diplomatists of 1814, would consider themselves bound to support an insurrection, whose avowed object was only the vindication of those rights of which they had all stood forward as guarantees and sponsors:—

“In accordance with these views they carefully avoided every allusion to the name of Italy, of independence and unity, to which however all their efforts were directed, and which was already almighty in the hearts of all. They strove to allay the tide of popular enthusiasm that threatened to drag them, in spite of themselves, beyond the limits prescribed by their narrow-minded foresight; they rejected the fraternity of neighbouring states, discouraged, disarmed, and demoralized the ardent youths who had run to arms, and who were willing to attack rather than to abide the enemy, and allowed the captive conquered monarchs to repair to Layback, to abjure their oaths, and, at the head of the Austrians, to march against the rebels whilst yet unprepared and discordant.

“It was not long before the Italians perceived the consequences of their infatuation. Austria pledged herself to the maintenance of peace, and was by her allies left the sole arbiter of the destinies of Italy. The success was not an instant doubtful.

“The insurgents of 1821 paid dearly for their experiment; yet it was neither the sole nor the last trial.”

The same feeble policy was pursued in the insurrection of 1831, with what result is well known. At this period the popular mind was ripe for revolt, and needed no instigation from secret societies. In spite of all disadvantages, wealth and knowledge had increased during the long period of peace; and the revengeful cruelties exer-

cised by the Austrians, had exasperated the Italians to the utmost pitch. A favourable opportunity alone was wanted to throw off the hated yoke, and that seemed furnished by the July revolution of Paris. A consequence of that event, was a tacit part of non-intervention between France and the other nations of Europe, which the Italians hoped to turn to account, while they prepared by sectional revolts for a general national effort : they hoped that the fear of France would keep Austria in check, till they were ready to attack that power within its strongholds of Lombardy. The weakest governments, weakest from their vices, were first attacked : the Duke of Modena, the Pope, and the Duchess of Parma, were dethroned without resistance. In less than three days, without a sword being drawn, two millions of Italians were free. Meanwhile all possible pains were taken to give the insurrection a local character, and the least likeness possible to a national movement ; and the very name of Italy was never breathed, that name that should have burst irrepressibly from every breast between the two seas and the Appenines, till the Appenines flung the bold sound to the Alps, and the Alps fulminated it home to the startled ear of the Austrian oppressor. Austria seemed to hesitate a moment to assume the aggressive, but no sooner were the real sentiments of Louis Philippe ascertained than the Hungarians advanced. The insurgents offered no resistance :—

“The unsatisfactory result of those successive insurrections have branded the Italians with a disgrace that as a nation they did not perhaps entirely deserve. They have been set down as a faint-hearted race, unwilling to fight for, and therefore unworthy of liberty.”

“The bitterest reproach of cowardice and pusillanimity awaited the fugitives in the land of exile, as the only welcome they had a right to expect from unsympathizing strangers. France especially by whose perfidious suggestions these ill digested movements were precipitated, loaded with ignominy those refugees, whose too ready submission exposed her own territory to the dangers of an Austrian invasion. The dastardly defection of the Italian liberals was contrasted with the torrents of blood that the Polish heroes were then shedding, rather alas ! for France than for Poland. The Italians would not have been less unfeelingly sacrificed than the Poles, but every battle they had given would have operated a diversion in favour of France, and obtained fair terms for her from the allies.

“But be it repeated, the Italian nation has not yet risen. No Italian revolution ever took place ; and the unsuccessful attempts of 1821 and 1831, were only meant as a prefatory step, as a transitional movement, by the aid of which it was expected the germs of Italian regeneration might be sown, and the final catastrophe slowly and safely matured. * * * *

“In pursuance of these chimerical views, those patriots not only neglected to avail themselves of such means as the universal efflorescence afforded them, but turned all their efforts to discountenance the impatient zeal of the

ardent youths who entered not into their views. They employed all the arguments of persuasion, and even open force to banish all ideas of resistance, and seemed above all things anxious to remove every obstacle to the enemy's progress.

"This unnatural conduct so very nearly bordering on treason, was however dictated by the most sincere and pious, though certainly not very magnanimous intentions.

"The idea of Austrian omnipotence was deeply rooted in the hearts of the aged men, who were generally intrusted with the government of the revolted provinces. The conviction that bands of undisciplined citizens could withstand the charge of regular soldiery, could never enter their minds. In their eagerness to avoid all subjects of collision,—of subduing the bold spirits which would have naturally risen from the consciousness of their own forces, they would never allow the Italian youths to be mustered into national battalions. Hence when the spell of delusion was broken, and the Austrian advanced, they had done all in their power, not only to disarm but to unman the defenders of the country.

"The horrors of military licentiousness, such as they had witnessed during twenty years of recent invasions, were present to their terrified imaginations. They saw the awful calamities to which the slightest shew of resistance, would expose their helpless countrymen.

"They feared not for themselves.—The heroic death that some of those same faint-hearted patriots sought on the battle field, in Greece, in Spain, every-where in the land of exile; the firmness with which others underwent the ordeal of long imprisonment; and the serene countenance which they bore on the scaffold, are sufficient to absolve them from the charge of personal timidity.

"But a foreboding charity towards their native cities, towards their homes, towards an unprotected crowd of women against whom the outrages of Pavia and Verona would be perpetrated, did not allow them in that moment of perturbation, to think of the indelible stain they inflicted on the glory of the Italian name, of the demoralizing effect that the example of that ungenerous surrender would have on future generations; of the discredit that their cowardice would bring on the cause of liberty, all over the world.

"They did not reflect that, however justifiable their apprehensions might be before the insurrection took place, as soon as the signal was given it became their duty to stifle all feelings of regret and misgiving in their bosom, and to impress themselves and their followers with the sacredness of the compact into which they had entered; of asserting their freedom, or dying for it.

"God knows there were in Italy many willing to die!"

The Italians are now grown wiser by sad experience: they feel that the regeneration of their country must be a work of home growth, independent of all foreign interference direct or indirect, and, if need be, in open defiance of all questioners. They have given up at least for the present all thought of armed insurrection, but they have not resigned themselves to hopeless apathy. In the moral weakness of Italy consists the strength of her oppressors, and

to the removal of this impediment to her freedom the best heads and hearts amongst her sons are now devoting all their patient energies. Though the warfare therefore be changed, though the patriots, to use the author's happy illustration, have converted the siege into a blockade, the two armies of barbarism and civilization are in as hostile presence as ever. The Italian despots are wise after their kind: they feel in their secret souls that their leaden rule is destined to be rent and thrown off piecemeal by the uncompressible force of that power now gathering against them, the power of opinion; and never did Mahomedanism in its palmiest days more vigilantly and relentlessly set itself to oppose the inevitable progress of knowledge than do the Christian tyrants of Italy. The spirit of Jack Cade breathes in the councils of the Vatican; in the judgment of the apostolic see, to read and write is "monstrous," and to be caught in the act of setting boys copies is enough to stamp a man a villain: "the inoffensive schoolmaster is thrown into the dungeons of St. Angelo." These dullards would emulate the brutalizing policy of the American negro-driver. Under the intolerable vexations and restraints imposed on all intellectual efforts in Italy, not only is it not surprising that in literature, science, and the arts she should be left behind by her less gifted neighbours; but that she does not succumb to her prosecutors, that her soul refuses to be bent down to earth, is indeed marvellous. This glorious pertinacity, when it strikes us in individuals, we recognize as the most distinctive characteristic of genius; when we see it pervading a nation, surely we must deem it worthy of eternal honours; we must hail it as the noblest and most cheering proof she can give that she merits and will yet achieve her freedom. Nor are indications wanting to confirm our hopes in the favourable issue of the sacred contest she is now waging: events have recently taken place in Italy which seem to announce the prevailing ascendancy of thought. Such are the yearly meetings of Italian scholars, the first held at Pisa in 1839, the second last year, at Turin; and the treaty of literary alliance by which the privilege of copyright has been extended nearly to the whole country.

"The advantages to be reaped by these apparently trifling incidents, cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the full extent of the evils by which that country is afflicted. The Italians have everything to hope from the spirit of national association; and they think that nothing can be in peaceful times more directly conducive to that happy result, than the unity of mental pursuits, the assimilation of the national language, the centralization of science and literature, and the compilation of natural history."

Hitherto there had been no security for copyright beyond the limits of the state where each work was published; literary property was therefore almost a nonentity in Italy. Moreover, there was a

separate censorship for each state, all proceeding on different systems, or rather all actuated by various caprices ; so that, as Count Pepoli has stated, it happened sometimes that a book sanctioned in a particular state was forbidden twenty miles off. Thus there exist Italian books defiled with seven Imprimaturs, and in the Dukedom of Modena have been published works with the stamp of the police, as well as of the ecclesiastical censor, on the title page and again at the end ; yet there exists a law by which it is prohibited to lend these books, even thus stamped, to any person, without special licence from government. It is thought that the commercial intercourse between the several states, consequent upon the adoption of a general law of copyright, will necessarily produce some uniformity in the police regulations regarding literature, put an end to the capricious virulence of the present divided censorship, and induce the first step towards the establishment of a moderate freedom of the press.

It does not enter within the plan of Signor Mariotti's book to touch, otherwise than incidentally, on the social and domestic aspect of Italy. Such a view of her condition would form a very interesting and important pendent to his valuable work, and if we may judge from the scattered specimens contained in these volumes, the picture would come well from his hand. We will lay before our readers his remarks on that sore spot in Italian life, *cicisbeism* :—

“This artificial system of fashionable demoralization, however the Italians may justly have borne the ridicule attached to it, was not in its origin a production of indigenous growth. Jealousy was the main trait of the Italian character. ‘Chi ama teme’ was one of our earliest proverbs. The first pang of jealousy makes the Italian aware of the existence of love. Hence, notwithstanding the precocious development of civilization in Italy, women in republican times were watched over with anxious care, and an Italian house was beset with all the gloom and loneliness of an eastern harem. This suspicious mood increased in days of tyranny, when the peaceful citizen trembled for all he held dear in life. It assumed still darker colours under the influence of the Spaniards, among whom that system of domestic tyranny was the natural result of their Moorish descent: it was blended with the vindictive ferocity prevailing in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the dagger and poison stood as a guarantee for conjugal fidelity.

“The transalpine nations, especially the French, combated suspiciousness with the irresistible weapon of ridicule. Locks and bars gave way before the overpowering sovereignty of fashion. Enterprising gallantry forced its way into the inmost recess of the domestic sanctuary.

“But among the Italians—a southern people—an extreme can only be cured by falling into its opposite. No sooner were they made ashamed of their jealousy, than they put no limits to their eagerness in disavowing and discountenancing it. To betray any symptom of that besetting complaint became an unpardonable offence. There was no ordeal to which the martyr of fashion would not submit, rather than expose himself to the rail-

ery of the world. The possessor of a handsome wife was bound not only to produce her, but to launch her into the vortex of a corrupted society. He gave up his rights and privileges, and according to all appearances allowed her to become another man's property.

"That man was the *cicisbeo* or *cavalier servente*.

"The uncautiousness of young brides recently issuing from the innocence of their claustral education, the audacity of unprincipled libertines, who sought in the wanton boastings of amorous conquest an excitement that political or commercial enterprise no longer afforded, must undoubtedly have rendered that anomalous intercourse in many instances dangerous and fatal. Still the very frivolousness of that more giddy than guilty age had power to prevent that foolish practice from being carried to the utmost extremities. Goldoni, whose fault was rather to have overcharged than to have spared the vices of society, described *cicisbeism* only as an absurd and troublesome code of etiquette, by no means interfering with the sanctity of private affection. The limits between the rights of the real and the mock husband are clearly defined, and the shafts of the poet's humour are less frequently aimed at the heroic endurance of the former than the servile submissiveness of the latter. Dutiful wives are represented as deeply impressed with the responsibility devolving upon them from the implicit confidence of their lords. They start back with horror and disgust whenever the assiduity of their *serventi* assumes the character of impertinent courtship. *Cicisbeism* might afford opportunities, perhaps even encouragement, but no sanction to vice.

"Nevertheless it was an imprudent blamable custom; and we must be thankful to Heaven, that we have lived to see it universally discountenanced. The ridicule thrown upon its rites and institutions by Goldoni had no little influence in that salutary revolution. But more lately *cicisbeism* gave way before the elaborate and bitter invective of the true-hearted patriot, Parini, whose galling satire '*Il Giorno*' so forcibly contributed to rouse from their apathy the indolent Milanese nobility of sixty years since.

"Nothing but the ungenerous prepossessions of ignorant travellers can detect even the traces of *cicisbeism* in Italy in our days. Degraded woman is not there, any more than anywhere else, a rare spectacle. But to say that vice is ostentatiously exhibited at Milan, or Turin, free from all censure of public opinion; to say that a *cicisbeo* is still a *sine qua non* among the written articles of a marriage contract, must strike an Italian, to say the least, as an unwarrantable anachronism."

There is much plausibility, and perhaps truth, in this apology. Travellers rarely exercise the cautious deliberation necessary to form a just judgment upon the manners of the countries they visit. They are apt to take them in detail, and to test them, not by the modes of thought prevailing amongst the people that exhibit them, but by those of their own land. But national habits and customs cannot be dealt with thus piecemeal: they constitute, as it were, in their intimate mutual connexion, a subtle discourse, of which no solitary phrase can be fairly interpreted when wrested from the context. Amongst the rural population of part of Scotland and of the border

counties of England, it was, up to no very distant day, the approved custom for the maiden to receive her sweetheart in the evening, by the ingleside, amongst her assembled family, who duly retired to rest at the usual hour, leaving the young couple to continue their daffing without watch or check, all the livelong night if they had a mind. And to this day the custom has not ceased amongst the yeomanry of Wales, for the mother to introduce to her daughter's bed, not a husband, but the lover whose continence and purity of affection are to be proved by that very critical test. However much such customs are to be deprecated, it is monstrous to suppose that they could have endured so long and prevailed so generally, with the sanction of parental authority, had they been regarded in the light in which we see them. After all, the most satisfactory information our author gives us as to cicisbeism is the assurance that it has become extinct. With respect to all such very ambiguous devices the best prayer of virtue is, "Lead us not into temptation!"

Theological and ecclesiastical matters are now attracting a large share of attention amongst the reflecting minds of Europe. Important changes in this department are ripening in Italy. The spirit that prompted the Reformation has at all times existed in that country: the scandals of the papal court, dimly seen by foreign nations through the softening haze of distance, were beheld in their naked deformity by the nearer spectators. The Romans in consequence have been in all times the most irreverent of Catholics, and our author does not hesitate to affirm, that had Italian liberty proceeded in its course, reformation would have taken place two hundred years before Luther. As it is, the reign of the Pope is over; his government is the most thoroughly despised in Italy, and but for foreign interference, no priestly contrivance could have prevented the whole papal system from yielding to the attacks of the insurgents of central Italy in 1831. But whatever be the destiny of the court of Rome the principle of Catholic unity is not likely to be departed from by the Italian people. They have a traditional regard for this principle, and are now more than ever averse to anything having a tendency to disturb with the rancour of sectarianism that national concord on which depends the salvation of their country. But the new Catholicism differs essentially from the old, inasmuch as its main element is charity not coercive authority.

"Prelates and cardinals, abbeys and nunneries, inquisition and censure, auricular confession, indulgences, and purgatory—all these are rapidly losing their influence for ever; but Catholicism as a name is still revered; the most conscientious Christian in Italy has made his protest within the privacy of his heart, without being driven to an open profession of apostacy. Every man forms his sect by himself, and all those individual creeds meet in one church, as if for a tacit compact of mutual forbearance." * * *

"It appears that, with the exception of the catholic name, which will be perhaps adhered to through patriotic pride and delicacy, and of a few harmless mysteries and august rites, which will be respected, partly through veneration and partly through policy, the general tenets of the creed of the Italians will soon be found on a level with those most generally received among the protestant denominations.

"It appears that public opinion has already taken long since—is now more than ever taking that course, though its general manifestation is retarded by that fatal combination of political evils against which that unfortunate nation is struggling.

"The noblest pledge that the Italians can give of their being ripe for more generous institutions is the general moderation—the tolerant, conciliating spirit that reigns among them; though I am grieved to say that it is partly owing to the state of religious apathy into which they have fallen."

We have selected for the subjects of this paper those topics discussed in Signor Mariotti's work which we thought most likely to interest the generality of readers: but besides these and others of a similar nature, it contains a great deal of well digested matter specially concerning the literary history of Italy. Indeed we know no book we could recommend in preference to it as a succinct and useful guide to the Italian student. Large and liberal in its views, temperate and dignified, it is a work worthy of Italy's genuine aristocracy—her exiles: it does honour to its author, an honour that reflects upon his country.

ART. X.—*Life of Petrarch*. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

THE first thing we have to do with these volumes is to pick out Mr. Campbell's plain and honest account of the way in which he was led to enter upon the work; for, considering the select but rare occasions when he appears as an author, and the popular notion which has obtained that he is indolent, one is naturally anxious to learn what has tempted him to step into this undertaking. Anxiety or anticipation on this point very probably will embrace two questions; first, what novelty can have been discovered by the author of the "*Pleasures of Hope*," that could induce a person of such exquisite taste and chary tact to venture on a new life of such a refined and delicate writer as Petrarch?—and secondly, how will one sentimental and highly accomplished poet speak of another of a similar or kindred order? Now to both of these questions the majority of readers, we suspect, will after a perusal of the *Life*, express considerable disappointment. But what concerning the origin of the undertaking? Says Mr. Campbell:—

"I undertook to write the *Life of Petrarch* more from accident than original design. It was known that the Reverend Archdeacon Coxe had

bequeathed to the Library of the British Museum a MS. life of the poet which he had written. Mr. Colburn caused a copy of it to be taken, and, intending it for publication, requested me to be the editor, I readily agreed; for, as the Archdeacon had considerable literary reputation, I could not imagine that he had left to a great public institution any work that was indigested and not worthy of perusal. * * *

"Great, however, was my disappointment when, sitting down to the Coxe-Petrarchan MS., I found it an incomplete biography, that stops short of the poet's death by twelve years, written in a style so sprawlingly diffuse, that, where three words would serve, the Archdeacon is sure to employ nine. I tried to remedy this fault by compression, but found the reverend man's verbosity defied all power of packing. If any one suspects me of dealing unfairly with the Archdeacon, let him go to the library of the British Museum and peruse the work in question—his scepticism will find its reward. He will agree with me that the Coxeian MS. is placed in a wrong part of the Museum. It should not be in the library, but among the bottled abortions of anatomy, or the wooden visages of the South Sea idols. Nor will he blame me for saying that the entire MS. betrays a writer incapacitated by nature for disserting on poetry. His ability to compose matter-of-fact travels and political memoirs I call not in question; but with regard to any spark of poetical sympathy, his mind was obtuse and a mere mortuum caput. * * *

"To have edited this foetus of biography, would have done no good to either Petrarch, or Archdeacon Coxe, or myself.

"I had employed, however, some time and trouble in consulting books and preparing notes for the proposed editorship; and, unwilling to throw them away, I undertook to write a life of Petrarch, for which I should be solely responsible."

This is straightforward dealing; for while we have no doubt of its being justly severe in as far as the Archdeacon was concerned, it, by the manly and frank tone of the statement, forbids us to look for much novelty of fact, or even for a superabundant seasoning of poetic enthusiasm in the narration of what has long been known. Indeed, the biographer confesses that he had neglected for some years the study of Italian literature; so that in order to equip himself for the performance of the task which had been rather unexpectedly thrown on him, he surrounded himself with as many books connected with the subject as he could obtain, and renewed his Italian studies. This therefore was cramming in order to write a book; and not writing from conscious fulness or a spirit imbued with the very genius of his theme, and of all that sort of kindling knowledge which could cast light around and upon it.

It does not even appear that Mr. Campbell's research has been elaborate or profound. His sources of information are for the most part of the most easy access; the source to which he has generally betaken himself, as he himself states, being the *Memoirs for a life of Petrarch*, collected with extraordinary industry, by de Sade, corrected by the aid of the poet's latest biographer, Baldelli,—these

corrections extending chiefly to dates. We are inclined to believe that neither our author's habits nor the turn of his mind are naturally friendly to great research. His disposition is too generous, his affections too kindly, his sympathies too catholic, and his imaginative qualities too elegant, it may be supposed, to endure dry and wearisome investigations. For example, he seems impatient while obliged to notice the various theories or conjectures of which Petrarch and Laura have been the theme ; and with alacrity hastens to present his own conception of their history ; which, whether the correct view or not, is always one in which the real lineaments of human, not angelic, nature predominate,—the ease and perspicuity of the biographer's style adding verisimilitude to the picture. True, the probability is, that we have frequently, in the circumstances mentioned, rather a reflection of the biographer's self, than a faithful representation of what characterized Petrarch or his times ; but while this is no mean portraiture, either as respects subject or drawing, it affords us a good deal of true and healthy originality, and which constitutes the chief charm and merit of the present *Life*, however much it may disappoint those who look for dreamy ecstasies and confused declamation about the genius and the passion of the author of the Sonnets.

Who is the best judge of what is poetry—he who, like the author of “*Gertrude of Wyoming*,” demands adherence to nature and common sense, even in the boldest flights of the muse, or he who utters rhapsodies in extravagant terms, however musical or measured, yet cold and unreal ? Affectation of every kind must be inimical to a poet's purpose ; and even Petrarch, but for the melody and the grace of his verse, in a language unapproachable for the illustration of these qualities in the Sonnet, would be undeserving of the admiration which lady and coxcomb sentimentalists have affected to feel for him. In fact, Mr. Campbell contemplates Petrarch with more complacency as a man with failings like to others, than as a poet of matchless truth, power, and skill ; for these are peculiarities which we believe our author will be slow to accord to the prodigy of Avignon. The man too as modified by, and affecting in turn, the age in which he flourished, both as a politician and a philosopher, appeals strongly to the critic's sympathies ; and he dwells upon these features and displays with intelligence remarkable for its lucid expression.

Mr. Campbell's work is full and varied upon a number of points, but discursive and diffuse. It furnishes throughout agreeable reading, suited to the popular taste ; and is more elegant than forcible. Indeed, the rather sort of common-sense and level views which he has adopted with regard to his principal subject, bespeaks a sort of tame style of treatment, that from its easy flow and good temper will appear more common-place or feeble to many readers than in

truth is the case. He starts with a rapid review of Petrarch's biographers ; and then gives us his own estimate of the poet, followed by a sketch of the literature of the period and the parties in church and state that distracted the continent ; as well as the general history of the times.

This more general matter is satisfactory enough in itself ; while, although it furnishes an outline for the more particular subjects, interferes in some degree with the unity and directness of biography. There is considerable fulness in the notice of Boccaccio, as well as taste and discrimination of criticism. That applied to the character of Petrarch and his writing appears to us fair but without exaggeration ; and, as already intimated, as sensible, intelligible and unaffected.

It is as a poet that Petrarch is popularly spoken of in this country, and we believe out of Italy ; his Sonnets being the grand theme of praise, however few may be the persons who read them or understand their beauties ; for most people would rather praise him than give an experimental proof of a relish for his productions. In England the lifeless and unvarying sentimentality of these celebrated pieces can never honestly be lauded to the skies. How can one understand that a man for a score of years will feel or cherish a passion for a married woman, and she the mother of a large family too ; or that a poet will regularly indite effusions, as if springing from a disconsolate heart,—he after all and in the course of that time having two illegitimate children, and not by her whom he professes to adore ?

It was not however as an Italian poet that Petrarch earned during his lifetime the highest reputation ; and even when his sonnets came into greatest note, it was principally for their style that they were admired. His Latin poetry, to be sure, although impure, and also faulty as to versification, yet wonderful, considering the recent revival of learning, of which he was such an illustrious instrument, gained him much honour. Then, again, his historical, political, and polemical writings, extraordinary for that age,—although his theory and practice were not in strict accordance,—bringing him into contact and almost unaccountable favour with potentates and emperors, cardinals and popes, were the passports to a laurel crown. Still his personal character does not appear to have been the most noble ; he seems merely to have been an amiable personage, a dreamer, a transcendalist,—with foibles, such as those of a pedant and a coxcomb scholar, rather than of a great-hearted and rugged nature. Let us see what is Mr. Campbell's measurement of him as a poet. He first of all expresses his diffidence as a critic, arising from the impossibility for an Englishman to entertain an adequate idea or knowledge on the subject. He says :—

“ One circumstance fills me with distrust of being able to render entire

justice to the Italian poet, in so many respects exquisite, which is, that I can make no atonement for any fault that I may find with him by any counter-manifestation of his beauties. A reader will take the critic's word, with slender proving, for any fault alleged against a poet; but, in order to be penetrated with a sense of his super-prevailing merits, he must have evidence in some adequate translation of the works of that foreign poet, if the reader be an Englishman little or not at all imbued with the foreign language. Now, where shall we apply for the means of rendering such justice to Petrarch? We have Homer and Dante transferred, as it were, soul and body into English; but who has succeeded in fully transferring Petrarch's graces into our tongue? The very genius of the two languages seems unpropitious to the task of translating an Italian into an English sonnet. The former seems a flower too delicate to prosper in the stormy climate of our speech."

The critic does not deny that he has entertained doubts of the genuineness of Petrarch's convulsions in his amatory sonnets about Laura, and has had suspicions of his madness, such as when he compared the sacredness of her birth-place to the Bethlehem where our Saviour was born. Still, he says, "Laura ever and anon presents herself, a minute picture, to the mind's eye—her very veil and mantle, her features, her smile, her step—and we are in love with Laura." But he adds, "I must say, however, that we are rather smitten by her outward beauty than rapt into interest with her mind." Here is a further balancing of his merits and manner:—

"There is a sameness in the fluctuations of his amatory feelings, which is scarcely more amusing than if they had no fluctuations at all. His heart is a love thermometer of hope and despair, which rises and falls between their extreme points, though generally inclining to the melancholy zero. A spice of jealousy for a suspected rival, or a tone of anger, methinks, would sometimes relieve this monotony, like a discord in harmony, that makes music seem more natural. There are times when all lovers are naturally enemies. I demur to calling him the first of modern poets who refined and dignified the language of love. Dante had certainly set him the example. It is true that, compared with his brothers of classical antiquity in love poetry, he appears like an Abel of purity offering innocent incense at the side of so many Cains making their carnal sacrifices. Tibullus alone anticipates his tenderness. At the same time, while Petrarch is purer than those classical lovers, he is never so natural as they sometimes are when their passages are least objectionable, and the sun-bursts of his real, manly, and natural human love seem to me often to come to us struggling through the clouds of Platonism."

But after the strongest critical case against Petrarch that can be conceived has been made out, "How comes it," asks the biographer, "that Petrarch's poetry, in spite of all these faults, has been the favourite of the world for nearly five hundred years?" "His renown has grown up like an oak which has reached maturity amidst

the storms of ages, and fears not decay from revolving centuries." What is one of the high charms of his poetical language? It is—

"Its pure and melting melody, a charm untransferable to any more northern tongue. Even in German, a still harsher language than English, the ear often luxuriates in the *singbarkeit*, or singableness, if we might coin such an English word, which the poet's art can elicit, and he wonders that the collocation of syllables can produce a mosaic of sounds so sweet to the ear. But the vocal Ausonian speech carries this spell of melody still higher. It is true that no conformation of words will charm the ear unless they bring silent thoughts of corresponding sweetness to the mind; nor could the most sonorous, vapid verses be changed into poetry if they were set to the music of the Spheres. It is scarcely necessary, however, to say that Petrarch has intellectual graces of thought and spiritual felicities of diction, without which his tactics in the mere march of words would be a worthless skill."

Mr. Campbell has made much use of Petrarch's writings, prose as well as poetry, in his illustrations of the man; and the quotations which are now to follow will exhibit the plain, ordinary, and common-sense lights in which the biographer puts the facts he has collected; marshalling them perhaps inaccurately as well as arbitrarily. The extracts, however, seem to be skilfully selected and the comments judicious; while the anecdotes are characteristic. What we first of all copy will show how the poet of Hope sets his face against all humbug. He is speaking of Vacluse and the Platonic lover's affected or supposed delight in a solitary life:—

"Resolving to fix his residence here, Petrarch bought a little cottage and an adjoining field, and repaired to Vacluse with no other companions than his books. * * * If his object was to forget Laura, the composition of sonnets upon her in this hermitage was unlikely to be an antidote to his recollections. It would seem as if he meant to cherish rather than to get rid of his love. But if he nursed his passion, it was a dry nursing; for he led a lonely, ascetic, and, if it were not for his studies, we might say a savage life. I find some of his biographers treating with contempt all who presume to doubt his supreme felicity in this shut-up valley. One of them remarks that 'those who are employed upon trifles, who are engaged in a circle of everlasting amusements, and whose abilities stagnate without company, look with wonder upon a man retiring from the world to lead a solitary life. Their *little* understandings cannot comprehend the infinite resources which an imaginative and instructed mind can derive from its own resources, from reading and from meditation.' I abominate all this slang about solitude; if the word means a man living without wife, child, or domestic society, or the accessible conversation of friends. I have no doubt that Petrarch had great resources in his own imagination; and his seclusion, having been voluntary, is a proof that it was not intolerable to him. But I regard this fact rather as a phenomenon in the history of a man of genius, than a proof that the love of protracted solitude indicates genius itself. I have generally found the devotees of loneliness among the most stupid of their species. Nature never

meant us to live in solitude. It is against her laws. She compels the very atoms of matter to congregate, and gives her spiritual creation the same bond of social attraction from the gregarious insect to the noblest animal."

We have alluded to Petrarch's illegitimate children, and must request the indiscriminate raver about the poet's sensibility and matchless passionate fidelity, to bear in mind this circumstance. It is not to be overlooked that before their birth he had taken holy orders. We must quote what Mr. Campbell remarks with regard to the paragon's backslidings in the affairs mentioned,—the mother of his offspring having "been consigned to inscrutable obscurity:"—

"I am more inclined," says the biographer, "to blame him for his total silence respecting this mother of his children, than for the lapse of his purity. His unnatural obligation to celibacy, as a churchman, is at least some palliation for the latter fault. But who knows what sacrifice of reputation this unknown frail one, who made him twice a father, may have incurred by her connection with him! There is a heartlessness on the part of Petrarch, in consigning her very name to oblivion, which I dislike worse than all the conceits of his poetry. It may be alleged that he was ashamed of his illegitimate paternity; but, on the same principle, he ought to have been equally averse to publishing his distraction for a woman who was already the mother of an increasing family."

One of his children's name was Francesca, "who proved a great solace to him in his old age."

What does our plain-dealer say with regard to the much canvassed and disputed subject of Petrarch's love for, or intercourse with Laura?—

"While many writers have erred in considering Petrarch's attachment as visionary, others, who have allowed the reality of his passion, have been mistaken in their opinion of its object. They allege that Petrarch was a happy lover, and that his mistress was accustomed to meet him at Vacluse, and make him a full compensation for his fondness. No one at all acquainted with the life and writings of Petrarch will need to be told that this is an absurd fiction. Laura, a married woman, who bore ten children to a rather morose husband, could not have gone to meet him at Vacluse without the most flagrant scandal. It is evident from his writings that she repudiated his passion whenever it threatened to exceed the limits of virtuous friendship. On one occasion, when he seemed to presume too far upon her favour, she said to him with severity, 'I am not what you take me for.' If his love had been successful he would have said less about it. Of the two persons in this love affair, I am more inclined to pity Laura than Petrarch. Independently of her personal charms, I cannot conceive Laura otherwise than as a kind-hearted, loveable woman, who could not well be supposed to be indifferent to the devotion of the most famous and fascinating man of his age. On the other hand, what was the penalty that she would have paid if she had encouraged his addresses as far as he would have

carried them ? I would not go so far as to say that she did not at times betray an anxiety to retain him under the spell of her fascination ; as, for instance, when she is said to have cast her eyes to the ground in sadness when he announced his intention to leave Avignon ; but still I should like to hear her own explanation before I condemned her. And, after all, she was only anxious for the continuance of attentions, respecting which she had made a fixed understanding that they should not exceed the bounds of innocence. We have no distinct account how her husband regarded the homage of Petrarch to his wife—whether it flattered his vanity, or moved his wrath. As tradition gives him no very good character for temper, the latter supposition is the more probable. Every morning that he went out he might hear from some kind friend the praises of a new sonnet which Petrarch had written on his wife ; and, when he came back to dinner, of course his good humour was not improved by the intelligence. He was in the habit of scolding her till she wept : he married seven months after her death, and, from all that is known of him, appears to have been a bad husband. I suspect that Laura paid dearly for her poet's idolatry."

Conjectures relative to the real or merely allegorical existence of Laura were not dissipated, till De Sade, her own descendant, wrote his memoirs of Petrarch :—

" Petrarch himself relates that in 1327, exactly at the first hour of the 6th of April, he first beheld Laura in the church of St. Clara of Avignon, where neither the sacredness of the place, nor the solemnity of the day, could prevent him from being smitten for life with human love. In that fatal hour he saw a lady, a little younger than himself, in a green mantle sprinkled with violets, on which her golden hair fell plaited in tresses. She was distinguished from all others by her proud and delicate carriage. The impression which she made on his heart was sudden, yet it was never effaced."

But whatever was the doubt or the obscurity which for a time prevailed with regard to Laura, or the nature of Petrarch's affections towards her, we venture to assert that such an unromantic comment never was made upon them before ; and this by a sterling and lofty-minded poet. But simplicity is inseparable from all true greatness, whether it be within the domain of the muses or that of a discerning philosophy. Mr. Campbell is not a mystic in any sense.

Petrarch's celebrity during his life, but chiefly, we believe, on account of his philosophy, moral and political, which was of the school of Plato, attained to a wonderful pitch. Every one knows that he gained the laurel crown, not merely as a Poet, but for his extraordinary erudition and services to literature. The king of Naples, Robert *the Good*, was one of his principal patrons. The coronation ceremonial will interest our readers, as described by Mr. Campbell :—

"The morning of the 8th of April, 1341, was ushered in by the sound of trumpets; and the people, ever fond of a show, came from all quarters to see the ceremony. Twelve youths, selected from the best families of Rome, and clothed in scarlet, opened the procession, repeating as they went some verses composed by the poet, in honour of the Roman people. They were followed by six citizens of Rome, clothed in green, and bearing crowns wreathed with different flowers. Petrarch walked in the midst of them; after him came the senators, accompanied by the first men of the council. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies, dressed in the most splendid manner, who showered perfumed waters profusely on the poet. He all the time wore the robe that had been presented to him by the King of Naples. When they reached the Capitol, the trumpets were silent, and Petrarch, having made a short speech, in which he quoted a verse from Virgil, cried out three times, 'Long live the Roman people! long live the Senators! may God preserve their liberty!' At the conclusion of these words, he knelt before the senator Orso, who, taking a crown of laurel from his own head, placed it on that of Petrarch, saying, 'This crown is the reward of virtue.' The poet then repeated a sonnet in praise of the ancient Romans. The people testified their approbation by shouts of applause, crying, 'Long flourish the Capitol and the poet!' The friends of Petrarch shed tears of joy, and Stefano Colonna, his favourite hero, addressed the assembly in his honour. The ceremony having been finished at the Capitol, the procession, amidst the sound of trumpets and the acclamations of the people, repaired thence to the church of St. Peter, where Petrarch offered up his crown of laurel before the altar. The same day the Count of Anguillara caused letters patent to be delivered to Petrarch, in which the senators, after a flattering preamble, declared that he had merited the title of a great poet and historian; that, to mark his distinction, they had put upon his head a laurel crown, not only by the authority of King Robert, but by that of the Roman senate and people; and that they gave him, at Rome and elsewhere, the privilege to read, to dispute, to explain ancient books, to make new ones, to compose poems, and to wear a crown according to his choice, either of laurel, beech, or myrtle, as well as the poetic habit. At that time a particular dress was affected by the poets. Dante was buried in this costume."

Petrarch had acquired general influence in Italy and Germany as a diplomatist, and maintained an extensive correspondence with potentates of the first rank, as well as with petty rulers, and even persons of inferior condition. It does not however very clearly appear how his familiarity, often amounting to direct admonitions and also severe reproof, came to be tolerated. He frequently spoke with a boldness equal to Luther's, not merely to temporal but to spiritual powers; and is justly held, in so far as his writings are concerned, as a powerful agent in bringing about the Reformation. How he escaped the fires of persecution is a sort of miracle. Petrarch's familiar epistles contain many notices, communicated, it would appear, when prompted by his vanity and egotism, which were not little, that are deeply interesting. Here is one example:—

"The emperor, says Petrarch, received me in a manner that partook neither of imperial haughtiness nor of German etiquette. We passed sometimes whole days together, from morning to night, in conversation, as if his majesty had nothing else to do. He spoke to me about my works, and expressed a great desire to see them, particularly my *Treatise on Illustrious Men*. I told him that I had not yet put my last hand to it, and that, before I could do so, I required to have leisure and repose. He gave me to understand that he should be very glad to see it appear under his own patronage, that is to say, dedicated to himself. I said to him, with that freedom of speech which Nature has given me, and which years have fortified, 'Great prince, for this purpose, nothing more is necessary than virtue on your part, and leisure on mine.' He was struck by the freedom of my speech, and asked me to explain myself. I said to him, 'I must have time for a work of this nature, in which I propose to include great things in a small space. On your part, labour to deserve that your name should appear at the head of my book. For this end, it is not enough that you wear a crown and a grand title; your virtues and great actions must place you among the great men whose portraits I have delineated. Live in such a manner, that, after reading the lives of your illustrious predecessors, you may feel assured that your own life shall deserve to be read by posterity.' "

This same potentate answered him well, at least, we should suppose, to the mind of Mr. Campbell, on one point, although it afforded Petrarch, according to his own report, an occasion for further freedom of speech. He relates—

"He (the emperor) desired me one day to relate the history of my life to him. I declined to do so, at first; but he would take no refusal, and I obeyed him. He heard me with attention, and then asked me what were my projects for the future, and my plans for the rest of my life. 'I wish to know what is the kind of life that would most decidedly please you.'—'A secluded life,' I replied to him without hesitation. The emperor differed from me totally as to the benefits of a solitary life. I told him that I had composed a treatise on the subject. 'I know that,' said the emperor, with vivacity; 'and if I ever find your book, I shall throw it into the fire' 'And,' I replied, 'I shall take care that it never falls into your hands.'

But listen for a moment to the manner he characterized and addressed the papal court:—

"The '*Liber Epistolarum sine Titulo*' contains, as it is printed in his works (Basle edit. 1581), eighteen letters, fulminating as freely against papal luxury and corruption as if they had been penned by Luther or John Knox. From their contents we might set down Petrarch as the earliest preacher of the Reformation, if there were not, in the writings of Dante, some passages of the same stamp. If these epistles were really circulated at the time when they were written, it is matter of astonishment that Petrarch never suffered from any other flames than those of love; for many honest reformers, who have been roasted alive, have uttered less anti-papal vituperation than our poet; nor, although Petrarch would have been

startled at a revolution in the hierarchy, can it be doubted that his writings contributed to the Reformation. It must be remembered, at the same time, that he wrote against the church government of Avignon, and not that of Rome. He compares Avignon with the Assyrian Babylon, with Egypt under the mad tyranny of Cambyzes; or rather denies that the latter empires can be held as parallels of guilt to the western Babylon; nay, he tells us that neither Avernus nor Tartarus can be confronted with this infernal place. 'The successors of a troop of fishermen,' he says, 'have forgotten their origin. They are not contented, like the first followers of Christ, who gained their livelihood by the lake of Genesareth, with modest habitations, but they must build themselves splendid palaces, and go about covered with gold and purple. They are fishers of men, who catch a credulous multitude, and devour them for their prey.' This '*Liber Epistolarum*' includes some descriptions of the debaucheries of the churchmen, which are too scandalous for translation. They are nevertheless curious relics of history."

One of the best illustrations of Petrarch's pedantry is to be met with in the following passage:—

"In the month of May in this year, 1359, a courier from Bohemia brought Petrarch a letter from the Empress Anne, who had the condescension to write to him with her own hand to inform him that she had given birth to a daughter. Great was the joy on this occasion, for the empress had been married five years, but, until now, had been childless. Petrarch, in his answer, dated the 23rd of the same month, after expressing his sense of the honour which her imperial majesty had done him, adds some commonplaces, and seasons them with his accustomed pedantry. He pronounces a grand eulogy on the numbers of the fair sex who had distinguished themselves by their virtues and their courage. Among these he instances Isis, Carmenta, the mother of Evander, Sappho, the Sybils, the Amazons, Semiramis, Tomiris, Cleopatra, Zenobia, the Countess Matilda, Lucretia, Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, Martia, Portia, and Livia. The Empress Anne was no doubt highly edified by this muster-roll of illustrious women. It is to be hoped that she had a classical dictionary to help her in understanding it; though some of the heroines, such as Lucretia, might have bridled up at their chaste names being classed with that of Cleopatra."

Mr. Campbell shows, however, that the author of the sonnets, the familiar with cardinals and kings, maintained friendships for persons as poor as himself; and then has this fine delineation and discriminating philosophy:—

"In judging of a human character, we must take a broad and collective view of its physiognomy, and not decide by minute differences from its general expression. Petrarch's moral physiognomy, in the main, was generous and independent. It is unfair, by dwelling on partial exceptions, to convert them into general characteristics. He was not a sycophant to kings and emperors. He spoke out his mind distinctly to them; and they put up

with freedoms from him which they would not have endured from one another. Nevertheless, as he owes to us himself, he agreed too easily to live at the court of John Visconti, the would-be tyrant of Italy. John Visconti was a great man, not certainly equal to Napoleon in genius, but still the greatest of his times. Judging by myself, who am no idolater of Bonaparte, I would ask who among us would have grudged a long day's journey during his life to have seen him? nay, who, on a pressing invitation, would not have stopped some days to share his conversation? Yet we are all pretty well agreed that Napoleon had the fault of caring little for human life when it interfered with his ambition. John Visconti had his virtues, as well as the mighty Corsican. He was the Bonaparte of the fourteenth century, and fascinated Petrarch. I have said that our poet's personal character had a general and redeeming virtue of benevolence. It is too much an error of biographers who wish to be perfectly candid in their estimate of a man, to draw up, as it were, a balance-sheet of his good qualities and defects, placing them like so many pounds sterling in a debtor and creditor account, as if the same qualities in every one man had a positive and equal value with the same qualities in every other man, without relation to the rest of their character. But, in point of fact, the faults and virtues of humanity are not the same in different individuals, but become different according to their mixture and combination. The compassion of a fool may be as essentially compassion as that of a wise man; but it is not the same virtue when compounded with folly, as when it meets and mixes with wisdom. There is a moral chemistry in the combining materials of our spiritual nature which is not to be judged of mechanically, according to the disunited qualities of those materials."

Boccaccio was of the number of his poorer although most famous friends; and in writing to the inimitable author of the *Decameron*, Petrarch relates thus of the Provençal Troubadours:—

"They are a class," he says, "who have little wit, but a great deal of memory, and still more impudence. Having nothing of their own to recite, they snatch at what they can get from others, and go about to the courts of princes to detail verses, in the vulgar tongue, which they have got by heart. At those courts they insinuate themselves into the favour of the great, and get subsistence and presents. They seek their means of livelihood—that is, the verses they recite—among the best authors, for whom they obtain, by dint of solicitation, and even by bribes of money, compositions for their rehearsal. I have often repelled their importunities, but sometimes, touched by their entreaties, I have spent hours in composing productions for them. I have seen them leave me in rags and poverty, and return, some time afterwards, clothed in silks, and with purses well furnished, to thank me for having relieved them."

We shall now merely add to a series of extracts which must agreeably diversify the contents of our present number, by quoting a short passage belonging to Petrarch's younger days, when he paid a visit to the French capital:—

"Paris, though always inferior to its fame, and much indebted to the lies of its own people, is undoubtedly a great city. To be sure, I never saw a dirtier place, except Avignon. At the same time, its population contains the most learned of men, and it is like a great basket in which are collected the rarest fruits of every country. From the time that its university was founded, as they say, by Alcuin, the teacher of Charlemagne, there has not been, to my knowledge, a single Parisian of any fame. The great luminaries of the university were all strangers; and, if the love of my country does not deceive me, they were chiefly Italians, such as Pietro Lombardo, Tomaso d'Aquino, Bonaventura, and many others. The character of the Parisians is very singular. There was a time when, from the ferocity of their manners, the French were reckoned barbarians. At present the case is wholly changed. A gay disposition, love of society, ease, and playfulness in conversation now characterise them. They seek every opportunity of distinguishing themselves; and make war against all cares with joking, laughing, singing, eating, and drinking. Prone, however, as they are to pleasure, they are not heroic in adversity. The French love their country and their countrymen; they censure with rigour the faults of other nations, but spread a proportionably thick veil over their own defects."

ART. XI.—*A Memoir on the Naturalization of the Alpaca.* BY WILLIAM WALTON. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1841.

THIS pamphlet, addressed to proprietors of mountain and other waste lands; and agriculturists of the United Kingdom, is recommended by, and has been printed for, the Natural History Society of Liverpool. And as the Memoir contains matter that is curious in a scientific point of view, and also important economically speaking, we shall be at some pains to cull from it certain of Mr. Walton's details and opinions, seeing that he has made the subject of the publication and others akin to, or connected with it; a matter of prolonged and earnest study.

The present moment appears to demand extraordinary attention to whatever immediately concerns our agriculture or commerce; for whatever promises to furnish *a new breeding stock not likely to interfere with sheep pasturage, and calculated to supply the manufacturer with another raw material, of our own growth, applicable by its fine quality and glossiness to the purposes of silk, and not in the least intermeddling with either the growers of British sheep's wool, or worsted spinners, and woollen manufacturers,*—as is Mr. Walton's representation with regard to the naturalization of the Alpaca, must be looked upon as a most opportune boon.

It would appear that so far back as the year 1811, Mr. Walton addressed to the late Earl of Sheffield an "Historical and Descriptive Account of the Peruvian Sheep," &c.; and that he is the original projector of the scheme urged in the pamphlet before us. We shall not utter a word at present about the naturally over-

sanguine views of persons who put forward new plans or doctrines, but proceed to the business of abridging and extracting.

The first Spanish adventurers who reached Peru, found the natives in possession of two domestic animals, the beauty and utility of which excited their admiration. They also ascertained that two others, alike in species, although varying in properties, existed in a wild state, and were hunted as game by the Indians. With regard to the domesticated varieties, the one was called *llama*, and was chiefly used as a beast of burden, but occasionally for its flesh, hair, and skin; while the other, known under the names *alpaca*, *paco*, &c., although sometimes employed as a carrier, was principally valued on account of its long, soft, and fine wool, which anciently was and still is manufactured into various articles of dress; at the same time that its flesh equally affords a good meal. Specimens of these two varieties have appeared as curiosities in our menageries and zoological gardens; and, as we shall afterwards hear, there are several of these latter in the parks of our aristocracy. But we shall here quote two paragraphs entire that Naturalists and others who may not have had an opportunity of examining such curiosities may form an idea of their appearance and certain general qualities:—

“Although the four species are distinct, they nevertheless resemble each other, at the same time that they are marked by great affinity in character and structural conformation with other animals belonging to a different classification. Speaking of the zoological character of ordinary sheep, Cuvier places them in the order *Rumantia*, having incisors only on the lower jaw, opposed to a callous substance on the upper one; six molar teeth on each side; the joints of the lower jaw peculiarly well adapted to a grinding motion, and four stomachs, &c. These are distinctions, with one exception, applicable to the Andes sheep, which are equally lanigerous; but the latter will also bear a comparison with *Capridæ*, or goat tribe, in their general structure; in being light, and their limbs well adapted for springing and swiftness; the ears erect, and a prominency in the pupil of the eye. They come near to the camel, without having any of his deformities, and, like him, are enduring, docile, and useful, while in their skin, flesh, and general appearance, they are not unlike the fallow deer.

“They may be defined without horns, divided hoof, ruminating, lanigerous, and horny-hoofed. The llama is rather the largest and tallest of the two domestic breeds, being usually from three and a half to four and a half feet high, measured from the ground to the top of the back; but from the length of his neck, and carrying his head in an upright and graceful manner, he appears taller than he really is. The best breeds of the alpaca are not more than half a foot lower, and although not so showy nor so active, he is a much more interesting animal. His eyes are large and black; the pupil prominent; the countenance peculiarly soft and expressive; and if in the East it is considered the most flattering compliment that can be paid to a female to tell her that her eyes resemble those of an antelope, the civility would be much enhanced by likening them to those of an alpaca.”

A number of particulars are mentioned by the author of the *Memoir* descriptive of the conformation, the habits, the capacities, &c., of the alpaca, to which animal we shall now mostly confine our notices and extracts. When its teeth, its stomach, its ruminating process, and the structure of its foot are considered, it will be found that its peculiarities are various, and their combination strikingly illustrative of the wisdom and goodness of Providence. Listen to Mr. Walton :—

“The alpaca’s teeth are not only sharp and strong, but also covered with an enamel which preserves the edge, and, in order that he may bite nearer to the ground and without the slightest obstruction, the upper lip is deeply divided and free from hair. As before noticed, he is provided with four stomachs, into which his food passes after it has been macerated, by which means he economises his supply, and extracts from it all the nutriment which it contains. Thus is he in a situation to endure both hunger and thirst, to an astonishing degree, more particularly thirst, a great recommendation in high lands, where access to water cannot always be had. To what I have already said regarding abstinence from drink, I have it in my power to add that Mr. Cross kept his pet alpaca, the first exhibited in this country, for five years, during which period it did not at once drink a tea-cup full of the water set before it, although chiefly subsisting on dry food, such as hay, beans and oats, with cakes and biscuits presented by the admiring visitors, and only occasionally supplied with carrots and green vetches. I have Mr. Cross’s authority to state this fact.”

The foot differs much from that of the camel ; for whereas the latter has a thick and elastic pad fitted for travelling across the loose, level, and arid sands of the Arabian desert : in the alpaca’s case the forepart of the foot is armed with curved and indurated nails, partly resembling the talons of a bird of prey, but much stronger,—separated from each other and defended by a lighter and narrower pad, than that on which the conjoined toes of the camel rests ; a form peculiarly well adapted either for ascending or descending the icy declivities, which the creature was destined to traverse.

The Peruvian sheep, we are told, are peculiar to that part of South America bordering on the Pacific, known as the Andes Cordilleras, an enormous range which presents, according to its altitude, every imaginable degree of temperature ; the comparatively lower regions, stretching immediately under the snowy belt, and where the Indian fixes his abode 8,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, being the pasturing ground of llamas and alpacas, which constitute the principal part of his wealth, and also his delight :—

“Here, amidst broken and precipitous peaks, on the parapets and projecting ledges, slightly covered with earth, or in the valleys formed by the mountain ridges, like the Pyrenean chamois, the llama and alpaca pick up

a precarious subsistence from the mosses, lichens, tender shrubs, and grassy plants which make their appearance as the snow recedes; or, descending lower down, revel in the *pajonales*, or, as in some parts of the country they are called, *ichuales*—natural meadows of the *ichu* plant, the favourite haunts of the tame and wild kinds. Thus the hand of man never prepares food for either species—both readily find it on their native mountains. Besides the extremes of cold, these animals have equally to endure the severities of a damp atmosphere, for while below it seldom rains, in the summer months, when evaporation from the sea is abundant, clouds collect, and being driven over the lower valleys by strong winds from the south and west, and condensed by the cold, burst on the highlands, where the rain falls in torrents, amidst the most awful thunder and lightning.

“Although the introduction of horses and mules has precluded the necessity of using the llama as a beast of burden, almost every cottager on the middle declivities of the Andes possesses three or four, and as many alpacas, which, besides fetching water from the spring and carrying grist to the mill, serve him for food and raiment, and also provide him with a couch. If he is a trader, or a road-carrier, besides his cottage pets he is provided with a drove of from twenty to forty llamas, or such a number as he and his sons can manage, with the aid of which he carries grain, wool, and other articles, per contract, down to the town on the lower declivities. Some also have breeding pens, where the stock is never folded, and never brought into the *corral*, or cottage-inclosure, except when shorn, or a purchaser presents himself.

“On the slopes of his neighbouring mountains, which are often broken by ridges, and separated from each other by deep chasms, walled with cliffs and mural precipices, often presenting narrow passes, but sometimes widening into meadows of great extent, the breeder keeps his flocks almost at the mercy of heaven, and accompanied by his faithful and sagacious dog only visits them. Seldom does it happen that he loses a member; and while the vulture and the condor occasionally surprise and carry off a lambkin, and even a calf, the offspring of the llama and alpaca scarcely ever falls into their clutches. A peculiar instinct teaches them how to guard and protect their young. The alpaca is fond of his birthplace, seldom or never wandering beyond a certain range, the limits of which are well known to the breeding dams, unless in search of some grassy spot, whence he returns in the evening. Few of them, consequently, are lost, and, being accustomed to their keeper's voice, they are easily collected.”

When herded, these animals retreat to a particular spot to drop their dung; and another remarkable circumstance in their nature and habits is, that when going to lie down they deliberately bend the legs under them and fall upon their breast, there being a flat and indurated calosity, free from hair, upon which they rest; this calosity acting as a shield to the breast against the injury which would otherwise result from such a sudden and vigorous motion, or from the ice and snow upon which they must take their repose.

It is said that the alpaca is more vigorous in the high and cold regions of the mountain chain than in the more temperate ones;

and also that those fed on high pastures yield the finest fleeces. We are told too, that although this creature has a delicate appearance, it is perhaps one of the hardiest in creation, being furnished with wonderful resistances to cold, wet, and hunger. "Nature has provided him with a thick skin and a warm fleece; and as he never perspires, like the ordinary sheep, he is not so susceptible of cold." In another page we find these observations,—

"By means of a thick skin, almost serving as a coat of mail, the alpaca not only resists the effects of cold and rain better than the black-faced sheep of Scotland, which may be considered as our hardiest race, but, being defended by a closer, heavier, and more impervious covering, is much less affected by a damp climate. That of Lima, and indeed of all Peru, is unusually humid. 'The atmosphere of Lima,' says an observant native, 'is opaque, nebulous, and little renovated. Surrounded by heights to the north, the vapours rising up from the coast, or produced by a luxuriant vegetation, rest upon these heights, forming a kind of awning over our heads, which, in consequence of the winds, cannot always ascend.' This is the case in the vallies contiguous to the Pacific, but it is equally so on the nearest declivities of the Andes, which rise in gradations till we reach the central crest, where, as before stated, showers are more copious, and the biting blasts most keenly felt. These the alpaca, and his allied species are happily formed to repel. The chill, however, is not confined to Scotland. It extends to Westmoreland, Cumberland, Devonshire, Kent, and parts of Ireland, where the process of smearing is equally practised, and, independent of deterioration in the quality of the wool, annually costs near half a million.

"In whatever point of view we look at the alpaca, this animal will be found a suitable and an economical stock, not only on mountain farms in Scotland and Ireland, but also on the Welch hills, where the old breeds of sheep and goats gradually disappear. For the reasons above stated, the alpaca is not liable to many of the disorders incidental to common sheep, neither is its offspring exposed to the various accidents which befall the lamb almost from the moment it is ushered into life. To the tender of an Andes flock the snow storm is disarmed of all its terrors; and as the stranger, when naturalized among us, would feed upon herbage left behind by the cattle and sheep which had gone over the ground before him, he would not consequently interfere with the pasturage of our present herds and flocks, nor diminish in the slightest degree the provision of food reserved for them. The income which a farmer would derive from this new breeding stock will be readily calculated, when it is taken into account that the south down fleece seldom weighs more than two pounds, whereas the alpaca yields from six to eight, and his wool always commands a higher price, besides keeping for seven years if the markets should be low. Experience has moreover taught us that sheep are a precarious stock. There may be another pestilence among them, as there was in 1824 and 1827, when Leicesters sold from 3s. to 4s. per head, as they were dying of the rot."

Besides greater hardihood and freedom from disease than our

sheep exhibit, it is stated that the Peruvian breed have an unerring foresight of coming danger, as in the instance of a snow-storm, and when they have tender young ones to care for instinctively hastening to the safest side of a crag, or, if within reach, the cottage door.

Mr. Walton cannot see why the flesh as well as the fleece would not improve under British culture ; and also accounts for the inferiority of the latter, as it is imported sometimes into this country, by saying that portions of it consist of what has been collected in a dirty state, and as it has been gathered after being torn away from the animal by briars and the like. Here follow some other particulars and anticipations :—

“ This animal seems to compete with the deer. Its flesh, which, as well as its wool, would doubtless improve, is considered equal to venison, and peculiarly well adapted for hams. Its skin, when prepared, might be appropriated to various uses, such as the making of accoutrements, traces, straps, and also for bookbinding. The system generally prevailing among British farmers is to look to the improvement of the carcass, almost leaving the wool to chance, from an opinion that it is the flesh, and not the fleece, which affords a remunerating price. Even in this respect, the alpaca would be an eligible stock. Sir John Narborough declared that he killed a guanaco on the Patagonian coast, which weighed 268 lbs. ; and Captain King affirms that one which fell to his lot, when skinned and cleaned, netted 168 lbs. ; at the same time we learn from Captain Fitzroy, that while at the mouth of the Santa Cruz river, he killed a guanaco weighing 50 lbs. heavier than any he had seen on the Patagonian coast, and equal to 300 lbs. The first are nearly the weights of the best alpacas, they vary in size, but seldom are under 200 lb., and of this weight they may be daily seen in the shambles at Huamanga and the higher towns in Peru. They consequently weigh twice as much as ordinary sheep. South downs seldom exceed 100 lbs. ; the London butcher, indeed, prefers them under 90. A haunch of llama, alpaca, or guanaco, at a Peruvian feast, occupies the place that a sirloin of beef does among us. The introduction of the alpaca would not only render those parks productive which are not already stocked with deer, but also more attractive, and at the same time lead to a new era in the history of farming. This animal is equally calculated to be a valuable adjunct of the cottage, almost, I could have said, inmate, for its cleanliness and social habits entitle it to a corner there by the side of the watch-dog.”

But it may be said that our sanguine author is only throwing into one laudatory chapter what he has gathered from travellers and foreigners concerning animals as seen and domesticated in South America, without any practical acquaintance with their aptitude for the British mountains as well as inclosures in lower and richer situations. But we must not allow him to be thus misunderstood ; especially at a time when our agriculturists are beginning to tremble

concerning a repeal or bold modification of the Corn-laws; and also on considering that within recent years waste lands have been inclosed when a more profitable application of money might have been made, leaving these expensively treated portions for the pasture of sheep of the hardier sorts. Besides, it is to be recollected that we have no surplus stock either of the Welsh or the Scottish mountain breeds; on the other hand, they are said to be diminishing at a serious rate. Again, how is our commercial superiority menaced by foreign competition; and how necessary has it become that we should discover or command new sources of labour, or, in other words, new kinds of raw material for our enterprising manufacturing genius as a nation? Well, but what of Mr. Walton's home facts and experience?

"The opinions, which I expressed thirty years ago of the capacity of Peruvian sheep to adapt themselves to the climate and food of this country, are supported by a series of successful experiments." He then goes on to state that several apacas have been introduced into England: and mentions where a goodly portion of them are now to be seen, together with others which have been born and bred in this country. The Earl of Derby figures as an experimentalist in this case, who has been long distinguished as a patriotic breeder of stock. "He has now at Knowsley," says Mr. Walton "a little flock of llamas and alpacas, amounting to fourteen, two of which were bred on the spot, whose wool is finer, softer, and more beautiful than that on the backs of their parents." "The young are eight and twenty months old, and already the first has wool upon it six inches long. A fine male alpaca, shorn three years ago, has at present a coat upon it from eighteen to twenty inches long, thus proving that the wool grows from six to eight inches yearly, if regularly shorn." The Earl stated that "he certainly knew of nothing likely to prevent the propagation of the animal in this country. On the contrary, the gentlemen will see in these grounds living specimens that they can and will do so, one female having produced in each of the two last seasons, and the young are doing well."

Mr. Walton mentions where other experiments have been made, both in this and other countries of Europe, and where the climate as well as the food must be very considerably dissimilar, one place from another. In Scotland some noblemen have become purchasers either of llamas or alpacas; for both are recommended, and they appear to breed, the one with the other species. Spirited individuals, says our author, are about to carry the experiment of naturalization of these animals into effect in Australia. The Highland Society of Scotland has had its attention directed to the subject; while the Natural Society of Liverpool, and also individual merchants of that great commercial port, appear to be going earnestly

to work, both as regards the introduction of the animal, and the importation of its wool. Mr. W. informs us that,—

“As before shown, so great is the adventurous spirit which distinguishes the British merchant, that very considerable supplies of alpaca wool have already been brought over from Peru. Into the port of Liverpool alone the importations within five years amount to upwards of six million lbs., which, at 2s. per lb., would make considerably more than half a million sterling. With the prospect of a new branch of manufacture, and in the hope of a corresponding supply of the raw material, ingenuity has been set to work, capitals risked, and, by perseverance, considerable progress has by this time been made. The conversion of the alpaca fleece into fabrics of fine texture has commenced, I may safely say triumphantly, in various parts of the kingdom, and through the efforts of the Liverpool gentlemen, to whom the country is indebted for the original design, these fabrics are likely to become great favourites both at home and abroad; and in looking forward to a propitious increase in our industrial enterprises, the statesman, the merchant, and the agriculturist, must be equally sensible that a manufacture becomes valuable in proportion to the number of hands which it employs, the produce of labour being the truest source of riches, and, consequently, may be rendered the firmest bulwark of our national strength.

“Goods made from alpaca wool constitute a middle texture between silk and common sheep's wool, but partaking more of the appearance and properties of the former than the latter. From the experiments instituted, it is the opinion of persons, acquainted with the principles and practice of weaving, that alpaca is also calculated to take the place of the wool obtained from the cashmere goat, which in some respects it resembles. Camblets are made from mohair yarn, and when dyed and subjected to the process of watering, the surface appears wavy and marked with shades, in which state the article is called moreen, and used for curtains and other purposes. I do not speak practically, nor have I had it in my power to obtain the advice of experienced dyers on this part of the subject; but it appears to me that the wavy effect on camblets is produced by killing or allaying the transparency in the component particles of the wool. If such really is the case, alpaca textures are admirably suited for the process of watering, and on the general run its wool might be had at from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. per lb. In Asia Minor the wool of the female Angora goat is preferred to that of the male, and in some instances carefully separated and kept by the natives for the manufacture of their most delicate articles. I have not been able to ascertain whether there is any difference between the fleece of a female and male alpaca, but I believe, as regards colour, that black is more valuable than white, being adapted for sprigs and other figures in vests and ladies' dresses not requiring the aid of dye.”

Our author is very anxious to have it understood that alpaca wool is the *analogue* of silk, and that with the consumption of silk—a raw material we need not tell our readers not of this country's growth—it only can interfere. He adds, that it is so beautifully transparent as to refract the rays of light in the same manner as

silk does, to which property he supposes it to owe its glossiness. We have from him also these observations :—

“ With the polite assistance of the secretary of the Polytechnic Institution, I was enabled to examine the anatomical structure of three samples of alpaca wool through a lens magnifying one million times. The colours of those subjected to the power of the microscope were white, black, and grey. When thrown upon the disk, each filament appeared equal in thickness to a man-of-war's topsail halyard, perfectly distinct, and the fibrous structure more evident than in the wool of common sheep. White was the first sample tried, and it produced an effect at the same time singular and pleasing. There was a brilliancy upon the surface which rendered the filaments so transparent that they assumed a prismatical appearance, and to the eye shone clearer than a silvery hair taken from the human head. The external rind, or, I should rather say, the tubular formation, was very visible; each filament straight, and divested of that crispness detected in common wool. The curves were also fewer. The surface appeared polished, and distinguished by a glittering brightness, almost, I could say, refulgence, which is wanting in sheep's wool. The general results produced by afterwards showing the black sample were the same, excepting that the shade on the disk was more opaque, and the brilliancy of each filament diminished. The grey exhibited a medium between the contrasts, and helped to show both to advantage.

“ From my own limited observations, it seems to me that the wool of Peruvian sheep is imbedded deeper in the skin than in any other animal of the same class, owing to which, perhaps, the fleece is capable of deriving nourishment more from the inner vessels than usually happens in the lanigerous tribes, and possibly the supply is on this account larger; a conclusion warranted, one would think, by the fact that no other animal of the creation affords wool so long, so perfect, and at the same time so abundant. There are instances of alpaca wool measuring thirty inches long; frequently it is seen twenty inches, and averages from eight to twelve. The vascular properties are remarkable. Each slender filament is filled with small vessels, through which, and by means of the circulation of the blood, or by whatever name the liquids may be called, the process of nutrition is carried on. This wool certainly possesses the principle of vitality in a very strong degree, owing to which, I am inclined to think, it is less subject to decomposition than the ordinary kinds. There is indeed in it something approaching to incorruptibility, if I may be allowed the expression, as is proved by the locks of alpaca wool formerly discovered in the huacas, or burial places, to which allusion has already been made.”

If alpaca wool is to interfere with any other raw material than raw and thrown silk, it will be, according to Mr. Walton's representation, with the wool of the Angora goat, (mohair,) large quantities of which are now imported, but the manufacture of which costs a great deal more than what the Peruvian wool imposes. Judging, therefore, from the total quantity received at Liverpool, in three years, say six million lbs; and calculating the fleece of each

alpaca, including fawns, only to be 4lbs, this, he says, "would leave no more than half a million of the animals in the country furnishing the foreign supply, whereas in this kingdom, if we had them, we should be able to turn fifteen millions, or half our number of ordinary sheep, to good account." Then, he contemplates the international benefit and civilization which would attend the carrying of our tranquil arts and social intercourse to the Peruvians, when exchanging our commodities and manufactures, for "an animal which is likely to become extinct, so soon as the present generation of Indians shall have passed away."

It is probable that our growers of fine sheep's wool may view the attempt now making to introduce and naturalize the most useful of the Peruvian sheep with much jealousy. But the days of monopoly seem to be numbered, whenever great general national advantages are thereby crippled and restricted; so that whatever may be the issue of the experiments recommended by our author in his interesting pamphlet, we trust they will have a fair trial. Therefore with a considerable share of hopeful expectancy we read the following passage, with its promising note:—

"It is expected that a small flock of alpacas will be exhibited at the annual meeting of the Royal English Agricultural Society, to be held at Liverpool, in July next, when it is rumoured that several patriotic noblemen and gentlemen* will allow those specimens to be seen which they purchased, more with a view to their country's benefit, than any personal gratification which they could derive from their possession, the best reward they could either wish, or obtain, for their exalted patriotism, as well as their foresight and perseverance. This meeting, it is thought, will be attended by many gentlemen from Yorkshire, deeply interested in the progress of alpaca wool manufactures, daily growing in importance, the evidence of which is constantly before their eyes, for at the present moment, the districts of Colne and Craven, in their own country, are chiefly employed in weaving alpaca figures, which for the last four years has been a great relief to the poor.

"The large importation of alpaca wool, and the consequent project to naturalize the animal which bears it, as already pointed out, began with a few merchants, and met with the encouragement of a scientific body in Liverpool, and if my feeble voice could reach so far, I should urge the same parties to persevere in the noble design in which they are engaged. This is, I repeat, a national enterprise—one well deserving the support of a great commercial community like Liverpool—an enterprise which will

* Since the above was in type, I have received information that it is the intention of the Earl of Derby to submit his little flock of Andes sheep to the inspection of the agricultural meeting, in next July; and his lordship has therefore directed that they should not be shorn, as they otherwise would have been, until after that period.

endear the names of its promoters in the hearts of their fellow-subjects, for the man who carries out so important an undertaking as the introduction of a valuable raw material into his native land, thus adding a new comfort to the general stock of his fellow-creatures, is as much entitled to public esteem as the hero who has fought his country's battles. As a Lancashire man, I cannot therefore help applauding the efforts of the friends of the alpaca naturalization scheme; and in offering to them this humble testimony of my admiration, I at the same time avail myself of this opportunity to express my sincere and fervent wish that that commerce may flourish which, in their hands, has become our country's glory, and thus enable the patriotic men of Liverpool to extend a protecting arm to the unfortunate, and to relieve and soften the sorrows of the afflicted, whether arising out of the want of employment, the scourge of war, shipwreck, or any other source of human calamity."

ART. XII.—*North American Herpetology; or a Description of the Reptiles inhabiting the United States.* By JOHN EDWARDS HOLBROOK, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of the State of South Carolina, Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, &c. &c. 4to. Vols. I. and II.

THE first volume of the work before us opens with a chapter upon the "organization of reptiles," in which the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, and respiration, together with their physiology, the structure of the nervous system, and of the organs of sense, are treated somewhat at length; and, while the accuracy of the observations will be observed with delight by the scientific naturalist, the clear and interesting manner in which the subject is elucidated cannot but afford to the general reader equal pleasure and improvement. The portion relating to the senses, particularly, is highly instructive.

Under the head of "Digestive Organs," our author observes, when speaking of the *œsophagus*,—

"In some of the Chelonian animals, there are many horny points in the *œsophagus*, directed backward or towards the stomach, which may be useful in preventing the escape of food."

Dr. Holbrook has probably never had opportunity to examine that curious and very rare tortoise, the *Sphargis coriacea*, or *leather tortoise*, whose *œsophagus* is thickly studded, not merely with "horny points," but with large, very strong, "*horny spines*," some of which are two inches in length.

In the observations upon the organ of *taste*, we find the following sentence:—

"All reptiles have a tongue, varying, however, greatly in its shape, organization, and mode of attachment, but certainly having little claim to be considered as an organ of taste."

Had our author remarked, that all reptiles had organs of taste; we should not feel called upon to refer to this statement. But having recently had the good fortune to meet with a genus, the *Pipa*; one of whose characters, as pointed out by Laurenti, is the "absence of a tongue," we are bound to point out an exception to his remarks.

This volume contains descriptions of twenty-three species, all accompanied with figures drawn from living specimens, one-third of which were previously unknown to the naturalist. Every species is very minutely described, its geographical limits pointed out, and its habits elucidated, oftentimes with great perspicuity, awakening uncommon interest in the mind of the reader. Much labour is likewise bestowed in settling the synonymes, than which nothing could more facilitate the studies of the herpetologist. A similar plan is pursued, throughout the volume, with regard to the arrangement of the descriptions; and, although some of course extend to a considerably greater length than others, they are all so minute and comprehensive that they could not be mistaken, even were they not illustrated by the faithful and beautiful plates.

The first animal described is the *Testudo polyphemus*; the only species of *Testudo* yet known in the United States. Having pointed out its specific characters, Dr. Holbrook thus portrays its habits:—

"They select dry and sandy places, are generally found in troops, and are very abundant in pine barren countries. They are gentle in their habits, living entirely on vegetable substances; they are fond of the sweet potato, (*Convolvulus Batatas*,) and at times do much injury to gardens, by destroying melons, as well as bulbous roots, &c. &c. In the wild state they are represented as nocturnal animals, or as seeking their food by night; when domesticated, and I have kept many of them for years, they may be seen grazing at all hours of the day. When first placed in confinement, they chose the lowest part of the garden, where they could most easily burrow; this spot being once overflowed by salt water, in a high spring tide, they migrated to the upper part, nearly eighty yards distant, and prepared anew their habitations. They seldom wandered far from their holes, and generally spent part of the day in their burrows. They delighted in the sun in mild weather, but could not support the intense heat of our summer noons; at those hours they retreated to their holes, or sought shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, under the shade of broad-leaved plants; a *tanyer*, (*Arum esculentum*,) that grew near their holes, was a favourite haunt. They could not endure rain, and retreated hastily to their burrows, or to other shelter, at the coming on of a shower. As winter approached, they confined themselves to the immediate neighbourhood of their holes, and basked in the sunshine; as the cold increased, they retired to their burrows, where they became torpid; a few warm days, however, even in winter, would again restore them to life and activity."

The next three species are beautiful *Emydæ*, sent by Professor

Troost to the author, from the western rivers, to which are given the appropriate names of *hieroglyphica*, *megacephala*, and *Troostii*. But little more than a simple description of these species is furnished us, as their habits are comparatively unknown. The remaining *Emys* of this volume, the *Muhlenbergii*, which Say called *biguttata*, is found, our author remarks, "only in New Jersey and East Pennsylvania, and is rare even in these districts."

The next species is the *Ameiva sex-lineata*, known commonly as the *striped lizard*, and the familiar representative of the lizard in the United States, as of the true lizards the country produces none. Its habits are thus described.

"This is a very lively, active animal, choosing dry and sandy places for its residence, and is frequently met with in the neighbourhood of plantations, or near fences and hedges; most usually it is seen on the ground in search of insects, but it will take to trees when pursued. Its motions are remarkably quick; it runs with great speed, and climbs with facility; yet it cannot leap from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, like the *Anolius Carolinensis*. The *Ameiva sex-lineata* is very timid; it feeds on insects, and generally seeks its food toward the close of the day, when they may be seen in cornfields far from their usual retreat; and not unfrequently I have met male and female in company."

The *Anolius Carolinensis*, another animal of the lizard kind, and usually called *Chameleon*, or *green lizard*, from its delicate green colour, we have had an opportunity of seeing alive, and we cannot refrain from expressing our gratification at the faithfulness of the description, and the excellence of the figure. The following account of this species, shows the accurate observation of the author:—

"The *Anolius Carolinensis* is a bold and daring animal, haunting out-houses and garden fences; and in new settlements it even enter the houses, walking over the tables and other articles of furniture, in search of flies. It is very active, climbing trees with great rapidity, and leaping with ease from branch to branch, or from tree to tree; securing itself even on the leaves, by means of the oval disks of the fingers and toes; which enable it also to walk easily on glass, and on the sides and ceilings of rooms. It feeds on insects, and destroys great numbers, seizing them suddenly, and devouring them, unrestrained even by the presence of man. In general, they hibernate later than other animals of the same class, their favourite retreats being gardens and old buildings; they often retire to green-houses, or conservatories, where they may be frequently seen active, even in winter, but never of that rich yellow green as in the summer season. In the spring season, they are extremely quarrelsome; two males seldom meet without a furious battle, which frequently results in the loss of part of the tail, or some other injury, to one or both of the combatants. Before the contest, the animal usually remains stationary for a moment, elevates and depresses its head several times, inflates his gular sac, which now becomes of a bright vermilion, and then suddenly springs at his enemy. After the first heats of spring

have passed, they become less quarrelsome, and many are seen quietly living together in the same neighbourhood; they retain at all times the habit of inflating the sac, even when quietly basking in the sun; and at those times the colouring of the animal has the liquid brilliancy of the emerald."

Two species of *Bufo* had been supposed to be identical. One of these, our common toad, generally called the *musicus*, is here at the suggestion of Le Conte, described as the *Americanus*, on account of its extended distribution. From our author's interesting remarks respecting this species, we would extract only a single observation:

"It has been commonly supposed that the humour exuding from the skin and glands is poisonous; yet no experiments have proved it so, and certainly no injury has ever arisen from handling or examining the animal."

In the account of the *Bufo lentiginosus*, the southern species, from which the preceding is separated, we find the following amusing anecdote of its instinct:—

"I have seen an individual, kept for a long space of time, which became perfectly tame. During the summer months it would retire to a corner of the room, into a habitation it had prepared for itself, in a small quantity of earth, placed there for its convenience. Towards evening it would wander about the room in search of food, seizing greedily whatever insect came in his way. Some water having been squeezed from a sponge upon his head, one hot day in July, he returned the next to the same spot, and seemed very well pleased with the repetition; nor did he fail, during the extreme heat of the summer, to repair to it frequently, in search of his shower-bath."

A singular little *Engystoma*, a kind of animal very similar to a toad, is here for the first time described, to which the specific name, *Carolinense*, is given. It is the only species of the genus which has been met with in the United States, and has not as yet been discovered north of Charleston.

A new and very curious genus is next presented us, which our author calls *Scaphiopus*. It possesses the following characters, showing it to be a sort of connecting link between the toad and frog:—

"Body short, thick, swollen; head short; minute teeth in the upper jaw and on the palate; a small, glandular wart behind the ear, from which a watery fluid can be pressed; posterior extremities short, stout, and muscular; leg shorter than the thigh; a spade-like horny process occupies the position of a sixth toe, and is used by the animal in excavating."

The peculiarities of its organization, are at once explained by the habits of the only known species, the *solitarius*:—

"This is a strange animal,—an odd mixture of toad and frog, having the teeth of the one and the rudimental post-tymphal glands of the other; it

approaches, however, nearest the toad in its form and habits, as it never ventures in water except at the breeding season; it lives in small holes about six inches deep, excavated by itself in the earth, which for a long time I took for holes of insects; here it resides like the ant-lion, seizing upon such unwary insects as may enter its dwelling. It never leaves its hole, except in the evening or after long-continued rains. It shows great dexterity in making this dwelling; sometimes using the *nates*, and fastening itself by the spade-like process; at others it uses the legs with these processes, like a shovel, and will in this way conceal itself with great rapidity. In progression its motions are not very lively, and its powers of leaping but feebly developed. It appears early in March, after the first heavy rains of spring, and at once seeks its mate."

The descriptions of the frogs, *halecina*, *palustris*, and *sylvatica*, are all that the student could desire.

A striking instance of the limited distribution of some reptiles is shown in the *Rana ornata*, a pretty species of frog made known to naturalists by our author, who observes:—

"This animal has hitherto been found only in South Carolina, and as yet only in one locality, about four miles from Charleston, between the Cooper and Ashley rivers, where it abounds."

The common and beautiful *tree toad*, the *Hyla versicolor*, is here, for the first time, figured. The plate is well done, and the observations relating to its habits are very accurate.

When speaking of the *Hyla squirella*, our author remarks, that it has not been found further north than the thirty-fourth degree of latitude, and therefore that must be considered its most northern limit.

Descriptions of five beautifully delineated species of *Coluber* terminate the first volume.

The *coach-whip snake*, *flagelliformis*, of which we have a fine figure, is so rare, even in those Southern states in which it is found, that our author says, "During a seven years' search I have never seen but one living specimen."

A beautiful new species, five feet three inches in length, from the Alleghany mountains, is called *Alleghaniensis*. And another, four feet five inches in length, receives the name of *abacurus*.

The plates are extremely well executed, preserving so well the appearance of nature, that no one would suspect for a moment, that they were drawn from preserved or distorted specimens. The attitudes, in many instances, of the species are strikingly faithful. Of those which have fallen under our notice alive, we can speak more decidedly, and would therefore point to the figures of the *Anolius Carolinensis*, *Bufo Americanus*, *Rana halecina*, *palustris* and *sylvatica*, *Hyla versicolor* and *squirella*, as being exceedingly correct.

The second volume of the work contains descriptions and figures of twenty-eight species, four of which are new to science. Nearly one half of the volume is composed of descriptions of nine species of *Emydæ*, *fresh water tortoises*. No little confusion had previously existed amongst several of these species. One of our first herpetologists has said, he could not distinguish the specific characters of five of them. Our author has settled their distinctions with the utmost clearness; and his descriptions of the *serrata*, *reticulata*, *rubriventris*, and *Floridana* are illustrated with plates which require neither the eye of the naturalist to distinguish, nor of the artist to admire. To a fine large species, fifteen inches in length, common around Mobile, but previously undescribed, our author gives the name of *Mobilensis*. Three species of *Salamander* are presented us; two of which, the *dorsalis* and *symmetrica*, are common throughout the United States.

If, in the pages we have passed over, no errors have been referred to, it is because none have been perceived of sufficient importance to demand notice. We should have been better pleased, it is true, to have seen, instead of the bronzed *carapace* (upper shell) of the *Emys guttata* (the common and beautiful speckled tortoise), its natural colour. But our author, in his description of this species, says, "the whole upper surface of this animal, the head as well as the extremities, is black," &c. &c., showing conclusively his own accuracy, and that the fault is that of the artist. But the same motive, which has excited us thus freely to speak of the beauties and value of the work before us, prompts us to point out what appears inaccurate. In the description of the *Salamander dorsalis*, the colour is thus spoken of:—

"The whole superior surface of the *Salamander dorsalis*, neck, head, and body, as well as the tail and extremities, is of an olive colour, with a strong tinge of green, &c."

And the colouring of the plate corresponds with the description. The *dorsalis*, as seen in Massachusetts, has its whole upper as well as its under surface sprinkled with innumerable black dots. A defect appears in the lower figure of the plate, owing to the right anterior extremity being placed further back on the body than the left. The figures of the *symmetrica* also are unnatural, on account of the disproportion between the anterior and posterior extremities. The remaining salamander is a new and singularly marked species, which is appropriately called *gutto-lineata*.

The habits of the dreaded *Trigonocephalus piscivorus*, the *water moccasin*, are thus illustrated:—

"It is found about damp, swampy places, or in water,—far from which it is never observed. In summer, numbers of these serpents are seen resting

on the low branches of such trees as overhang the water, into which they plunge on the slightest alarm. Catesby thinks they select these places to watch for their prey. They merely choose them in order to bask in the sun ; for in situations deprived of trees, as the ditches of rice-fields, their lurking places are often on dry banks. They are the terror of the negroes that labour about rice plantations, where they are more dreaded than the rattlesnake, which only bites when irritated or in self defence, or to secure its prey ; the water moccasin, on the contrary, attacks everything that comes within its reach, erecting its head and opening its mouth for some seconds before it strikes. I have placed in a cage with the water moccasin several of the harmless snakes, as the *Coluber guttatus*, *Coluber getulus*, &c., at a time : they all evinced the greatest distress, hanging to the sides of the cage, and endeavouring by every means to escape from their enemy, who attacked them all in turn. Two animals of its own species were thrown into the cage ; it seemed instantly aware of the character of its visitors, and became perfectly quiet. Indeed, I have often received four or five of these animals in safety, after their having peaceably travelled together a journey of fifty or sixty miles in the same box."

Three species of *Crotalus* (*rattlesnake*), are described, the plates accompanying which are very good. Upon the *miliarius*, we find the following remarks ;

"The *Crotalus miliarius* is greatly dreaded, as it gives but a very slight warning with its rattle ; and, unlike the *Crotalus durissus*, will frequently be the aggressor. By the common people its bite is thought to be more destructive, and its venom more active, than that of the larger species ; various experiments have, however, satisfied me of the fallacy of this opinion. It is probable, that each *Crotalus* has the requisite quantity of venom to destroy the animals on which it preys, for it is certain that the *miliarius* can easily kill a small bird, such as the towhee bunting, a pigeon, or a field-mouse ; but a cat that was bitten several times, at different intervals, appeared to suffer much, and to droop for thirty-six hours, at the end of which time the effects of the poison entirely disappeared ; the same animal was long afterwards destroyed by a single blow of the *Crotalus durissus*."

The *adamanteus* is thus graphically depicted :—

"The *Crotalus adamanteus* is the largest of our rattlesnakes, reaching even to the length of eight feet. The individual from which the accompanying plate was taken, had reached the length of nearly six feet, and I have seen others over seven feet long ; a more disgusting and terrific animal cannot be imagined than this ; its dusky colour, bloated body, and sinister eyes, of sparkling grey and yellow, with the projecting orbital plates, combine to form an expression of sullen ferocity unsurpassed in the brute creation."

The plate of the next species, the *durissus*, (the common rattlesnake of New England,) is admirable. The author's remarks upon the habits of this species are valuable, as correcting current errors upon the subject.

"The *Crotalus durissus* lives on rabbits, squirrels, rats, &c. ; and in general is a remarkably slow and sluggish animal, lying quietly in wait for his prey, and never wantonly attacking or destroying animals, except as food, unless disturbed by them. A single touch, however, will effect this ; even rustling the leaves in his neighbourhood is sufficient to irritate him. On these occasions he immediately coils himself, shakes his rattles violently in sign of rage, and strikes at whatever is placed within his reach. In his native woods, one may pass within a few feet of him unmolested ; though aware of the passenger's presence, he either lies quiet or glides away to a more retired spot, unlike some of the innocent snakes, that I have known attack passers-by, at certain seasons of the year. He never follows the object of his rage, whether an animal that has unwarily approached so near as to touch him, or only a stick thrust at him to provoke his anger, but strikes on the spot, and prepares to repeat the blow ; or he may slowly retreat, like an unconquered enemy, sure of his strength, but not choosing further combat. It is remarkable, that he never strikes unless coiled ; so that, if once thrown from this position, he may be approached with less danger.

"As to the fascinating or charming power of the rattlesnake, I have every reason to believe it a fable ; and the wonderful effects, related by credible witnesses, are attributable rather to terror than to any mysterious influence not possessed by all venomous or ferocious animals upon their weak, timid, and defenceless prey. The rattlesnake's charm lies in the horror of his appearance, and the instinctive sense of danger that seizes a feeble animal, fallen suddenly into the presence of an enemy of such a threatening aspect."

That the age of the rattlesnake cannot be ascertained from the number of its rattles, is evident from the following observations :—

"It is commonly supposed that the number of rattles marks the age of the animal, a new one being added annually to those already existing. It is now certain, that rattlesnakes have been known to gain more than one rattle in a year, and to lose in proportion, the exact number being regulated no doubt by the state of the animal as to health, nourishment, liberty, &c. I have known two rattles added in one year, and Dr. Bachman has observed four produced in the same length of time. Mr. Peale, of the Philadelphia Museum, kept a living female rattlesnake for fourteen years. It had when it came into his possession eleven rattles, several were lost annually and new ones took their place ; at its death, after fourteen years' confinement, there were still but eleven joints, although it had increased four inches in length. It is thus evident, that the growth of their appendages is irregular, and that the age of the animal cannot be determined from their number. The number of rattles varies much ; the largest I ever saw was twenty-one, all of which were perfect."

To such as involuntarily shudder at the mere mention of a *snake*, a single remark of our author cannot be useless, as showing the folly of cherishing such aversions ; speaking of the *Coluber astivus*, he says,

"This beautiful snake is perfectly harmless and gentle, easily domesticated, and takes readily its food from the hand. I have seen it carried in the pocket, or twisted round the arm or neck as a plaything, without once evincing any disposition to mischief."

Besides the species we have thus cursorily referred to, the *Elaps fulvius*, *Heterodon platirhinos*, *Scincus erythrocephalus*, *Heterodon niger*, *Coluber fasciatus*, *guttatus*, *punctatus*, and *æstivus*, as well as two new species, the *Coluber taxispilatus* and *elapsoides*, are included in this volume.

ART. XIII.—*Memoirs of M. Gisquet, formerly Prefect of Police. (Memoires, &c.) Written by Himself. 4 vols. Paris: Marchant.*

A LARGE portion of the contents of these volumes have little of novelty to any person who has been in the habit of reading French news ever since the "Glorious Three Days." But as M. Gisquet was at the head of the police establishment of Paris, or rather of France, during a considerable period of the time that has elapsed since the era mentioned, his record of many of the secrets connected with the remarkable political events that have taken place in the reign of Louis Philippe, and the restlessness of the people who have so frequently periled the life of his Majesty, and exposed the nation to revolution, must have a special interest. Not that the author is very distinguished for vivacity, for compression of materials, or judicious in his observations upon other functionaries and personages; his principal object in writing the Memoirs being to vindicate his own administration as prefect, which was exposed to the severest and most virulent attacks. In such a community as that of Paris it will ever be impossible for a person, holding the situation which he did, to escape abuse and misrepresentation. In vain will the most prudent man endeavour to please every faction of such a mercurial people. Still, M. Gisquet has had the misfortune or honour, if you choose, of being the most hated of officials; while his Memoirs, we learn, have kept alive the animosity very generally entertained against him when he was in office, and which pursues him in private life. To us, however, his narrative, explanations, and defence convey rather a favourable idea. He seems to have the proper feelings of humanity, and also to be gifted with considerable talents, which were zealously employed for the public good. But whatever be his merits, we shall soon satisfy our readers, that he discloses a state of society having extraordinary features, and in a variety of respects different from what has ever yet been witnessed in England; nay, we venture to assert, such lineaments and diabolical traits as cannot possibly find existence to any formidable extent amongst us. The Memoirs therefore, (they embrace an adminis-

tration commencing in October, 1831, and ending in September, 1836) afford a curious and instructive subject of study; and as several of our contemporaries have introduced them to their readers, inserting copious translated extracts, we shall avail ourselves of some of the best renderings of striking passages that we have met with.

The office of prefect of police in France seems to have been first established during the Revolution, at the close of the last century; and often must every one of our readers have heard mention made of the accurate machinery of the institution and its minute ramifications. Indeed, almost every department in the state is brought into contact with it, or under its surveillance; secret societies, which have been so numerous in France, forming of course one of the chief fields for the vigilance of the police,—conspiracies and assassinations, together with everything that is revolting and most dangerous; thieves being set on to detect thieves,—secret agents to discover secret clubs, and be spies upon their proceedings. Nay, our prefect's secret agents, according to his own confession, were sometimes deprived of their liberty, and made to stand trial as accomplices, in order to worm out of the guilty or suspected the truth. He says, "I have frequently caused my agents to be arrested, as members of secret societies; and could not except them from the measures of severity exercised against the real members, without betraying their connexion with myself. They took their trials with their supposed accomplices, and submitted to all the legal consequences of the accusation; after which they naturally inspired more confidence in the reality of their assumed characters. There resulted, too, this further advantage from their detention, that their abode in prison served to enlighten me as to dangerous projects. In gaol, the plots of the disaffected were soon and surely learnt."

But as ought to have been anticipated, the prefect was himself sometimes the dupe of similar intrigue and deceit. We quote some examples:—

"A certain baroness, whose husband had been attached to the service of the exiled royal family, affected a sincere devotion for the new dynasty. She addressed to me periodical reports, containing but little information certainly, and remarkable only for their gracefulness of narration—and received occasionally, an order for some moderate sum, on the secret-service fund. The insignificance of her notes had determined me to get rid of her; but the baroness resolved not to renounce the advantage of the part which she had undertaken to play. Independently of her importunate visits, she overwhelmed me with intelligence borrowed from the journals,—or invented some innocent story of her own,—not failing to demand the price of her trifling services. When, finally, she had exhausted my patience, she hit upon a new pretext for making one more charge upon my

credulity. It was about the close of 1832, the period when the government knew certainly that the Duchess de Berri was hidden somewhere in the neighbourhood of Nantes. Our baroness declared to me, verbally and in writing, that she was acquainted with the retreat of Madame, but could not make up her mind to betray such a secret, without the promise of a large reward, and a moderate sum of one thousand francs paid down on account. Though I had little confidence in her veracity, yet her affirmations were made with so much confidence, the names of certain legitimatists were so skilfully insinuated as her informants, and her former position really gave her such opportunities of penetrating the secrets of the party, that I did not feel myself at liberty to neglect the chance of rendering so important a service to the government. The sum demanded was, therefore, remitted to the Baroness; who, thereupon, the next day, announced to me that the Duchess was concealed under the name of Madame Bertin, in a chateau near Arpajon. As I knew positively that her hiding-place was either in Nantes, or within a circle having a radius of some leagues from that town, the information of the Baroness was simply a lie, fabricated to aid a piece of swindling. Some twenty of my legitimatist agents made use of the same stratagem, in the same view, before the Princess was arrested.

“On the occasion of the attempt against the King's life, in November 1832, a former agent, dismissed because of his false communications, sent me the following letter:—

“ ‘ Monsieur le Préfet,—For the last three months, I have ceased to write to you—you have failed to appreciate me. Your want of confidence has caused you to despise my informations; and I have not been treated with the consideration due to a man better able, from his position, to serve you than any other. Notwithstanding my just indignation, I have it yet in my power to enlighten you. Your whole police is in search of the wretch who fired this morning on the King. You will not find him, however; but to me he is well known. I passed a portion of yesterday in his company; and can tell you who he is, and give you all the necessary proofs of his crime. But the injustice which I have suffered renders me, in turn, distrustful. I will no longer wait for the recompense which I have so well deserved. If you give the bearer 1,500 francs for me, I will speak; if not, you shall know nothing.’

“I immediately communicated this letter to M. Thiers, at that time Minister of the Interior; and, by his advice, I summoned the writer to my cabinet. M. Thiers met him there: and we jointly interrogated him. He reiterated his declaration, in the most formal manner; but obstinately refused all further explanation till he should have received the 1,500 francs. The sum was therefore paid, and he then declared that the two pistols found on the Pont Royal, after the attempt, belonged to a certain Sieur Lambert, who had lent them, in his presence, to the Sieur Giroux—which latter had used them for the criminal purpose in question. He mentioned five or six accomplices of Lambert and Giroux—declared that they had tried the pistols in company, and that Giroux had long practised at a board on which was drawn the figure of the king. He pointed out the place, day, and hour of the crime, with precision; nothing, in fact, was wanting to his revela-

tion, except truth! The whole of these particulars were of the *Sieur P——*'s inventions.

"On the eve of the crime of Fieschi, another rascal, with no less effrontery, acquainted, by public rumour, with the anxiety which we were suffering on the subject of the next day's review, announced to me, in a written report, that a plot skilfully prepared menaced the life of the King; and that eight republicans had met at his house to discuss finally the means of executing it. He offered to denounce and arrest the conspirators, beforehand, if I consented to give him, at once a certain sum. * * M. Thiers was still Minister of the Interior; and thought, with me, that it was better to be duped a hundred times than run the risk of rejecting such a warning. He, accordingly, authorized the payment of the sum demanded. Our informer, then, stated, that the conspirators, one only of whom was known to him, were to meet again, at his house, at an early hour of the 28th, for the distribution of their parts; and, from thence, to adjourn, at once, to the point destined for the commission of the crime. He advised that we should surround his house, in the morning, and watch the movements of every individual who might leave it; by which precaution, we should be sure of having the plotters under the hand of the police, at the moment when they might attempt to act. Fifteen inspectors, two peace officers, and a commissary of police, immediately stationed themselves around the dwelling, where they passed the night. But their surveillance had no result. Two men only, accomplices of this fraud, no doubt, entered the house of their pretended conspirator; where they stayed till the moment of the review—when one of them departed for Montmartre, and the other for Charonne."

There is hardly anything in these volumes more disgusting and horrible than the evidence they furnish of how unprincipled several of the French political factions are, when they think they can damage the reputation or the estate of an opposite party. By no means an uncommon method is to set in commotion the lower orders, to excite a ferocious tumult in consequence of a false report against those in power, merely to injure their influence, and sometimes with the expectation of having them assassinated. To instigate the ignorant is a common practice, or when a mob happens opportunely to occur, neither legitimist nor republican fails to fan the commotion to his own account; and hence many of the *émeutes* since the "Three Days." For example, when the cholera began to rage, and more than one hundred persons were carried off daily, the report that the wells were poisoned spread like wildfire; the very cleansing of the streets, in consequence of some new regulations, being the first cause of the dreadful tumult which ensued, since the class of Parisians who made a livelihood as cinder-gatherers, and of whatever is to be found that will sell in the dust-heaps, saw that the field of their labour would be abridged by the sanatory system. Says the Prefect:—

"The populace, terrified at the peculiar symptoms of this fearful malady,

was inclined to seek a cause for the disease independent of the disease itself; and there arose a rumour, which spread like lightning through Paris, attributing these terrible effects to poison. The masses, ready for all impressions, in moments of excitement, were readily persuaded that the fountains and provisions were so tainted, by men employed for the purpose. Suddenly, whilst, in the further quarters of Paris, the mob were yet breaking and burning the scavengers' carts, immense assemblages formed on the quays, on the Place de Grève, in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, in the City, and at various other points. Thence, they invaded the streets St.-Denis, and St.-Martin, and the *halles*; and never, perhaps, was there seen in Paris so frightful and numerous a mob,—maddened by the dread of poison, and rushing in search of the authors of these imaginary crimes. Every person seen with bottles, phials, or small packets, became an object of insane suspicion; and a simple *flacon* was received as convicting evidence by the delirious multitude. My agents could not be at all points at once, to stem the fury of these innumerable hosts of men,—bare-armed and gaunt-visaged,—such as are rarely seen save in moments like these; and which appeared, on that day, to issue forth, as it were, from beneath the pavement. Willing to judge for myself of the truth of the alarming reports which reached me, I traversed alone on foot, and with great difficulty, these mighty masses of half-clad beings; and no words can describe their hideous appearance, or do justice to the impression of terror conveyed by their fierce and hollow murmurs. Though not easily shaken, yet, for a moment, I trembled for the lives and properties of its respectable citizens. If the popular phrensy, instead of venting itself in acts of individual atrocity, had been directed to objects of plunder and revolution, it is impossible to say what might have been the extent of the devastation. No doubt, the public authority would have triumphed, in the end,—but only by resorting to means the most energetic, and at the price of melancholy sacrifices. A young man, employed in the ministry of the Interior, a relation of M. Delorme, was massacred in the Rue St. Denis, on suspicion of having thrown poison into the vessels of a wine-merchant. Another was torn to pieces, on the same pretext, in the *Quartier des Halles*. A third victim, assassinated on the Place de Grève, was flung, dying, into the river. The mob tore, from the post at the Hôtel de Ville, whither he had fled for shelter, a wretched man, whom they slaughtered in an instant; and a person, described to me as being a coal-heaver, actually set his dog to tear to pieces the body of this murdered victim. In the village of Vaugirard, the populace pursued two men, on whom this suspicion had fallen, and who succeeded in gaining the shelter of the mayor's house. But the magistrate's abode was violated and invaded, and one of these unfortunates, a commercial traveller, mercilessly slaughtered. A similar scene, to which the same *dénouement* appeared certain, occurred in the faubourg St.-Antoine. Two imprudent persons fled, pursued by thousands of madmen, who accused them of having given a poisoned tart to some children. The victims of this charge concealed themselves within the guard-house; but it was instantly surrounded, and the massacre of the fugitives was inevitable, but for a happy inspiration, which induced the Commissary of Police, and a retired officer, who happened to be present, to break between them the tart in question, and eat it, before the eyes of the crowd.

Their presence of mind converted the rage of the multitude into mirth,—so small a matter suffices, at times, to excite, or allay, the popular rage !”

The romantic and foolish attempt of the Duchesse de Berri, caused no small vexation to the French Government and also to M. Gisquet; and in the conduct of the Carlists we find some characteristic and also ridiculous displays. But the fortunes of that headstrong and imprudent Princess are better known than some of the other strange events which perplexed the prefect; and we therefore pass to a theme having a character of its own, and quite distinct from any yet noticed by us,—viz. the annoyance occasioned by restless refugees, some of whom established and conducted in France a secret tribunal, having the darkest features of murderous despotism, and cold-blooded assassination. Here is a startling account :—

“ The attention of the public and the government was for some time attracted to the body of Italian emigrants, by the circumstances of a crime committed on the 31st of May, 1833. The refugees of that nation were for the most part affiliated with *La Jeune Italie*—a secret society, grafted on Carbonarism, and having for its chief an able and resolute man, named Mazzini, who had been already sent out of France, on account of the active propagandism in which he engaged, and exercised an unbounded influence over his exiled compatriots. In 1832 and 1833, Mazzini resided in Geneva; and edited there the journal *La Giovine Italie*. On the 20th October, 1832, a certain Sieur Emiliani was attacked at Rhodes by a band of Italian refugees like himself. He received several stabs with a poniard, but the inhabitants who were witnesses of the crime, rushed upon the assassins, seized them, and rescued Emiliani from certain death. The guilty men were handed over to the law : their process was commenced ; and the Procureur du roi, of Rhodéz, shortly afterwards received the following document, the tenour of which explains the cause of the crime :—

Translation of the Sentence pronounced by the Secret Tribunal against four Italians.

“ ‘ The 15th of December, 1832, at ten in the evening, the Chief of the Society and the members composing it being assembled,—the Secretary was called upon to communicate a letter, containing a sentence emanating from the tribunal of Marseilles against the accused, Emiliani, Scuriatti, Lazzoreschi, and Andreani ; whose acts have been denounced to the president at Rhodéz, and their guilt established :—First, as propagators of infamous writings against our holy society ; 2ndly, as partisans of the infamous Papal government, with which they are in correspondence—crimes having no less a tendency than that of paralyzing our projects in favour of the sacred cause of liberty. After a full examination of the charges resulting from the process, application being made of Article 22,—are unanimously condemned to death, Emiliani and Scuriatti. As for Lazzoreschi and Andreani, the charges against them being less grave, they are condemned only to be beaten with rods—their liability reserved, on their return into their own country, to undergo an additional sentence, condemning them to the galleys

for life, as infamous traitors and notorious brigands. The President of Rhodéz will select four executioners of this sentence, who are charged to carry it into effect within the extreme limit of twenty days. He who shall refuse, will, himself, incur the penalty of death, *ipso facto*. Given, at Marseilles, by the Supreme Tribunal, at the hour of midnight, the year and day above.

“ ‘ (Signed) MAZZINI, President.

“ ‘LA CECILIA, L'Incaricato.’

“ It was not long ere the facts came in proof of the authenticity of this document and the reality of the sentence. On the 31st of May, the tribunal of Rhodéz had tried, and condemned to five years' imprisonment, six individuals, parties to the attempted assassination of the 20th of October, 1832,—and Emiliani had, necessarily, figured as a witness on the trial. He, afterwards, entered a *café*, in company with his wife, Lazzoreschi, and another refugee, of the name of Gavioli. The latter drew a poniard, wounded Emiliani mortally, and then Lazzoreschi. The wife of Emiliani strove to protect her husband and repel the assassin, and received, herself, two wounds from his poniard. No provocation, no word of irritation had preceded the crime. Gavioli fled out of the town, but was pursued and arrested. Two days afterwards the victims were interred, and no Italian appeared at their funeral;—a sure and frightful proof of the existence of the secret tribunal, and the terror which it inspired! It is evident that Gavioli, who had no personal motive of enmity against his victims, was the instrument chosen for the execution of the frightful sentence—the murderer appointed by the president of the secret tribunal of Rhodéz, in conformity with the orders of the supreme tribunal.”

From these three extracts the reader may form some notions of the frenzy, the deep plots, the desperate resolution that a functionary in the position of our author had to contend with. But there were other varieties of trouble, and even single notorious individuals required a most watchful eye, which was frequently dextrously baffled. Our concluding extract will show one of these worthies in a way that will interest a London pick-pocket:—

“ I will mention one of these, who has always escaped from the accusations brought against him. He is known by the name of Mimi Lepreux, and is the most adroit pickpocket in Paris. Many of the police agents know him well, and are incessantly watching him; and yet they have never been able to establish legally a single one of the numerous robberies of which he is guilty. I remember a report made to me, in which so many curious things were said of this man, that I was led to question an officer familiar with the doings of Mimi Lepreux. The officer informed me that this robber had at least 15,000 francs a-year, payable out of property purchased with the produce of his larcenies: that he was very liberal to the poor, and still more so to the petty thieves who served him: that he had always a dozen of these, on great occasions, employed to keep a look-out for him—to penetrate into the crowd—to ascertain how such or such a person placed his purse, his gold snuff-box, his pocket-book, &c.: that these auxiliaries execute nothing themselves, confining themselves to acquainting Mimi with

what they have observed, who takes upon himself to turn their discoveries to profit. For example, one of these robber-apprentices will come to Mimi, and whisper in his ear, in slang phrase, 'That old gentleman, fifteen paces to the right, with white hair and a cane in his hand, has put a heavy purse in his left breeches'-pocket.'—'Very well,' replies Mimi, 'there's ten sous for you. Cut!' A quarter of an hour afterwards, the purse is in Mimi's possession—but not to remain there two seconds. There are always accomplices near, ready to receive the stolen article, which passes from hand to hand, and disappears in a twinkling. If, therefore, the almost imperceptible movement of the thief should happen to be remarked at the instant of the robbery, and even if the party robbed should seize the culprit's arm, there is no means of establishing the crime. In such case, Mimi, with perfect calmness and self-possession, expresses his surprise that any one should dare to suppose him capable of such conduct. He appeals to the common sense of the bystanders, shows his purse well filled with gold pieces, and his pocket-book stuffed with bank notes—which contains, by chance, too, the receipt for his last taxes—and asks if a father of a family, in affluent circumstances like his, may not despise an accusation of the sort? 'I am willing to suppose,' he says, 'that the gentleman may have spoken without thought, and bear him no grudge for a mistake which, happily, can do no harm to *me*.' It is not an uncommon thing to see the victim stammer out apologies to the robber, and depart, through a crowd of persons murmuring their indignation against him. * * On the day in which M. Rodde presented himself on the Place de la Bourse, to exercise the profession of public crier, Mimi Lepreux was met by the same peace-officer, in the midst of an extraordinary concourse of republicans and curious spectators. 'What are you doing here?' said the agent of authority, in a severe tone.—'I am doing like the others,—looking on, and walking about.'—'You are well aware that I know you; you are here for the purpose of doing some mischief.'—'As I tell you, I am doing nothing at all; why do you bother me? Is not the pavement free for everybody?'—'Don't stand arguing there; move on, or I will have you taken up. You are here for the purpose of robbing. We have plague enough on our hands, without your coming hither, with your band, to pilfer.'—'Bah!' said Mimi Lepreux, impatiently, and losing his temper; 'leave me alone! Your republicans are nothing better than canaille! I have picked more than five hundred of their pockets, and never found a sou in any of them!' "

Thieves and vagabonds, whom it was M. Gisquet's municipal duty to detect, by no means engaged, if we may judge from the meagre notices in his volumes, his principal attention. He had higher duties, political cares to attend to, which all must regard as singularly important and difficult of execution, who bear in mind that he had a new dynasty to protect against ceaseless, subtle, and deeply organized conspiracies. The Republicans all know were a formidable and active body. Then there were the Legitimists, and the Bonapartists; so that we must not blame him for occasionally losing his temper, or adopting stringent or even apparently crooked

measures. Why, the Refugees alone were sufficient to rouse sternness within the gentlest nature, seeing that he had so many home-bred and native evil spirits to deal with. Considering all these things, we are inclined to lend credence to this dreaded and detested man when he represents himself as being frank and disinterested,—loving to do good and cherishing generosity,—modest in respect of tastes and simple in habits. His affections, he declares, are constant; and he is ever ready to make personal sacrifices in behalf of friends and family. His heart is free from bitterness; and although susceptible, he is incapable of disguise. Now, we say that we put more reliance in such complacent statements than in the representation of the French press, which beyond that either of America or England, is addicted to lying and gross calumnies when a purpose is to be served. But we wish to notice a still more important conclusion that every candid reader of these volumes will arrive at. It is this:—

However cunning or duplicit may have been the policy of Louis Philippe, his treatment of his revolutionary subjects has been astonishingly forbearing; especially when one considers the revolutionary movement by which his young and recent government is the spawn. Just mark the lenient conduct of the National Guard, whose numbers and power are immense, compared with the handful of effective enemies to the existing order of things, and also what any one of these parties is ready to perpetrate had it the strength and an opportunity. What is any sober man to think, for example, of the alliance which the Carlists at times were ready to form with the Republican party,—a party consisting of the scum of society, speaking generally, and whose leaders would have been denounced and sacrificed by the majority, had their cause triumphed!

Our conclusion is, that the French will give trouble to any prefect of police, beyond what ordinary patience can endure; that the Parisians are, beyond the people of all other civilized countries, apt to be driven frantic,—to listen to rhodomantade, and to enact any part although to be overturned or outdone upon the next impulse. There is no doctrine too wild for the patriots of France,—no rashness which they are not capable of exhibiting, for the sake of “glory.” But to conclude, there is abundance of matter for grave speculation upon the national character in the prefect’s volumes; and however unpleasant or ill-advised both as regards himself and his successors in office, some of his details and disclosures may be, his work should open the eyes of not a few of his countrymen.

ART. XIV.—*The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore.* Vol. VIII. London : Longman and Co. 1841.

WE have now the eighth volume of this beautiful edition of Moore's Complete Works before us. Amongst all the marvels of the giant-press of this country in the present day, is the reproduction, in a variety of different forms, of the most approved works of celebrated writers ; and certainly none deserves this honour more than the Irish bard. Patriotism is one of the greatest of virtues ; and that patriotism is especially to be admired which is devoted to chronicling in immortal verse the praises of one's own country—the beauties of her scenery—the deeds of her children—and the loveliness of those sons and daughters of a dearly-beloved clime. The soul thinks with poetic fervour while the rapid or euphonious measures of the Irish melodies delight the ear ; and if even martial music were calculated to move the arm to combat, of a surety may such be said of the lyrics which Moore has addressed to his fellow-countrymen. If O'Connell *really* be the political regenerator of Ireland, and Father Mathew its moral reformer, still must the revivification of its poetical literature be ascribed to Thomas Moore ; and, did not the printed volume remain—were the pages, which record those soul-stirring lyrics, scattered to the winds,—still, still would father hand down to son these chronicles, which, because they are national, should thus become immortal ; and, because they are connected with the characters of Ireland's sons, must be deemed historical.

The volume before us contains “The loves of the Angels” and miscellaneous poems. It is well known that the idea of the first poem is borrowed from a verse in Genesis, which, in consequence of the English mode of translation has allowed the impression to remain upon the mind, that has furnished material for these legends. The real meaning of the verse, defining a line of demarcation between the “sons of God” and the “daughters of men” simply applies to the favoured of the Lord and the descendants of Cain ;—the supposed figurative meaning, however, has furnished the groundwork for a most beautiful poem ; and we know not whether some of the most happy imagery which Moore ever conceived, is not to be found in the “Loves of the Angels.” Take for instance the following lines :—

“My heart was madden'd ;—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness !

Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.
Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse;
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt as for ever—like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires."

It should be observed that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to Mr. Moore by the well-known eastern fiction of Marout and Harout, the two angels of eastern mythology, and which is founded upon the Mohammedan prohibition of wine. Mr. Moore since discovered that the real version of this tale is taken from the French Encyclopædia, in which work it is to be found under the head of "Arot et Marot. The "Loves of the Angels" was first published in Paris, at a time when Mr. Moore was labouring under some pecuniary difficulties, from which the kindness of friends relieved him; and of this circumstance he speaks with fervent gratitude in the Preface to the volume now under notice. There is much in the "Loves of the Angels" which reminds us of the school, or rather style of De Lamartine:—we will quote a passage which, if ably translated into French heroic verse, would form an admirable parallel to some passages to be found in *Jocelyn*:—

"All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the lov'd face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confiding frank, with controul,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—

That happy minglement of hearts,
 Where, chang'd as chymic compounds are,
 Each with its own existence parts,
 To find a new one, happier far !
 Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
 That blessed hope of the bright hour,
 When, happy and no more to fall,
 Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
 Rise up rewarded for their trust
 In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
 And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
 From their emancipated wings,
 Wander for ever through those skies
 Of radiance, where Love never dies !"

Should this notice of one of his finest poems meet the eyes of Mr. Moore, he must not be offended that we have instituted a comparison between himself and De Lamartine. There is a great similitude between the serious and deeply meditative passages which exist in the writings of these authors ; and, although Moore's poetry is not so deeply imbued with the religious fervour that characterizes that of De Lamartine, it is still possessed of that soul-touching pathos which awakens the same melancholy sensations—or rather feelings of "pleasing pain," which are experienced during a perusal of *Jocelyn*. Of course this comparison exists only in reference to *Jocelyn* and "The Loves of the Angels:"—the other poems of Moore are written in a more joyous and luxuriant strain, and breathe more of earthly voluptuousness than soft and delicately refined pleasure. It is astonishing with what power Moore appeals to the secret passions of the soul,—with what success he wields the magic wand of the enchanter who can throw spells of delight around the human heart ; and with what ease he retains the imagination captive. There is scarcely a faulty line in the whole poem now under notice—unless indeed, it be the last line of the "Second Angel's Story,"—and that is somewhat necessary to the tale, but rather inharmonious when compared with its predecessors. We quote the verse to illustrate our observation :—

" All written over with sublime
 And saddening legends of th' unblest,
 But glorious Spirits of that time,—
 And this young Angel's 'mong the rest."

Just previous to this verse is another, in which the name of Seth occurs ; and a note, appended to the name informs us that Seth is a favourite person amongst the orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole history of the hierarchy of the

angels, with their different degrees, rank, &c.—It is also stated that the Kurdish tribes are in possession of a volume which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they denominate *Sohuph Sheit*, or the “Book of Seth.” In the same way in which Cham and Seth are declared to have been the means of preserving these relics and traditionary monuments of the knowledge of the antediluvians, so does the Chaldean chronicle state that Xixuthrus deposited the memorials of science and history, which he had rescued from the deluge in the city of Siparis, or the “dwelling of the Sun.” Another note gives us a curious piece of information relative to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, who believed that there were four stars acting as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, watching over the other fixed stars, and superintending the planets in their course. The names of these four sentinels were Taschter, for the East,—Satevis, for the West,—Venand, for the South,—and Haftorang, for the North. A belief that stars are either spirits, or the abodes, or even the vehicles, of spirits was very common amongst all the religions and heresies of the East. Kircher, the celebrated speculator, who has left behind him so much sound truth commingled with such a mass of idle theory and invention, has given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who were by the Kabala of the Jews distributed through the planets.

We now come to the “Miscellaneous Poems” in the volume under notice. Probably the true test of a poet is the lengthy poem, which tries the imagination, and subjects the mind to a trial of its capacities in a variety of relations and bearings:—there is nevertheless much merit in fugitive compositions; and we believe that Boileau was accustomed to judge of the true poet rather by this standard than by the one which we first laid down. A German author of celebrity has declared that he always found more difficulty in writing a short poem than a long one, and a short tale than a full grown novel. The art of concentration is by this author considered no mean ingredient of poetic excellence; but we should rather be inclined to allow the imagination the fullest play of its buoyancy and the amplest range of its heavenly aspirations. In the following poem, the satiric-moralizing style of some of the French poets is very skilfully imitated, and may be quoted as a perfect memoir of that class of writing:—

“ This life, dear Corry, who can doubt?—
 Resembles much friend Ewart’s wine,
 When *first* the rosy drops come out,
 How beautiful, how clear they shine!

 And thus awhile they keep their tint,
 So free from even a shade with some,
 That they would smile, did you but hint,
 That darker drops would ever come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
 Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,
 Till life, like old and crusty port,
 When near its close, requires a strainer.
 This friendship can alone confer,
 Alone can teach the drops to pass,
 If not as bright as *once* they were,
 At least unclouded, through the glass.
 Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
 Of which this heart were fonder vainer,
 Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
 To have *thy* friendship for its strainer."

Moore is well-known as an excellent writer of political squibs; and some of his effusions in the *Morning Chronicle*, and other journals, have from time to time caused no inconsiderable sensation both in and without the literary world. As a specimen of this kind of composition we subjoin the ensuing poem:—

"B—kes is weak, and G—lb—n too,
 No one e'er the fact denied;—
 Which is '*weakest*' of the two,
 Cambridge can alone decide.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.
 G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,
 B—kes, as much afraid as he;
 Never yet did two old ladies
 On this point so well agree.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.
 Each a different mode pursues,
 Each the same conclusion reaches;
 B—kes is foolish in Reviews,
 G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.
 Each a different foe doth damn,
 When his own affairs have gone ill;
 B—kes he damnth Buckingham,
 G—lb—n damnth Dan O'Connell.
 Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
 Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.
 Once, we know, a horse's neigh
 Fix'd the' election to a throne,
 So, whichever first shall *bray*,
 Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
 Choose him, choose him by his bray,
 Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray."

We would willingly transfer to our pages elaborate extracts from Mr. Moore's poetical miscellanea now before us; but we must not draw too freely upon the volume which we are anxious to recommend to our readers. We shall therefore content ourselves with extracting the following popular "Thoughts," and in so doing close our notice of the Eighth volume of "Moore's Poetical Works:"—

" Oft have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride
Two stately steeds—standing, with graceful straddle,
Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
While to soft tunes—some jigs, and some *andantes*—
He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.
So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,
That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present;—
Papist and *Protestant* the coursers twain,
That lend their necks to his impartial rein,
And round the ring—each honour'd as they go,
With equal pressure from his gracious toe—
To the old medley tune, half 'Patrick's Day'
And half 'Boyne Water,' take their cantering way,
While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.
Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!
How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start;—
If *Protestant's* old restive tricks were gone,
And *Papist's* winkers could be still kept on!
But no, false hopes—not ev'n the great Ducrow
'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:
If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,
What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic*?
If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,
Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;
If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip
To *Papist's* tail or *Protestant's* ear-tip—
That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!
Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,
And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!"

NOTICES.

ART. XV.—*Fiesco, or the Conspiracy of Genoa; a Tragedy.* Translated from the German of Frederick Von Schiller.

THE anonymous translator of this celebrated drama by the Shakspeare of Germany, has rendered it into English, with remarkable fidelity to the original, so as to be a valuable addition to the mere English reader's acquaintance with the works of the most gifted continental author.

ART. XVI.—*The Suburban Horticulturist.* By J. C. Loudon. London : Wm. Smith.

MR. LOUDON characterizes this Work as an attempt to trace the science and practice of the culture and management of the Flower, Fruit, Kitchen, and Forcing Garden,—Lawn, Shrubbery, Pleasure-ground, and Ornamental Plantation being also included; with the view of instructing those who have had no previous knowledge or practice in these departments of Gardening. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings on wood, and seems to be in every way worthy of Mr. Loudon, whose industry appears to be unabated, while his long accumulating acquisitions as an Horticulturist give him wonderful advantages over every other author with regard to the branches enumerated.

ART. XVII.—*Records of Female Piety; containing sketches of the Lives, and extracts from the Writings of Women eminent for religious excellence.* By JAMES A. HUIE. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

RECORDS of about twenty women are given in this neat volume, the two first being Monica, the mother of Augustine, and Anne Askew; the two last, Miss Hannah More, and Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Huie states that it has been his aim to exhibit the beneficial influences of religion upon characters in different stations of life, and to develop its effects. On some here found it sheds additional lustre, be they royal or noble personages. Others by their literary exertions illustrated divine truth and recommended it to general estimation; while others, again, in his list, gave sure evidence of the principles of their hearts in the retirement of a private station. His examples are well chosen, and appear to be sufficiently diversified, unless indeed one or two had been taken from the notable christian women in humble spheres, and whose patience and contentment might have been most beautifully and touchingly illustrated.

ART. XVIII.—*Stories for Young People.* By MRS. SEDGWICK.

REALLY suited to the capacities of young people, and calculated to develop their powers, at the same time that the stories are engaging and impressive. Mrs. Sedgwick is deservedly one of the most popular female authors of America. We are inclined to think that she stands foremost in the sphere which she has chosen; witness her "Hope Leslie."

ART. XIX.—*The Bengal Directory, and third Quarterly Register, for the Year 1840.* Ostell.

A WORLD of things and persons connected with the civil, military, and commercial condition of India, at the present eventful period in her relations and history, are noted in this register. Names, offices, stations, establishments, and so forth, are so enumerated and arranged as to furnish a dictionary of no small limits, that must be deeply interesting to all who have either been, or have relatives, in our Eastern empire; not to speak of the useful information which every one who regards the well-being of our home or our foreign rule must desire at times to examine.

ART. XX.—*The Present State of Banking in England Considered, by a Scotch Banker.* Smith and Elder.

THIS letter, like many pamphlets that are constantly appearing with regard to the currency, deals with intricate and to most readers, dry subjects. It is addressed to Earl Fitzwilliam, and, being by a Scotchman, will naturally be expected to impugn the English system of banking. He concludes with saying, referring to that system, that "It has been my aim to prove that a degree of imperfection exists, incompatible with and opposed to the prosperity of the empire. I have made free to assert that we are not to expect from parliamentary committees the required improvement, and have pointed out that an intelligent and enterprising people have failed to attain that perfection in banking which limited liability, large capital and publicity of accounts, were expected to realize. I have exhibited, in contrast, the practice of Scotland, with its lengthened reputation, to encourage those who would place the science on a safe and lasting foundation. I have proved its right to be imitated, by the privilege it has received from those who, too proud to follow, are yet too generous not to admire. * * * Reprobating interference with one great establishment too closely allied to the state to be pressed on with impunity, and at the same time discountenancing the extension of privilege which has been already productive of so much commercial uneasiness, I would solicit that company to re-consider their tactics,—to hesitate ere they withdraw a currency that has been honestly extended,—to distribute accommodation in future, not according to the demand of periodical speculators, or to rid themselves of the overflowing fulness of their coffers, but to convey a uniform and regular supply to the demands of profitable trade,—to lend their money, not because they have too much, but because the uses made of it will be as advantageous to the borrower as to the lender,—and be the guardians of national credit rather than the greedy accumulators of profit to a few avaricious shareholders. Let them cast aside, as unworthy of their station, that cloak of evil—mystery, and be explicit, however painful,—and candid, even to disapprobation; and, as an earnest of amendment, let them reduce their dividend, which will give them ample funds to buy

‘Golden opinions from all sorts of men,’
and leave a large balance to purchase bullion and enable them hereafter to fulfil all their engagements.”

ART. XXI.—*Dover, Ancient and Modern; a Poem.* By SIR R. P. DODRELL, BART.

THERE is classical taste displayed in the singing of the Baronet *anent* the antiquities and beauties of one of England's most renowned localities. The poem is got up in a peculiar but costly style; and the illustrative pictures are of an attractive order.

ART. XXII.—*Dictionary of the Art of Printing.* No. X. By WM. SAVAGE. London: Longman.

THE principal article in this number is on Machines, now employed in Cylindrical, or what is generally termed Machine Printing.

ART. XXIII.—*Josephus; Canadian Scenery; Fox's Book of Martyrs; The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.* London: Virtue.

WE have noticed the earlier numbers of some of these illustrated publications so often and with such high commendation, that we must be excused if we, on this occasion, only announce that to each series there is every month a regular addition made, and in all respects equal to what has gone before. The later undertakings are proceeding with not less regularity.

ART. XXIV.—*Extracts from the Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Condition of the Hand-loom Weavers.* London: Boone. 1841.

THIS pamphlet has been reprinted for the use of the Working men of Northampton, by Raikes Currie, and constitutes one of the many signs and efforts at this moment relative to political questions and practical legislation of an awakening kind. The selections from the Report are very striking in themselves, and are of great and pressing concernment to the working men for whom the reprint is intended; because it is there plainly shown from the evidence of several intelligent and experienced witnesses, how much wages are influenced by the price of food. Mr. Currie himself is a clear-headed person, and addresses the people where he is known and has influence with great earnestness and vigour. We quote his common-sense appeal to them which embodies much. He says:—

“The Reform Bill recognized an abstract principle, which the people will one day make an all important truth, viz. the principle of real representation: meanwhile it left the power of making laws to a small minority—the land-owners of the country. They are men of like passions and feelings with yourselves, neither better nor worse than any other class; as a class they will never willingly close up their ‘old right of way’ into the pockets of the public.

“The whole body of monopolists are now chuckling over their successful efforts to deceive and divide the people, to distract them from the pursuit of substantial good by opening up a dishonest cry about the Poor-law, the Slave-trade, or anything which serves their purpose, while the more crafty play off their juggling tricks (and they are accomplished jugglers) to mystify the plain subject matter of these extracts, viz. the effect of the price of food on the rate of wages.

“Amid much to disappoint and to dishearten, they who have faith in human progress will still believe that NOTHING FALSE IS PERMANENT; that every system based on ‘wrong and robbery’ will crumble when once it is made manifest and understood. Firm, enduring, and impregnable—if we take Parliamentary majorities as a test—still seems the Corn-law, the keystone of monopoly: but there is a boding murmur on the wind; the voice of PUBLIC OPINION is rising trumpet-tongued against it, and before that blast it will fall down like the walls of Jericho amid the shoutings of the people.

“Men of Northampton! will you sit idly by, passive spectators of a struggle which concerns your daily labour and your daily bread? I do not ask you to take up any electioneering, any party question; I do not ask

you to put your trust in any faction—Whig, Tory, or Radical; but I do implore you, while you manfully maintain your own political opinions, to combine and coöperate with any party or any individuals who are fighting a good fight against the Corn-law in the cause of regular employment, better wages, and diminished toil!"

ART. XXV.—*The Dramatic Works of Sir E. L. Bulwer.* London: Saunders and Otley.

THIS is the first uniform collection into one goodly octavo volume of "The Duchess de la Valliere," "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," &c. Sir Edward has done right in having put his dramatic productions into the present substantial and permanent shape; for say what reviewers may, the volume will henceforward command a distinguished niche in every considerable library of the literature of the nineteenth century. There is a short introduction, short, if the number and richness of the ideas be attended to, that deserves to be studied by every literary person, and especially by those who aim at a correct and high appreciation of dramatic composition.

ART. XXVI.—*The Origin, Progress, and Present Condition of the Fine Arts, in Great Britain and Ireland.* By W. B. S. TAYLOR. 2 vols. London: Whittaker.

WE cannot compliment Mr. Sarsfield Taylor, the Curator of the Living Model Academy, upon this work. It is essentially a compilation; but much is left out which should have been inserted; while a good amount of that which crowds these pages ought either to have been rejected in the course of his gleanings, or greatly compressed. We do not think that the various speculations into which he enters are much more satisfactory than when he merely caters from every sort of quarter.

ART. XXVII.—*British History, Chronologically Arranged.* By JOHN WADE. 2nd Edition. Effingham Wilson.

WE could not have believed that this massive volume, although we entertained a very favourable opinion of the work on its first appearance, would so soon have gone to a second edition. But we have heard that several hundreds of Members of Parliament hastened to supply themselves with the indispensable information which it contains, and this was a fine start. The arrangement is good; while the author's treatment wherever we have put him to the test, appears to us to be singularly unobjectionable. The difficulty and importance of such a performance may be imagined when we say that the work "comprehends a classified analysis of events and occurrences in Church and State; and of the constitutional, political, commercial, intellectual, and social progress of the United Kingdom, from the first invasion of the Romans to the accession of Queen Victoria." Some new supplemental matter is added to this new edition.

ART. XXVIII.—*Metallic Engravings in Relief, for Letter-Press Printing, called Acrography.* By the Inventor, LOUIS SCHONBERG.

SPECIMENS, explanations, and directions calculated to recommend Acrography.

ART. XXIX.—*Dictionary of Dates and Universal Reference.* By JOSEPH HAYDON. Moxon.

A LARGE volume,—although much smaller than Mr. Wade's *British History, Chronologically Arranged*,—and “relating to all ages and nations; comprehending every remarkable occurrence, ancient and modern—the foundation, laws, and government of countries—their progress in civilization, industry, and science—their achievements in arms—the political and social transactions of the British empire—its civil, military, and religious institutions—the origin and advance of human arts and inventions, with copious details of England, Scotland, and Ireland; the whole comprehending a body of information, classical, political, and domestic, from the earliest accounts to the present time.” Such is the character of the work as set forth by Mr. Haydon himself, and we do not hesitate to pronounce the execution as well as the plan to be excellent. The book though different from, will take rank with, Mr. Wade's, and like his reach new editions. It is not to be expected that in such an extensive undertaking there are no omissions, and no errors. But we have been astonished at the variety, the fulness, and the accuracy of the information where we have examined any part of the elaborate production. Let it not be thought that it contains merely dry enumerations of dates. On the contrary dates are made the pegs upon which to hang rich and interesting details, comments, or explanations; at the same time that the style of the writer is suited to the weight and importance of the information given. A necessary book for the desk and the reading table at all hours, as well as a standard for the library.

ART. XXX.—*A History of British Starfishes, &c.* By EDWARD FORBES. London: Van Voorst.

THIS work, adding another to the valuable and beautiful books on the zoology of Britain, published by Mr. Van Voorst, is now complete, forming a handsome volume. The starfishes, “and other Animals of the class Echinodermata,” are not more curious in form and structure than they have been neglected by naturalists. The work by Mr. Forbes, however, elegant and eloquent, and clothing scientific details in a popular style, will render these strange creatures henceforward familiar to all who make any considerable advances in the study of the animal kingdom. The vignettes may be called poetical; while the figures of the different species are as finely cut as anything we have seen done on wood.

ART. XXXI.

1. *Some Inquiries into the effects of Fermented Liquors.* 3rd Edition. London: Simpkin.

2. *The Wine Question settled.* By the REV. B. PARSONS. London: Snow.

THE first of these publications is by a “Water Drinker;” the other professes to settle the Question “in accordance with the Inductions of Science, and the facts of History.” Also “particular reference is made to the character of ancient drinks.” Teetotal advocates will consult them.

ART. XXXII.—*The Sanative Influence of Climate.* By SIR JAMES CLARK, BART. London: Murray.

THIS is a third, but greatly altered and improved, edition of a popular work. Among other things it contains an account of the best places of resort for invalids in England and the South of Europe; but that which is most novel in the present volume, is what Sir James communicates with regard to the climate of our own Colonies. Let us hear part of what is said of the influence of climate in the West Indies:—

“When the morbid condition of the system which gives reason to fear the approach of phthisis depends chiefly upon hereditary predisposition, and occurs in early life, especially in feeble irritable constitutions, the climate of the West Indies will rarely agree. At a more advanced period of life, and in constitutions free from much disorder of the nervous system and of the digestive organs, the climate may prove useful. The revolution effected in the distribution of the circulating fluids and in the secretions, may have the effect of enabling a constitution in which there exists considerable powers to overcome the tuberculous diathesis. Independently of the nature of the patient's constitution, other circumstances will deserve consideration: for instance, whether the invalid can command the accommodations and comforts necessary upon a voyage, and during his residence in the West Indies; whether he may have the power of selecting a proper situation, and of quitting the country on the approach of the summer heat, &c. &c. It is a remarkable fact, confirmed to me by Drs. Arnold and Musgrave, that persons obviously predisposed to consumption are rarely attacked by the indigenous fever. The cases of pulmonary consumption, therefore, in which the climate of the West Indies promises advantage, are very few, and their character scarcely ascertained; while those in which it produces mischief are numerous, and generally well marked. Of persons predisposed to the disease, a certain proportion are likely to be benefited by the climate; but the nature of the constitution should be well considered before it is recommended even as a prophylactic.”

What is here said refers to diseases of the lungs, and is not very favourable. A much more flattering and encouraging account is given of our Southern Colonies, and with regard to health in general; a consideration for persons meditating to emigrate, but at a loss to decide whither. Still, our possessions in the Southern hemisphere are too distant for invalids to choose them, merely during a sanative sojourn. We quote some observations with regard to Van Dieman's Land, as compared with certain enumerated healthy settlements:—

“Fever is exceedingly rare, even compared with the healthy colonies above referred to. Dysentery and dyspepsia very common, and constipation extremely so; while diarrhoea is but little experienced. Affections of the liver, too, are more rare than in any other climate with which we are acquainted; but rheumatism is a disease of great frequency, and also of more than usual severity; and it is very remarkable, that of the 30,102 cases, no fewer than 1,134 were from toothache. Scrofula and glandular diseases are rare. Idiopathic intermittent fever, malignant sore throat, smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, hydrophobia, &c. have not been met with in the colony. Hooping-cough was once introduced, and for a short time extended rapidly

and as widely as in England; but gradually became milder, and in a few months disappeared. There have been no epidemics in the colony except on two occasions. The first of these was an epidemic influenza, which carried off many persons infirm from age; the second was an epidemic continued fever. The diseases, both acute and chronic, are generally mild, and of comparatively short duration, and yield easily to the usual remedies. The frequent and sudden changes of weather in Van Diemen's Land do not appear to be attended with the same hurtful consequences to the health as in other countries; and it is remarked by Mr. Scott, that 'situations apparently unhealthy are inhabited with the utmost freedom, without injury to the constitution, though in any other country they would probably be attended with inevitable destruction, or at least much hazard to human life.' "

ART. XXXIII.—*Three Years in Persia; with Travelling Adventures in Koordistan.* By G. FOWLER, Esq. 2 vols.

MR. FOWLER is a rambling writer, just as he appears to be a hap-hazard traveller. Some of his stories too are rather of an improbable character; and he has been witness of extraordinary things. His purposes and his performances appear in a most diverse light from those of Dr. Grant on his visit to Persia and mission to the Nestorians. If however, we may rely upon his judgment and opportunities for coming to a sound conclusion, with regard to the prospects of English commerce with the Persians, and also as respects our existing relations with these Orientals, there are some statements as well as suggestions in his pages that are worth being attended to. He thus writes:—

"The Persians have a strong predilection in favour of English manufactures: but the present political relations between Great Britain and Persia are inimical to all commercial relations, and the want of a treaty to protect British merchants and their property,—which it has been often attempted to establish, but which the Persians refuse, it is said, through the influence of Russia,—are circumstances which operate against a direct commerce between the two countries. But looking forward to British supremacy in the Persian cabinet, I would say that such commerce might be established to the mutual advantage of both states. The minor points as to duties, protection and sympathetic interests must, of course, grow out of subsequent arrangements, to be built on a commercial treaty, the establishing of consuls, &c. Nor need I enter on the extreme caution requisite in dealing with a people, not only so sensitive to their own interests, but occasionally capable of commercial immorality. These are facts as notorious as the fervid sun that warms them; and their shrewd dealing is evinced, when I say that scarcely a Hebrew is to be found amongst them, and that even a Jew cannot live upon a Persian! I will now briefly shew what are the leading productions of Persia, on which a merchant might found his calculations of a barter trade. The principal produce of Persia is raw silk, which was first introduced into that country from China. The province of Ghilan alone is said to produce more cocoons than the whole of Italy together. But the imperfect mode of winding by the natives, upon wheels of too large

diameter, giving it very little twist, and the thread being gutty and uneven, this silk in the European markets of England and France, is in great disrepute, and is sold at an inferior price, under the name of 'Persian silk.' But even at this low price, it is said to yield to the exporters a very large profit. By the introduction of European machinery and work-people, it is presumed that the greater part of these cocoons might be brought under the new system of winding. Indeed, from the information I have obtained in Georgia, it is clear that this might easily be accomplished. The actual amount of the silk produced in Persia must be extremely uncertain, where no official returns can be consulted; the only data of calculation are the duties which are principally farmed by individuals, and imposed arbitrarily. Including the province of Ghilan, and a part of Mazzandaran only, I take a very moderate computation of fifty thousand poods, or two millions of pounds annually. Of this, Russia used to take one thousand bales, or three hundred thousand poods; but now they take much less, since they consume their own produce. A large quantity finds its way to Constantinople, where it is mixed with the 'brusa' silk (to which it is very inferior), and exported largely to London and France. To India, also, partial exports are made, in return for colonial produce. I cannot guess as to the quantity in the latter case, having no data. From India it is sent to London, and sold at the Company's sales."

He goes on to say that a magnificent enterprize might be established by introducing the mode of winding silk which he has observed at Milan by an English house, combining the winding and twisting the silk from the cocoons at the same time. With regard to other manufactures, we are told:—

"The produce of Persia consists likewise of opium, saffron, rhubarb, yellow berries for dyeing, nutgalls, alum, arsenic, gum, cotton, rice, dried fruits, borax, hides, hare-skins, litharge, &c. &c. The Persians manufacture a few articles themselves, such as carpets and shawls, some of which are very magnificent. They make, likewise, some good silks, black lamb-skin caps, socks, &c. &c. A respectable powder-mill has been built about six miles from Tabreez, where they can produce from four to five hundred pounds of good powder daily. It was some time since attempted to introduce the manufacture of cloth in Persia. Mr. Armstrong, an Englishman, undertook it at the cost and request of Abbas Meerza. Fulling-mills were established at Khoie; and spinning, carding, and weaving machines, on the rudest principle, were made and put up at a small building a few hours distant from Tabreez. These I have seen, and the cloth likewise made on them, which was of the poorest description; though it may possibly answer in a small establishment of this description, if properly supported by capital and scientific industry, to the extent of clothing the prince's troops, and some of the lower orders of the people, for which the wool is peculiarly fitted. Until our indefinite nondescript abeyance state of relations with Persia are cancelled by friendly ties, commercial treaties, and active correspondence, this country offers no invitation to mercantile pursuits. It may then open a large field for direct imports of British manufactures, where Manchester industry and Liverpool activity may be exchanged for cachmere shawls, silk, and saffron; thus irrigating both soils with the riches of commercial enterprise."

ART. XXXIV.—*The Sword of Rath-Cöll, to the Chief of his Name.* London: Wilson.

Our readers no doubt look to our Ædopian aid for an explanation of this very enigmatical title, but we fairly confess it is almost too much for our acumen. All we can make out of it is, that Rath-Cöll, being interpreted, means Castle Kelly, and that "The Sword of Rath-Coll" is the high-day and holiday name by which it is the pleasure of a Mr. O'Kelly, the author of the book, to be known, instead of his patronymic and the appellations bestowed on him by his godfathers and his godmothers at his baptism. The 99 pages before us purport to be the introduction of a yet unpublished work on the genealogy of Clan Kelly, for which the author desires subscriptions. If the forthcoming work be at all up to the sample, it will be certainly as curious a production as the literary world has witnessed for many a day. Ireland is the chosen country of the Genius of Excentricity, and the author of these leaves appears to be as extraordinary a monomaniac as ever sprang from that teeming land of whimsicality. Whoever has read Father Prout's dissertation on the history of the Blarney Stone, wherein he derives its name from the *BA LE ARNÆ insulæ*, where it rested on its travels from the East, may form some idea of the scope and tendency of the work of "The Sword of Rath Cöll." This only must be recollected; the Sword is perfectly in earnest in all he says, while the reverend gentleman is more than suspected of a very irreverent design to make fun of the illustrious subject. It seems to be the result of "The Sword's" researches, that the family name of Kelly may boast of direct relationship to heaven (*coelum*), and to everything beneath the heavens worth claiming kindred with, whose name in any European language contains a *c* and an *l*. Not only was Sir Cauline of the old English ballad properly Sir Kelly, but the Kelpie is the soul of a drowned hero of that name, and above all, every gentleman rejoicing in the name of Kelly may boast of royal lineage, for the head of his stock was, as "The Sword" assures us, no less a personage than the renowned OLD KING COLE! In his comments on the ballad of Sir Cauline, which he quotes at length, the Sword treats us to a few etymological gems of rare lustre. Hitherto we are used to suppose that the hawberk was a piece of defensive armour, and had no idea that Gray talked nonsense when he composed the line:

"Helm nor hawberk's twisted mail."

But a new light here bursts upon us from Rath Cöll "Hawkbere, hawbere, hewbere, or hewberc, a cutlass. The deviation is from *hew-bark*, to cut into the trunk of a man, as a woodman with his axe through the bark into the trunk of a tree." But the pith and marrow of the work is not to be savoured or judged by such humble critics as we are; it is for Her Majesty's ministers, for Royalty itself to pronounce upon it. At page 11, The Sword hints that his chief should be made a *baronet*, but at page 78, warming upon his subject, and fortified by the glories of his line, which he has glanced at from Adam downwards, he is rather inclined to think he could not afford to accept for the head of his house anything under a *marquisate*.

ART. XXXV.—*The Golden Rules of Life.* 4th Edition. London: Simpkin.

SELECTIONS from the works of the best authors, ancient and modern, put into a pretty little book.

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JULY.

Vol. II. (1841.) No. III.

	PAGE
ART. I.—1. The Bishop: a Series of Letters to a Newly-created Prelate. 2. The Expediency of Preaching against the Amusements of the World, considered in a Letter to a Clerical Friend. By the Rev. H. Woodward, A.M. . . .	301
II.—An Account of Discoveries in Lycia. By Charles Fellows . . .	317
III.—Dictionary of the Art of Printing. By Savage	328
IV.—The Discovery of America by the Northmen, in the Tenth Century, with Notices of the Early Settlements of the Irish in the Western Hemisphere. By North Ludlow Beamish	337
V.—Lights, Shadows, and Reflections, of Whigs and Tories. By a Country Gentleman	341
VI.—Memoirs of a Sergeant of the 5th Regiment of Foot	351
VII.—1. Notes on the United States of North America, during a Phrenological Visit in 1838-9-40. By George Combe. 2. America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq	355
VIII.—The Old Red Sandstone; or, New Walks in an Old Field. By Hugh Miller	369
IX.—Documents connected with the History of Ludlow and the Lords Marchers	374
X.—Horses. The Equidæ, or Genus Equus of Authors. By Lieut. Col. C. H. Smith	378
XI.—1. A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas. By Joseph Bullar, M. D., and Henry Bullar, of Lincoln's Inn. 2. Madeira Illustrated. By Andrew Picken. With a description of the Island; edited by Dr. J. Macauley	388
XI.—The Percy Society's Publications	397
XII.—The Idler in France. By the Countess of Blessington . .	407
XIII.—Lectures on Colonization and Colonies. By Herman Merivale, A. M.	417
XIV.—Hints, Theoretical, Elucidatory, and Practical, for the use of Teachers of Elementary Mathematics, &c. By Olinthus Gregory, LL.D.	425
XV.—Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees. By the Author of "The Women of England," &c.	430

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XVI.—Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland," &c.	441
XVII.—A Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects. By E. Newman, F.L.S.	443
XVIII.—Music and Manners in France and Germany. By Henry F. Chorley	444
XIX.—Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister. By Catherine Taylor	447
XX.—Facts Connected with the Treatment of Insanity in St. Luke's Hospital. By A Lady	449
XXI.—Fragments from German Prose Writers. Translated by Sarah Austin	451
XXII.—Lectures on the English Poets. By William Hazlitt. 2nd Edition. Edited by his Son	453
XXIII.—What to Observe; or, The Traveller's Remembrancer. By R. Jackson	454
XXIV.—The Little Wife; and The Baronet's Daughters. By Mrs. Grey	454
XXV.—A Collection of English Sonnets. By F. R. Housman	455
XXVI.—The Laird of Logan; or, Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humour of Scotland	455
XXVII.—Traditions of Western Germany. By Capt. Ch. Knox	455
XXVIII.—The Round Table. By Wm. Hazlitt	455
XXIX.—A History of the British Empire in India. By Ed. Thornton, Esq.	455
XXX.—A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy. By T. R. Jones, F. Z. S.	456
XXXI.—Memoranda of France, Italy, and Germany. By Edwin Lee, Esq. M. R. C. S.	456
XXXII.—The French School. Part I.—L'Echo de Paris. By M. Lepage	456
XXXIII.—An Easy Introduction to Chemistry. By George Sparkes	456

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1841.

ART. I.—1. *The Bishop : a Series of Letters to a Newly-created Prelate.*
London : How and Parsons.

2. *The Expediency of Preaching against the Amusements of the World, considered in a Letter to a Clerical Friend.* By the Rev. H. WOODWARD, A. M. London : Duncan.

LETTERS of advice, and long lectures to a bishop, and by a layman, suggest something like what written counsel would be to a statesman, or even a prime minister. Think of some well-meaning man, say a country gentleman, addressing, in a series of epistles, his views of the duties incumbent on "my Lord Melbourne," and the principles that should guide that adviser of the crown, in the government of the country, in the distribution of patronage, and even in his general manners, both in public and private life. Or suppose that some ardent young man, just escaped from college, should take it upon himself to perform a similar part! In either case, we presume, the good premier would only glance at the first document of the series, and perhaps with a smile so treat every succeeding one, as it would never again meet his eyes. It might be that his lordship had personal knowledge of the volunteer writer, and a real respect for him; and when he chanced to meet with the instructor, that he would compliment him on account of the importance and originality of his lessons: but we imagine this would be the utmost that would result from the correspondence, and that the country and minister would neither be the better nor the worse, after all the anxiety and the labour of the letter-writer.

Analogous consequences may be readily supposed to attend the performances of him who undertakes to instruct a bishop, or to point out what lies immediately in his way, whatever may be the path in the course of his multifarious duties. The presumption is, that he who occupies an episcopal bench, cannot be other than learned, able, and experienced: the presumption is, on the other

hand, that the layman who volunteers to advise and instruct such a dignitary, is not over-prudent, and that none who are acquainted with him, ever dreamt of according to him the three-fold character attributed to the adviser.

Such, we say, are likely to be the surmises, and the presumptions on first being told that a layman has filled a volume with lessons intended for a bishop: but our readers are not, in the present instance at least, to allow any such hasty conclusions to guide them. In the first place, the writer states that his letters are *bona fide* productions, addressed by a lay friend to a recently appointed prelate. Secondly, the bishop is represented to be a person of unusual merit and promise, humility and docility of course being included, as well as extensive knowledge and sound judgment. But in the third place, the layman's avowed object was not "to draw the ideal character of a perfect prelate," but "to take such a practical view of the position of a bishop, as Mr. H. Taylor has of that of a statesman, and to apply to his peculiar circumstances the same lessons of plain common sense." The generality of mankind, he continues, believe and say, that "a bishop has a very easy life of it;" but the intention of his little volume is to dispel this delusion, and "to show that his station is, in all its relations, both public and private, full of cares and responsibilities."

It appears to us, however, and whether intended or not, that the principal features and excellences of these letters, consist of the maxims and reasonings which apply more or less to every sphere of life, and to the every-day conduct, social as well as political, of all eminent men; and that the clerical profession, especially the position of a dignitary of the church, afforded to the layman the best pegs or texts whereon to hang his opinions, and the cast of his philosophy, or his modes of thinking and speaking. These modes are peculiar, even when what he utters is, in effect, commonplace. Indeed, his mannerism is amusing, although the argument or its theme may be dry; and then he has a knack of introducing anecdotes, very frequently of a familiar or quaint sort, so that the volume is engaging throughout. The kindly and liberal feeling which he evidently cherishes, even when he is pithiest and most piquant, must always agreeably season a book; so that however an old bishop, or a newly-created prelate may regard the work, we entertain not the slightest doubt of its finding acceptance by a numerous class of competent readers, who are willing to be instructed, to receive good advice, and to be awakened about a diversity of old-fashioned things. We shall now go through some of the letters, without however manifesting uniform agreement with our author; our purpose being to afford evidence of the sort of matter that is in him, and some specimens of his oddities.

The introductory section of these letters treats of the effect of

promotion on the feelings of friends ; the layman looking upon the elevation of the person he addresses, "not as the promotion of a friend, but as an important acquisition to our common church, and our common country." Putting the subject upon this broad ground, he regards "fitness for office as a consideration infinitely superior to the dignity which the office confers," and as requiring of the prelate that he "strive to be more than a man."

It is quite a usual thing to hear complaints, that the man who has been elevated, is disposed to break with his former friends and acquaintance ; but the bishop will find that a far more common case, is that of old friends abandoning him—a fact which has been seldom noticed by moralists. One of the most frequent of these acts of injustice is, because the promoted person does not answer the charges that have been for a time current to his prejudice ; for real or imaginary bad treatment of his former associates, but of the existence of which charges he cannot be aware. Again,

"Elevation in rank necessitates several changes in the habits and manners of the person raised, and however small those changes may be, each of them clashes with old associations ; the very use of a title to him whose name was familiar in our mouths as household words, is felt to be a check on former intimacy, and the sense of constraint, always painful, becomes odious by contrast. Envy, or at least feelings akin to envy, separate soon the successful man from his less fortunate companions ; it is the bitter tax which he must pay for his prosperity, and he must have studied human nature to little purpose if he hopes to evade the demand.

"It is remarkable that those who are most exposed to this envy and abandonment of early friends are precisely the persons who least deserve such treatment. Promotion given to simple merit seems to offend everybody, while advancement arising from family interest or political connexion is received by the world as almost a matter of course. It would seem that it is the act of raising, not the height to which a person is raised, that constitutes the grievance. More persons were offended by Napoleon's promotion to the rank of general, than by his elevation to the empire ; a private soldier presented with a commission has to encounter a far more severe storm of censure than when he passes through all the subsequent grades up to the rank of general. When a prime minister bestows a mitre on a relative or a political supporter, condemnation is pronounced not on the man but on the system ; self-love is not wounded, every man is at liberty to say or think, 'If promotion went by merit, the choice would have fallen upon me.' But when office is bestowed on account of qualifications and fitness, men feel themselves humbled in their own estimation ; each says to himself, 'I, or my friend, could have filled the situation better ; how cunning the fellow must have been to impose upon those who had the office to bestow !' This presumed cunning is of course resented as a personal injury, and the person recently promoted is not only envied for raising himself up, but hated for keeping others down."

In the exercise of his patronage, if the prelate expects to gain

respect and popularity by bestowing benefits, merely on account and according to merit, he will very soon discover his mistake. Exaggerated notions of his power will be entertained; and one of the consequences is sure to be, that solicitations will pour in upon him, which the entire patronage of Europe will not enable him to satisfy. Independence also will subject him to much misrepresentation; for any such display, looks as if a man wanted to set up a party for himself, and thus he provokes the hostility of those already in existence. In fact the envy and the ill will, which promotion to a bishopric seldom fails to excite, are so diversified and subtle, that our layman hesitates to congratulate his friend on his elevation.

Here we are anxious to indicate how well our author makes use of the occasion to teach wholesome truths, and not in the hackneyed manner, nor by the wonted illustrations. The second section affords us specimens, where, among other things, false estimates of public men, and also of the negative virtues, are themes.

Having stated that the world is more unjust to the truly great than the truly good man,—not that goodness and greatness are in themselves unpopular, only that they are weighed by false scales, or inappropriate standards; these false estimates being chiefly attributable to the “prevalence of an ignorant optimism, with which knaves delude others, and fools themselves,” often misleading “intelligent men, by withdrawing their attention from skilfulness in adaptation,”—we have these portions of a homily on the necessity of regard to adaptation, as well as to means and ends:—

“In every action three things are to be taken into account; the end to be attained, the means by which it is to be accomplished, and the adaptation of the means to the end: the great bulk of mankind look to the end exclusively, a few bestow some consideration on the means, but there is scarcely one who looks to the adaptation, which is the surest test of wisdom and of excellence. Men are too apt to suppose that primary elements are considerations of primary importance; they believe it sufficient to discover the abstract principles of right and wrong, regardless of the modifications which circumstances render necessary; and if they could be supposed to act on their professions, we should expect them to unite means and end, by driving a tunnel through a mountain, when a slight deviation from the course would procure them a practicable level.”

Again, relative to false estimates:—

“The author of Philip Von Artevelde has wisely observed, that ‘The world knows nothing of its greatest men:’ it certainly knows nothing of the greatest part of their characters, their judgment in the selection of means, their skill in applying them, and the nice adjustments constantly necessary to secure the accomplishment of their designs. We know what is done to ensure success, but far more important to its attainment is that of which we must necessarily be ignorant, namely, what was left undone. A quaint writer of the middle ages says, that ‘the most idle of men is he

who works too much ;' and looking merely to results, we shall find that disproportionate labour and exertion fail to accomplish tasks which might easily be executed by lighter and more quiet toil. In our large manufactories the most vigilant superintendence is exercised to prevent a waste of power, and he is deemed the most skilful engineer who by arts of adaptation can make small means produce great ends ; but an intimate and minute knowledge of machinery is required to appreciate his merits, and with the uninitiated the machinist who sports with three or four hundred horse power, drives round his wheels with the velocity of the lightning, and the clatter of the thunder, is sure to win the highest admiration. As in the steam-engine, the most wondrous and valuable parts of the machinery are those which escape the notice of the casual visitor ; so, in the administration of public affairs, the greatest merits of the statesman are those which escape the cognizance of the generality of mankind. Men are so dazzled by the mightiness of the powers evoked, that they pay little regard to their adaptation to the end desired ; at any time, a great war producing small results is more likely to be popular than a small war producing great results. An express revelation was necessary to teach the prophet that God was neither in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.

“ The negative virtues of a public man not only receive no praise, but often expose him to severe censure ; those who pursue the same objects with himself will blame him for tardiness and inefficiency, because they see no lance uplifted, and hear no trumpet blown ; those opposed to him, finding themselves inexplicably baffled, lose all temper, for the mortification of their defeat is aggravated by the apparent inadequacy of the means. Neither can appreciate, for it is scarcely possible that they should know the adaptation which rendered those means adequate to the result. Preventive measures rarely receive the same meed of praise as violent and penal policy ; the time has not yet gone beyond memory, when the only system of government honoured with the name of strong was that which hanged by dozens, transported by scores, and imprisoned by hundreds ; but an administrative course which lightened the calendar by creating respect for the laws and confidence in justice, receives so little credit, that we often feel tempted to join in the cry that ministers do nothing for the money we pay them. Louis Philippe has now held the monarchy of France for about the same number of years that Napoleon possessed the empire, and his stability appears to have increased with time ; even before he went to Russia, Napoleon complained that the reins were slipping from his hands, but he did not perceive that the cause was furious driving. Louis Philippe holds them sufficiently firm, for, like a careful driver, he never lets the steeds get into an unmanageable gallop. Yet nine-tenths of the world believe that Napoleon was a greater statesman than Louis Philippe, just as there were people in ancient Elis who deemed Salmoneus the best charioteer in the city.”

Our next extract contains a string of striking illustrations, and some effective anecdotes :—

“ As the adaptation of the quality to the event is the characteristic of

the wise, so the misappropriation designates those who may be called mirrors of the wise, that is, persons who exhibit the same qualities, but always in the wrong place ; just as a mirror presents a fac-simile of your person in all respects, only that it is left-handed. There is an old Irish story of a servant anxious to distinguish himself by zeal for his master, but who so managed that all his services were mischievous : when the cap of his mistress took fire, he tried to extinguish it with a kettle of boiling water ; he cut up a hunting saddle to mend the traces of the cart ; he flung a precious China vase at the cat to prevent her from stealing cream, and shattered an expensive mirror in his chase after flies. Such servants and such friends are very likely to gather round a person elevated to rank and station ; he will often find them more annoying and even more dangerous than enemies, and will have frequent occasion to repeat the prayer, 'Save me from my friends.' Avowed and virulent enemies are not very formidable ; we are perilled most by those who mix up praise with their calumny, for their apparent candour gains credit for their slanders. The boa covers with its slaver the victim he intends to swallow, and there are men who bedaub the object of their spleen with praise for the same purpose, to facilitate deglutition."

But we must return to the bishop, and what more directly concerns him as an object or an agent. With regard to his expenditure and his patronage recommendations, the layman's notions lean to the high church party's side ; still they are worthy of attention, and may not be soon satisfactorily combatted by radical reformers or voluntaries. For example, who can deny that a prelate's income is always exaggerated, and the capabilities of that income still more monstrously overrated ? Again, the larger the revenue, its recipient feels that the more is expected from him ; and hence such persons more rarely accumulate wealth, than those whose incomes are comparatively small, and upon whom the demands are few. The remark is striking, "that the largest demands for episcopal expenditure, are made by those who complain loudest of episcopal wealth." Besides, a bishop's income terminates with his life, and yet he is expected to give more away than a person who has an inherited estate of double the value, and when it cannot be denied that the labours he has to perform, are far heavier than those of the squire. In short, the multitude judge not from knowledge, or according to realities, in a prelate's case, but by imaginations ; so that even those who immediately surround him seem to act on Swift's advice to servants, viz. "That each do his best in his own department, to spend *the whole* of his master's property."

Concerning attention to testimonials of recommendation and elective pastors, the layman preaches high doctrines. Testimonials, for instance, are generally more extravagant fictions than the Arabian Nights. Petitions and addresses from a parish, numerous signed in behalf of a curate, are to be much distrusted, or at least examined into ; while applications from clergymen themselves,

“ especially those based on long services and a large family, mean nothing more than that the applicant believes that the station would be very fit and desirable for him ; a matter by no means doubtful.” Efficiency, on the other hand, is the only question. Vicarious merit must be guarded against, and all such persons as cram for the occasion. And when the “ lady bishopess” is besieged by applicants, the sterner stuff of manhood must be brought into exercise. After all, the prelate will be deceived in some instances ; but it is a blunder to make a public confession of error, and an ostentatious parade of regret. Perhaps the deceiver should not be made to know the precise extent to which the discovery of his deception reaches. The thing to be done is, to intimate on the first opportunity, that he shall have no hopes from you for the future ; the probability being that he will withdraw, and save you the trouble of discarding him. Such are some of the ideas which the layman expands with regard to recommendations : qualifications also receive particular and detailed notice. Thus *activity* will be proclaimed. But distinctions are to be observed with regard to this species of merit ; for there is an important difference between being active in the diffusion of Christianity, and active in the diffusion of particular views of Christianity. There is more originality and instruction in the following observations :—

“ Another common recommendation is, that such a person is ‘ very conscientious ;’ if he happens in any way to be opposed to you, his opposition is sure to be quoted as a proof of the fact. But it is the duty of all men to be conscientious, and, in fact, more are so than the world generally imagines ; for the sins of ignorance, and of the half knowledge which is worse than ignorance, are out of all proportion greater than the sins of wilful guilt. But before I honour a man for being conscientious, that is, referring all his actions to the moral standard within his own bosom, I must have some previous notion of the kind of standard he has adopted. My chemical neighbour is exceedingly scrupulous in weighing and noting the proportions of all the articles he subjects to analysis ; but his experiments are not worth a farthing, for the balance he uses is out of order, and he is so prejudiced in its favour that he will not be convinced of its defects. St. Paul was a conscientious persecutor before he was a conscientious preacher, but the conscience to which he referred his actions in the one case was unlike the conscience by which he estimated them in the other ; we prefer him in his latter capacity, not because the conscientiousness was greater, but because the conscience was more pure and more enlightened. There is no person more conscientious than a thorough bigot, nor one more consistent in his entire career. The cause of this was curiously explained by a clever packer in a cotton-warehouse, who, speaking to me of some burst of bigotry on the part of a neighbour, said, ‘ I suppose, sir, that when a man has a small mind, he does not require much time to make it up.’ Small-minded men, for this reason, will often appear more conscientious than those who are far superior to them in intelligence,

and fully their equals in integrity ; they see, and will see, only one side of a case, and thus they escape the doubts which perplex those who take both into consideration. They act promptly, and the world attributes to conscience that which is the sheer result of ignorance. There is much wisdom in the old proverb, ' a little pot is soon hot.'

" Men are often conscientious about ends, and very unscrupulous respecting means. We honour a man who professes to seek the good of his country or his church, only when he seeks means worthy of his intentions ; we reject him with scorn, if the means he employs be scandalous or immoral."

Again :—

" I do not say, because I do not believe, that you will find persons willing to employ the dagger or poison to attain their ends ; but you will meet, and among those who are called conscientious men, moral assassination regarded as a venial crime, treachery represented as a venial crime, falsehood ostentatiously preferred to truth, injustice made the rule, and justice the exception. Wherever sectarianism and party spirit have been permitted to establish an influence over the mind, there arises an obliquity of moral judgment which seems to rest its hopes on the very grossness of its violations of ordinary morality, and, in no very few instances, of ordinary decency. It is very right to be conscientious in the ends sought, but it is equally right to be conscientious in the means used ; and he who is deficient in the latter point is very likely, at some time or other, to go astray on the former."

The layman flinches not from delivering lectures upon manners ; and his views and lessons appear to us to be upon this head, excellent, with regard to men in exalted stations, whether temporal or spiritual.

Having laid it down that there never was a worse apology made for any body, than " it is only his manner," and also that the man of good breeding is estimated less by what he feels himself, than by the feelings which he awakens in others, liberality and benevolence being the source of this enchantment—while the characteristic of an ill-bred man is, that he treats all those he associates with, as if there was nothing in them—he goes on to observe, that men in high station meet with much to try their patience. They are regarded as dragons or giants, against whom any Quixotic youth and adventurous knight may prove their manhood by breaking a lance. Many of these assailants will in all probability seek not only the pardon, but the patronage, at some future period, of the person assailed. Such bayers at the moon should only be replied to as the moon does, that is, " shine on." You " must always bear in mind, that if you want to throw a stone at a yelping cur, you will have *to stoop* for it." A bishop is more exposed to such attacks than any other public character ; religion being made the occasion of the most

offensive dogmatism, and the maintenance of particular doctrines the object of the most insolent censures.

We shall not give any abstract of the advice that is volunteered for the guidance of men of rank, in the case of particular provocations ; neither enter upon what the layman says concerning the employment of compliment and praise, or the reverse, blame. But we must let him be heard at some length, relative to what may be regarded as sinking the *bishop in the man*, and his bearing in the case of certain worldly conventionalities, where condescension or relaxation is the prominent feature :—

“ Though on all proper occasions you should claim the deference due to your station, by showing yourself conscious of your rank, there are also proper occasions when you may sink the bishop in the man, and withdraw the restraints of office from yourself and others. It requires some tact and great knowledge of your company to discriminate these occasions, and to frame any abstract rule for your guidance would be a sheer absurdity. But it is of importance that you should be either one or the other ; you must not mix the characters, or alternate them unfairly. If you begin a discussion with me, merely in your individual capacity, you must not suddenly put on your mitre and come bishop over me. Should you do so, you will weaken my respect for yourself, and you will not increase it for your office.

“ It is observed that a college lad, what is called a *hobble-de-hoy* (i. e. ‘ *hombre de hoy*,’ Spanish ‘ man of to-day,’) is apt to claim the privileges both of youth and manhood : if he commits some mischievous prank, which is taken up seriously, he appeals at once to his tender years, ‘ Oh ! it is only a boyish frolic :’ if coerced by strict rules, he claims to be treated as a man. Ladies and bishops (sleeve-wearing animals, *gens togata*) are apt to do the like ; if a lady is treated as ‘ a weaker vessel,’ having nothing to do with reasoning, forsooth she is ‘ homo,’ a rational animal as well as you ; but if you contradict her, and argue against her, she at once becomes ‘ mulier’ (not the comparative degree of *muly*), and you are rude to a lady. Such a course is obviously unfair, and it has the further demerit of being supremely ridiculous.

“ And here let me observe that your lordship must not be afraid or ashamed of relaxation. Amusements are equally necessary to your bodily health and your intellectual vigour : it is possible to contribute to the hilarity of a company without sacrificing the smallest portion of your dignity. There are indeed some who cannot comprehend the difference between unbending and abandoning the restraints of station : they are pompous blockheads who make solemnity a veil for stupidity, and who fancy that they are deep, simply because they are dull. General society affords the best relaxation for a man of talent, whose time is much occupied with affairs of great importance.”

Again :—

“ You will derive more pleasure and advantage from society by contributing your share to its hilarity, than by being present as a mere spectator.

Your quip, crank, merry jest, occasional fun or facetious conceit, will not only give pleasure to others, but sharpen your own zest for enjoyment. In hours of relaxation your conversation should be, just what fools think it should not be, as little professional as possible. There is not a greater plague in modern times than the divinity of the tea-table; you could scarcely render a greater service to humanity than by lending your aid to abate the nuisance. At all events, you should not encourage it by your example. There is no doubt that the fact of your having pleasant parties will expose you to the calumny of certain cliques, and that stories of your unclerical and unepiscopal demeanour will be hatched in the coteries, or rather conventicles, where texts and toasts, morals and muffins, sour wine and sourer divinity, contribute to make up modern 'evenings at home.' But I trust that you are not to be daunted by pharisaism produced by the union of divines and dowagers. It is impossible to write gravely on the nonsense vented by the inquisitors of the tea-table; though

To laugh be want of dignity and grace,
Yet to be grave exceeds all powers of face."

The range which the layman's letters take is wide, and must be diversified; for there is hardly any topic, any duty, any state or practice of society, to which a prelate's relative position does not extend. Among the subjects which more immediately concern him, his clerical offices, and those of a diocesan, are, of course, not overlooked. Candidates for holy orders, examinations, ordinations, charges, &c., are handled, as also is the bishop's duty in Parliament. Upon these points our author will be consulted with more or less satisfaction. But we shall close his volume, after quoting a paragraph or two about the influence of literary habits and reputation in the case of a bishop. He thus expresses himself:—

"It is generally imagined that when a bishop or a man of rank enters the field as an author, that he piques himself more on his literary reputation than on his personal or his official character. The opinion is not ill-founded, for every man of sense is more chary and jealous of his thoughts than of his money or his rank; but in order to accomplish a great end, you will often find it necessary to sacrifice a little of self and fame. Men can frequently be bribed into co-operation with you in some useful scheme, by letting them have the credit of its authorship; they do not like to be thought tools or instruments, but will work well if they are supposed to be doing great things; the organist was as great a fool as the bellows-blower when he objected to the vain-glorious 'we;' he could not get on without a bellows-blower, and he should, therefore, have sacrificed a little of his vanity in order to obtain efficient assistance from his subordinate. Your object is not your own glory but the public good, and that will very frequently be gained most efficiently when you appear to be led, though you are really the leader."

In another part of the volume, and when speaking of the prelate's position, in regard to his immediate subordinates, such as his

chaplain and secretary, and if the contact be understood to be founded on intellectual sympathies and common views of great principles, it is said that calumny disguises its imputations by flattery, and compliments the dignitary's heart at the expense of his head: "He thinks by proxy," is the allegation; especially if he happens to be an author.

Perhaps our extracts may convey the impression that the layman looks with rather too favourable an eye upon measures of expediency; and that it is the wisdom of the serpent, fully as much as the gentleness of the dove, that he admires. Take one example more:—

"An author is not bound to discuss any subject on which he has written and published, with those who have not read his work; he is a great fool if he does so, especially if the fact of his having written on these subjects is matter of notoriety. But this rule applies most strongly to authors in high station, and to persons who have written on professional subjects. They expose themselves to a great disadvantage; their adversaries are ever on the watch to detect something that they may represent as variance or inconsistency, and the mere difference between the speaking and writing of your thoughts may produce sufficient dissimilarity in the two aspects of the sentiment to admit of such a representation. You are perfectly justified in such a case, when asked, 'What does your Lordship think of so and so?' to reply, 'Why, I still think just as I did when I wrote so and so:' if he continues, 'Pray what was that? I never read it;' you should reply, 'Sir, it is not for me to say whether any thing of mine is worth reading absolutely, but it must be worth the perusal of anybody *who wants to know what I think* on the subject, and as for any one who does not, I would not take up his time by talking of it.' "

Very much will depend upon a man's cast of character, and bearing in relation to the liberties that are taken with him, or with his opinions and writings. No two men are precisely alike; so that all general directions may fail of ever hitting the mark in any single case. It appears to us, however, that candour, shining broadly and uniformly—an untainted and exemplary life—predominating charity and benevolence—if united to respectable talents and learning, will, in the case of any bishop who is master of his temper, command as much admiration and homage as it is good for man to receive; and, therefore, that whatever savours of evasion, especially if something like caustic reproof be added, may neutralize the beauty, and lower the dignity of manners and character so much longed for by our author.

Of the volume as a whole, we entertain a very high opinion; whether the principles, the reasoning, the tone of temper, or the ability of the author, be considered. It is full of instruction to all classes, and appears most seasonably. As a manual of political, ecclesiastical, and polemical philosophy and morality, we think it

has sterling and standard merits; nor does it fail of constantly inculcating lessons for the regulation of men's thoughts, as well as their daily conduct.

Come we now to notice the letter of Mr. Woodward, a writer whose works are highly esteemed in the religious world; a practical man, and of acknowledged piety; an evangelical minister of the Irish church; and whose experience has been spread over many years. His present publication may be appropriately perused in connexion with the *Letters to a Prelate*, because it treats in an enlightened manner of clerical duties, and of manners in social life, about which much difference of opinion exists; that is, he questions in the most serious tone the propriety of his brethren assailing pointedly the amusements, frivolities, if you will, of the world. Without pronouncing an approval of the theatre or the ball-room, he denies that it is expedient for a minister of the gospel to set himself up as a legislator against them; and especially of making them the particular themes of discourse and of reproof from the pulpit. We must, as in the case of the *Layman's Letters*, accompany the reverend gentleman through some of the more striking paragraphs of his epistle.

He sets out with this general opinion, that it is "the peculiar duty of the Christian pastor rather to influence the mind and inculcate principles, than to regulate the outward conduct of those committed to his care." He does not mean to say that "a clergyman is to decline all interference with the actions of his parishioners, or, on principle, to keep himself altogether aloof from their concerns in the conduct and government of their lives." But this is the outline of his doctrine, "that the more he addresses himself in his pastoral visits, as well as pulpit ministrations, to the inculcation of the one grand principle, that religion is the life of God in the soul of man; and the less he suffers himself to be drawn to lay down rules and regulations for outward conduct," the more influential will be his services, and the more simple his task.

Let it be distinctly and constantly proclaimed that no Christian can, consistently with his profession, do anything, or indulge in any pleasure, "which he conscientiously believes will be remembered with regret at the hour of death, and in the day of judgment." Let it be continually inculcated that "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." A still more searching test is, "that at all times, and in all places, we stand before that Being who was crucified for our sins." Such are the truths which Mr. Woodward conceives, if skilfully managed and applied, would be competent to effect all that the pulpit can or ought to do, "in stemming the tide of vain and frivolous amusements;" such the method of following up his broad doctrine and principle, that the peculiar duty of a minister is rather to influence

and imbue the mind, than to deal with the details of outward conduct.

We must now come closer to our author's particular subject, and see what he considers to be the likely or necessary results of a pastor endeavouring to square the outward conduct of his flock strictly.

If a clergyman were to take upon himself to regulate the external behaviour of his parishioners, it would secularize his intercourse with them; his visits would be consumed in discussing family concerns. Another consequence would be, that he would find himself involved in awkward difficulties and endless intricacies. "Many things, in the course of life, in a moral point of view, are such as a wise authority would desire neither, on the one hand, to sanction, nor, on the other hand, to forbid." The amusements of the world stand in this predicament. If a pastor must needs legislate in the case where many shades and infinite gradations occur, "where is he to begin, to end, or to draw the line?"

"Down from the opera and the masquerade to battle-door and shuttlecock, and whipping of a top; down from the independent individual who takes the most active lead in fashionable frivolities, to the member of a family who occasionally and reluctantly complies, and taking in all the possible combinations of circumstances that may arise to complicate each case;—a whole life might be spent in drilling the ranks, and regulating the movements of a large parish, thus thrown for direction upon his shoulders. And besides this, he must, as I have just now anticipated, either at once lay his veto upon a thousand things, without which young persons, not seriously and affectionately religious, will be discouraged, become spiritless, and droop; or give a solemn sanction to many, at least, doubtful trifles, which it would be far better for a minister not to seem to notice than authoritatively to approve."

But it is more particularly of pulpit ministrations that Mr. Woodward speaks; and he begins with saying that publicly denouncing the recreations or pursuits, more immediately intended, is calculated to divide a congregation, to identify the clergyman with the one party, and to place him in an apparently adverse attitude to the other, "while the line of demarcation by no means secures a right or equitable division." The persons who only impugn what they themselves do not practise, and whose creed consists merely of doctrines and feelings which happen to suit their temper or worldly interests, may be led to cherish demoralizing sentiments much viler than the vices they have no mind to. We here quote a striking passage, and where the author appeals to his own experience and personal knowledge:—

"I know many individuals, particularly of the middle classes, who oppose the things in question, with an acrimony which is far worse than

the levities they condemn ; and I am convinced, that if such persons were acquainted with their own hearts, they would perceive that much of the sharpness arises from a jealousy of the upper ranks, and from being mortified at their own exclusion from the envied brilliancies of higher life. Besides, there are not a few who, from mere circumstances, from the prejudice of education, or from being told by some popular leader that amusements are inconsistent with a strict profession, abstain from such pursuits, and yet who have no devotional taste, no enlightened apprehension of the real evils they involve. Such persons, it is true, renounce the card-table, theatre, and ball-room—but they supply their place with every silly levity which is not in the list of the proscribed diversions. Like those who abstain from flesh, and then dress up their fish with every stimulating accompaniment and piquant sauce, which may, if possible, surpass the forbidden aliment in richness and in flavour ;—these renouncers of amusements seem to put invention on the rack to find out substitutes ; and eagerly catch at every frivolity and every accommodation to the spirit of the world which they do not find written in the *Index Expurgatorius*. It is distressing to the last degree to see the strange inconsistencies of many who seem to consider withdrawal from certain fashionable assemblies the one thing needful, the *differentia essentialis* of the Christian life. Amongst these are persons who have no idea of putting a bridle upon the tongue, but give full unfettered swing to that unruly member, in both its offices,—that of talking, and that of tasting,—who never think of such a thing as self-denial, self-government, self-knowledge, or self-possession ; who set no bounds to false accusations and censorious judgments ; who are utterly reckless of domestic duties, of the well-ordering of their families, and of all the nameless charities of home ;—such I do, from positive knowledge and with real sorrow, declare are not unfrequently amongst the number of that interior circle whom the pastor, by raising a fallacious standard and drawing an erroneous line of separation, gathers round him, as his own immediate adherents, and as the sounder portion of his flock ; and this he does, while *their* eccentricities and essential levities actually frighten many a mother who belongs to the other class, from suffering her daughters to make a strict profession, lest they should be infected with the wildness, and extravagances, and improprieties of these religious mountebanks ;—yes, I am persuaded, that amongst those who, however mistakenly, think it a duty to their position in society, not wholly to withdraw from public amusements (and who, I will add, are confirmed in that opinion by the revolting exhibitions just now alluded to,) are some who are not far from the kingdom of God,—nay, (may we not dare to hope?) who are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.”

He instances a variety of touching cases where direct denunciations from the pulpit against particular amusements may prove injurious. “ They are calculated either to affront or to discourage no small portions of any given assembly.” “ They repel, and do not attract ; they revolt, and do not draw.” One of the cases which he puts is that of a number of brothers and sisters—a family whose natural attachments are delicate and strong—going in a group to a sabbath’s

service ; some of them deeply religious and much weaned from the world ; others, " faithful to a lower light," and " frequenters of those scenes which form the subject of this letter." He then contrasts the effects that will be produced among them should the preacher deliver a discourse full of humility, earnestness, and tenderness, presenting the highest standard of pure and undefiled religion to the view, with those which would naturally follow a bitter and harsh sermon levelled against theatres, ball-rooms, and card-tables. According to the former supposition, would not the group return home with the feelings of the disciples at Emmaus, and saying one to another, " Did not our heart burn within us while he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?" but, according to the latter, would not the best that could ensue " be the exercise of such mutual delicacy and discretion, as would exclude all reference to the sermon from the evening's conversation?" The reverend author adds,

" But it is not merely of the operation of such pulpit addresses upon private family circles, that I complain ; it is of their public, general, and collective effects upon a congregation. That it does not suit the taste, nor fit the temperament of the truly humble, meek, and pious, is my firm belief. That it offends and irritates the worldly-minded, there can be no question : and that the third and middle class between the two, who have some religious light, mixed with much wildfire and party feeling—that these derive no benefit from such appeals, I am, if possible, still more confidently persuaded. Nothing can be less in accordance with the peace of God, or with that blessing with which our solemn assemblies are dismissed, than the spirit thus aroused within them. They are filled with triumph, and stimulated to a feverish height. They chuckle at the thought, that their minister has laid on the lash so well. Significant nods are interchanged, and whispers freely circulate how their gay neighbours had got enough of it ; how one was afraid to look up from the ground, and another who determined to brave it, felt it the most of all."

We might accompany Mr. Woodward with as much satisfaction as we have hitherto done, had we room to give his views of the effects upon the preacher's mind, if in the practice of railing against the amusements of the world. But we must bring our paper to a close, and shall do so by attending to some sensible things he has to say with regard to the tolerance, and even the moral character of the pastimes in question. In the passage to be quoted, he views them as interwoven with the existing texture of society ; and says

" Certain it is, that the supreme Disposer of the world has, in all ages, and in all nations, made provision for something of the kind. And certain it no less is, that if society, at its present moral level, were deprived of these its accustomed stimulants, it would seek for some substitutes to supply their place. Would the change, then, in all fair probability, be for the better ? Would not rank, thus stripped of all its drapery, be forced to

clothe itself in sullen haughtiness and tenfold pride? Would not the young and thoughtless, shut out from all the scenes of lighter gaiety, rush, in too many instances, as their only resource, into the horrible pit and miry clay of sensual and degrading vices? Could the Church regain her plenitude of power, and dictate to the state a code of laws, by which all theatres were closed, balls and concerts made penal, and every amusement banished from the land,—who will say, that public morals would be improved? Nay, who will deny, that the most fearful consequences might ensue, and that human passions might take a far worse direction than they do at present, and sweep all decency before them?"

Were a standard set up by the clergy, such as he is endeavouring to show is beyond their province and their reach, it would also "exhibit the powers that be, and the authorities of the land, as almost to a man, and *ex officio*, traitors to their God." But our author draws nearer the mark, and supposes, as his readers have a right to do, that some one asks him how he would place the amusements in question in the moral scale, and to what class he would refer them in this world of antagonist forces and conflicting elements; and his answer is this,—

"I consider them, on the one hand, as not being positive sins; neither, on the other hand, do I think them so far removed from sin, as that a mind enlightened from above, could be a voluntary sharer in them, without 'hurt and much damage' to itself. Like the digit which stands for a given number, or for that number multiplied to an indefinite extent, not by any change in itself, but by the shifting of its position in the line of figures;—so may these pursuits be lawful or unlawful, according to the responsibility and the religious standing of those who follow them. And thus, what is one man's meat, is another man's poison. Nobody will affirm, that it is wrong in a child 'to speak as a child, to understand as a child, to think as a child.' But assuredly, if *he* who ought to put away childish things, were to renounce his manhood, and to retrograde to the pursuits of childish days, it would be an unwarrantable abuse of gifts for which he must render an account to God. Now the case before us, though consisting, I confess, of far less pure and simple elements, is somewhat parallel. The great mass of society, even in Christian lands, is far more removed from the light and sanctity of true religion, than natural childhood is from man's maturity. A large portion of this mass is, I am persuaded, sunk so low, that to gain a taste for the most trifling gaieties of life would be an ascent and not a fall upon the graduated scale of morals. It would be to exchange the foul retreats of sensual passion, for scenes of comparative innocence; to pass from the dark abodes of strife and bloodshed, into an atmosphere of courtesy and kindness. We do not perhaps sufficiently calculate how low corrective influences must descend, to come into contact with the dense and polluted population of which our large towns and cities are composed. Let every effort be made to bring the sound of the Gospel and the message of salvation to those who thus sit in the region and shadow of death. Let this light spring up in every soul,

and assembly-rooms and theatres would soon be closed. Othello's occupation would be gone. But to those who refuse at once to come into marvellous light, all means of gradual elevation should not be denied. If upon this dangerous ocean, men will decline deliverance offered, and still will trust to their leaky vessel, let us not, if we could, thrust them down into the hold; let us suffer them to come up on deck. There they may at least see the danger they are in; there they may behold the ark riding in secure majesty above the waves, and may, before it is too late, seek and find a refuge in her. I am convinced that the theatre has been to some a school at least of heathen virtues; and surely heathen virtues are better than heathen vices. It has raised the grovelling slave of avarice, selfishness, and animal indulgence, to a more human level. It has taught him that honour, patriotism, disinterestedness, and friendship are not mere empty names,—that we do not live for ourselves alone, but that man has claims upon the heart of man."

With the nice shades of the question supposed to be put, it will not be denied that Mr. Woodward has dealt delicately and, at the same time, forcibly. His reasoning, too, is novel; especially coming from such a quarter. His letter, we anticipate, will provoke discussion, and perhaps keen controversy; but he has wrought a conviction in us that he has spoken wisely in warning his clerical brethren against making direct attacks, "not upon the spirit of frivolity and levity, but upon balls and concerts, and such like recreations;" when he says, "I would not mention balls, and plays, and cards, by name, and seem as if I classed them with murder, adultery, and theft;" and, again, when he repeats that he would have the ministers of the gospel to "cease from that petty fire which only stimulates to resistance and provokes return," for that he would "bring at once to bear upon the congregation the heavy artillery of those fundamental and eternal truths which are revealed from heaven."

ART. II.—*An Account of Discoveries in Lycia.* By CHARLES FELLOWS.
London: Murray. 1841.

MOST of our readers may remember that about two years ago Mr. Fellows published an account of his travels in parts of Asia Minor that had never been traversed by Europeans before, or only touched by them, and most imperfectly described. The fact is, that he not only penetrated to districts and towns which ordinary travellers never thought it worth their while to visit, and perhaps had never heard or dreamt of, but he examined with skill their antiquities. From the singularity of our author, in the respect mentioned, it ought to be inferred that his acquirements and pursuits are not of the ordinary run. Whether the ground he trod was familiar or strange to modern readers, the nature of his researches was such that he was sure to make discoveries, and to invest each spot with

fresh interest,—to lay his hand upon new and instructive illustrations, these belonging to a variety of departments,—history, geography, natural science; men, manners, and landscapes; but chiefly philology, antiquities, art, and the more recondite branches of archæology.

So important were the contributions of Mr. Fellows to some of these departments, that that mighty despot the public, as well as the voice of scholars, appeared to him to demand a renewal and an extension of his researches; and the consequence was that he undertook a new journey to Asia Minor, and made a second excursion last year, principally in Lycia; his journey in this instance not being so comprehensive as in the first, but characterised by more experience, and more minute investigation at various places already visited by him; while several new localities and scenes for his peculiar researches were found out and are rendered prominent in the pages before us.

Lycia was but very limited in respect of territory; hardly so large as some of our English counties. Besides, it contains so many mountains, that it might be inferred that it was unfitted for the residence of a numerous and wealthy people. But the reverse, both from ancient history and our author's discoveries, is proved to have been the case; so that the ancient inhabitants must have been an enterprising and industrious people; otherwise so many cities, the remains of which can still be traced, and records of which are in existence, could never have been planted, supported, and adorned. One of the remarkable circumstances belonging to many of these cities is, that they were built on steep ascents, and on high eminences; probably as a means of defence; and perhaps also on account of the excavations which their circuit afforded in the solid rock for tombs and other notable ends. The choice of such situations was, indeed, quite characteristic of the Greeks and of the nations among whom their influence spread. Take, as an example, *Alinda*:—

“The situation of this highly picturesque city is perfectly Greek; and I have seen none built up so steep a crag, formed of the boldest blocks of granite rock, which have in many places been cut into long flights of wide steps leading up to the city. One of three or four of the lines of tombs showing the various approaches is very characteristic, and must have had a grand melancholy appearance—‘*Via Sacra*.’ It was a paved way, of steep ascent from the valley, extending nearly a mile up into the crag of the Acropolis, winding the whole length between tombs, of all the forms of heavy melancholy grandeur, which effect was heightened by the gray colour of the granite, out of which, or rather in which, they were formed; for some, the most novel to me, had a cavity for the body cut into the mass of the rock, and a heavy cover placed over it; the weight of some of these has secured the sanctity of the dead. I sketched many of various

forms, but the effect of the whole I cannot express with pencil or pen. This street of tombs retains its pavement of large oblong stones, eight or nine feet in length ; the width of the way was seventeen feet, formed by two stones."

The inscriptions on the tombs, and the legends on the coins, which have been found in Lycia, furnish a key to the Lycian language, which will be prized at the highest rate by the learned ; for not only an alphabet can be made out, but a translation has been completed of certain fragments. Such a key to a lost and very ancient tongue, bearing a manifest affinity to other primitive languages, that of Etruria, for instance, constitutes not merely a rich and curious theme for scholars, but must contribute facts and illustrations bearing upon the early history of the human race, and elucidating very curious questions of remote antiquity, and also of the oldest and most renowned classical poetry ; so that even the general reader may imagine the kind of value which belongs to the services and discoveries of Mr. Fellows. But we shall best indicate the nature and amount of these contributions, as well as the claims which Lycia has upon the archæologist and classical antiquary, by starting with one or two selected extracts. Think how memorable is the soil of the country as a birthplace:—

"In this now almost unknown part of ancient Greece, three of the seven Wise Men in the early history of the world had their birth.* Poetry, History, Fable, and Philosophy, had each their fathers in this country.† Among the wonders of the world, it boasted its temple at Ephesus, its mausoleum in Caria, and its colossus at Rhodes. The finest work of art, the celebrated Venus, is attributed to this people. The most wealthy of kings‡ and the greatest of armies § arose in this region ; and their tumuli remain still undisturbed.|| The sites of its cities are unknown to us ; and even the language of a considerable portion, abounding with inscriptions, has hitherto almost escaped the observation of the philologists of Europe."

Mr. Fellows gives the number of cities which he has discovered and explored in the course of his second journey, together with two the sites of which he had visited in his former excursion. He says,—

"In this small province I have discovered the remains of eleven cities not denoted in any map, and of which I believe it was not known that any traces existed. These eleven, with Xanthus and Tlos, described in my former journal, and the eleven other cities along the coast visited by former travellers, make together twenty-four of the thirty-six cities mentioned by Pliny as having left remains still seen in his age. I also observed, and have noticed in my journal, many other piles of ruins not included in the above numbers.

"Many of the coins which I have found, and of which I give copies in

* Thales, Bias, and Pittacus. † Homer, Herodotus, Æsop, and Pythagoras. ‡ Cræsus. § Xerxes expedition. || Of Alyattes, at Sardis.

the following pages, were before unknown to the numismatist; and others will enable him to assign place and date to coins in various museums, which have before been unexplained or erroneously attributed."

Our author started from Smyrna, his excursion ending at the same place. A professional artist accompanied him; the illustrations in the form of wood-cuts, and the copied inscriptions lending much additional interest and value to the work. Having named Smyrna, we may as well afford our readers some notices of the very recent condition of that town, as affected by modern improvements, and the circumstances or *materiel* of war.

"The greatest inconvenience is now felt from the want of horses in Smyrna, where the supply is now limited, although a few years ago the town abounded with them; but the establishment of steam-vessels has superseded the more than daily lines of Tartars hence to Constantinople. Scarcely any horses are now kept for the service of the post, the ordinary demand being very trifling.

"Another great pecuniary inconvenience has arisen since I was last here, but it will probably be temporary. Smyrna is now the market for the combined fleets of several nations stationed in her gulf: at Vourlah are five English ships of war, and one here; the French have six, and the Austrian three, lying in front of the town of Smyrna: these bring an additional population of many thousand consumers. Meat, poultry, eggs, game, butter, and indeed all provisions, are four and five times the price they were two years ago. The charges at the inns are more than doubled, as well as the hire of horses for riding about the neighbourhood, in consequence of the demand occasioned by the officers of the navy. The appearance, and I fear the morals of the 'Frank town'—the designation of the quarter near the sea, which is occupied by Franks of all nations—are also much changed by the immense number of French sailors, who seem to be allowed to spend their days on shore: hundreds are each evening reeling into their crowded boats, and many, too much intoxicated to walk, are put on board by their less drunken mates. This irregularity has caused the total absence of our sailors from Smyrna; for a few weeks ago they resented an affront received from some French sailors, and although double their own number, so severely treated them, that it was thought better they should not come again in contact while such disorder prevailed among the sailors of that nation. The Austrian seamen appear to be under much better discipline."

Near the close of the month of February Mr. Fellows left Smyrna and reached Aphrodisias on the 8th of March, which lies to the east of the head of the valley that gives rise to the Mosynus. The elevation of the city above the sea is about a thousand feet. Judging from the ruins most prominent, he concluded that its flourishing date was probably two centuries before the Christian era. "In the centre of the city stood a beautiful Ionic temple; fifteen of its white marble fluted columns are still standing, and some have tablets left uncut where the shaft was fluted, telling by their inscriptions that

they were offerings to the temple of Venus or Aphrodite, the goddess to whom the city was dedicated."

It is clear, however, that much doubt must attach to any calculation of dates, or of the state of the arts at any particular period, as gathered from the now visible relics of ancient cities in Asia Minor. So many revolutions have overtaken that part of the world, such different kinds of supremacy have ruled it,—Persian, Grecian, Roman, and Mohammedan, by turns confounding and suppressing,—that there is room for questions whenever any very decided opinion is expressed with regard to age, people, or dominion. The convulsions to which physical nature has been subjected in the East, the mere influence of climate changing fruitful valleys into sterile deserts, and working out, sometimes in the course of a few years, the entire process of obliteration, must defy interpretation and every effort of research. Still, with what delight must the scholar and the historical student, who has perused Herodotus, for example, read our author's notices of his discovery of the city of Calynda, "high up in the mountains, but not far from the sea," which supplied ships to the fleet of Xerxes! Some of the finest sculptures were found at, or near to this place, the report of which and of certain ruins attracted the travellers. We must present a specimen of the kind of discoveries which our author made, and of the style of his description, connected with the locality mentioned.

"Scarcely beyond the south-east end of the village, and in less than ten minutes, we found among the bushes a tomb of the most usual kind cut in the rocks, resembling our Elizabethan domestic architecture. This tomb has been much shaken to pieces, apparently by an earthquake; but the detail of its execution we found to be of the highest interest. I do not hesitate in placing this fragment in the finest age of Greek work; it shows by the simplest effects the full expression of the history and ideas of the sculptured figures. Had they been all perfect, its value in a museum, either for the philologist, antiquarian, or artist, would be inestimable. We made drawings of a portion, and sketches in outline of the whole, which, I think, will bear out this opinion of them as works of art, and may afford an idea of some of its bas-reliefs. Great additional interest is given to these groups by the circumstance of several of the figures having over them their names, after the manner of the Etruscan; these inscriptions are in the Lycian language, and some bilingual with the Greek: this, I trust, will materially assist in throwing light upon our ignorance as to the Lycian language, and these sculptures may also be important illustrations. The bas-reliefs shown in the annexed plate, formed the upper part or panels of the sides of the tombs, beneath which were groups of larger figures engaged in combat, with arms of the simplest age of the Greeks. These figures were too much buried in the earth for us to attempt to sketch them. The name of ΕΚΤΩΡ was written over one with a helmet, round shield, and spear. Above the side panels, and probably on what once formed the roof, were also the remains of five sculptured figures, of a similar size to

the combatants below. The panel of the door in front shows a figure about five feet six inches in height. The costumes, arms, vases, and utensils, displayed in these bas-reliefs, are a study for the man of refined taste: the height of some of the figures in the background is unaccountable. Continuing for about a mile a steep ascent, we saw around us immense masses of rock rolled from their original position, and some containing excavated tombs, now thrown on their sides, or leaning at angles, which must have caused the disentanglement of their dead. The sculptured architecture of many had been split across, and but few remained uninjured in the cliffs. I sought in vain for inscriptions on any of the tombs around, probably twenty in number; their architecture was purely Lycian, and evidently of the same date as the one just described as found in the valley below. A splendid sarcophagus cut from the rock was tottering over the brow of a precipice before me: the position at which this tomb now stands, appears so unnatural, that I have accurately sketched it. The outlines of its bas-reliefs, which are shown in the annexed plate, as well as its form, indicate its age to be that of the Lycians, and, in the absence of inscriptions, must suffice to tell its history; the figures are nearly the size of life. If inscriptions had ever existed upon these tombs, the surface has so much perished by the atmosphere, that they would have probably been lost or illegible; for I observe that all inscriptions of this age are slightly cut, and never form a part of, or interfere with, the effect of the groups or architecture. All the indications in the approach to this unknown city were Lycian, not omitting the remains of ingeniously built Cyclopean walls. Ascending for half-an-hour a steep scarcely accessible on horses, we arrived at an elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea, which lay before us. The view was overwhelmingly beautiful. To the south-west lay the Bay of Macry, with its islands and the coast of the south of Caria, while beyond lay the long and mountainous island of Rhodes. Cragus, with its snowy tops, broke the view towards the south; and the coast and sea off Patara measured its elevation by carrying the eye down to the Valley of the Xanthus, whose glittering waters were visible for probably seventy miles, until lost in the range of high mountains, upon a part of which we were standing: in this chain it has its rise in the north. The crags of limestone around us were almost concealed by a forest of fir-trees and green underwood. Before us was the city, surrounded by beautiful Cyclopean walls. The scattered stones of a fallen temple next interrupted our path, on the way to the stadium: neither of its ends remained, and I feel sure that they have never been built up with seats, as seen in some of probably a later date. To the right side of this stadium was the agora; eight squared pillars or piers stand on either side. For nearly a quarter of a mile the ground was covered like a mason's yard with stones well squared, parts of columns, cornices, triglyphs, and pedestals; and here and there stood still erect the jambs of the doors of buildings whose foundations alone are to be traced. Near the stadium some large walls with windows are still standing, and enclose some places, which have probably been for public amusements. The city is in many parts undermined by chambers cut in the rocks, and arched over with fine masonry: these, no doubt, were the basements or vaults of the large

buildings of the town, or may have served for its stores of provisions ; at present they are the wonder and terror of the peasants, who relate, that in one great vault into which they had entered there were seven doors, all leading in different directions. This report has given the name of Yeddy Cappolee, meaning ' seven doors,' to the ruins, as well as to the mountain on which they stand. We descended towards the west, and came to the upper seats of a beautiful little theatre, in high preservation, a few large fir-trees alone interrupting the effect of the semicircle of seats. The proscenium was a heap of ruins, only one or two of its doorways being left standing. The form of the theatre was like those in the east of Caria : in front were the Cyclopean walls of the city, blended with the more regular Greek, and evidently constructed at the same period. From this spot, for a quarter of a mile, were tombs, neither cut in the rocks, nor sarcophagi, nor of the usual architecture of Lycia, but of a heavy, peculiar, and massive style of building, not generally associated with our ideas of the Greek : there was no trace of bas-reliefs or ornaments, and not a letter of the Lycian character among the numerous inscriptions, which were Greek, and much injured by time."

The modern and the living, however, are not overlooked by Mr. Fellows, although the lights which he discovered and conveys concerning the origin and the progress of art, especially Grecian, as presented by monuments, are his principal delight and themes. His geographical corrections may be next named as valuable contributions. Still, with much satisfaction we peruse his sketches of persons and things as they are at this day in Lycia. Take a sample where the Lycian Turks are presented to us :—

" On leaving Macry we crossed the valley towards the north-east, and continued in that direction, ascending for three hours and a half, through a beautiful pass along the side of a torrent, which leaped continually from rock to rock in its rapid course ; but our ascent was still steeper, for the river was often rolling in a ravine many hundred feet below us. The waters of the stream diminished as we proceeded, and on our reaching the little plain of this village, they appeared to claim it as their birthplace. The well-cultivated valley of Hoozumlee was as unexpected to us at such an elevation, which by the thermometer exceeds two thousand feet, as was the population and well-built village. The latter has three or four mosques, and is wholly inhabited by Turks ; one Greek, alone, is here, who is employed in keeping in repair the various water-courses for the supply of the fountains from the lofty and craggy mountains which rise immediately at the back of the village. We are at the house of the aga, and have witnessed a curious scene each evening. It is seldom that thirty men so handsome in form, feature, and dress, assemble in the same room ; they are probably the principal people of the place. Not a taint of European costume is yet seen here ; scarcely a man has ever left his mountain district, and every thing about us was novel to them. I doubt whether, in any other part of the world, such a spirit of inquiry and quickness of comprehension would be met with in a similar village group. Our knives,

instruments, pencils, Indian-rubber, and paints, were examined, and tolerably well understood by most of the party. The pencil I gave to one was soon employed in writing a sentence in the Turkish language, which I found was the date of our arrival, and the name of the writer of the memorandum. We then wrote something in English, which was copied in facsimile, well and quickly executed. The remarks were natural expressions of wonder, but all showing reflection. The washing, the prayer, the dinner, and the reading aloud the firman, were each subjects for an artist. Our sketch-books were a great source of astonishment to all; some looked at them the wrong way upwards, but all said 'Allah, Allah!' They recognised in the sketches the mosques, camels, birds, and a frog, with the greatest expressions of delight."

Having, in the above extract, found mention made of a frog, we may afford food for curiosity, even to naturalists, when we state, that Mr. Fellows more than once observed in Lycia frogs hopping from twig to twig of a tree; and that he on inquiry found that the species always frequents that sphere of existence; although the account savours of being one of a fish out of water.

Nothing in our author's pages has more pleasantly interested us than the abundant illustrations which he furnishes that, in as far as people, customs, and manners are concerned, Lycia is almost the same at this day as it was in ancient and primitive times. The plough and the harnessing of their horses are not changed by the Lycians. The very dances of the present race resemble exactly what the Fauns and other ancient figures have handed down in sculpture. The head-dresses of the women continue the same. So also are the sandals of the people, the pottery, and so forth. Indeed, Mr. Fellows has furnished most agreeable illustrations of Homer, in the course of his discoveries, in the departments of costume, and other classical forms or modes. He remarks, with regard to certain figures found at Xanthus, and in relation to the *Iliad*, as follows:—

"Amongst the most gratifying results arising from the examination of these inscriptions, is the assistance they give in rendering the poems of Homer more intelligible. In the '*Iliad*' we read of Pandarus being a chief coming from Lycia, and of his being 'the best bow in Lycia,' thus connecting him with that country. In the second book he is named among the allies of Troy, as leading Troes into the field from Zeleia, at the foot of Mount Ida. Hitherto this has appeared inconsistent, and Strabo tells us that before his time a certain Demetrius had written thirty books upon this supposed error in Homer, and Strabo concludes by allotting a part of the Troad near Mount Ida to the kingdom of Pandarus."

But we must quote a further and more picturesque passage commemorative of, or identical with, classic ages:—

"The evening afforded us much amusement, our apartment was large, and walled for about five feet high, nearly to the eaves of the roof, with

wattle or wicker-worked fencing, and this had been partially plastered with mud ; the gable-ends to the east and west were open to the stars of a brilliant but exceedingly cold night. A large fire lighted at one end of this enclosure, was the point of attraction in the room ; but its smoke driven in all directions by the wind, was not quite agreeable to the eyes unaccustomed to its pungency. Our hut had no door, and our cheerful fire was a beacon to all the peasants of this little place ; and it would be difficult either by pen or pencil to describe the singular and highly picturesque effect of the assembled groups.

“ There is something peculiarly elegant in the attitudes and manners of these people, be their rank high or low : by all classes the etiquette of each is observed, for our Zoorigees, with one or two servants of the farm, formed the back ground of the scene, and scarcely appeared except when the blaze of the fire was replenished with fresh logs of wood. Twelve or fourteen Turks, all varying in dress, yet each rich and costly, sat around the fire, while we reclined at our table. Mania was cooking, and, as usual, had to answer the many inquiries of the wondering peasants respecting the strangers.

“ A lute or guitar, which is found in almost every hut in this country, was soon sounded ; and a youth, one of our hosts, played several airs, all extremely singular, but simple, wild, and some very harmonious. One slow melody we admired, and were told that it was a dance : the circle was enlarged, and our Cavass stood in the midst and danced in a most singular manner the dance, as he called it, of the Yourooks or shepherds ; it was accompanied with much grimace, was in slow time, and furnished a good study for attitudes. He was succeeded by a Greek ; and I never was more struck than by the accurate representation of the attitudes displayed in the fauns and bacchanal figures of the antique. Mr. Scharf had, unknown to me, sketched some of them ; the uplifted and curved arm, the bending head, the raised heel, and the displayed muscles—for all the party had bare legs and feet—exactly resembled the figures of ancient Greek sculpture. The snapping the finger in imitation of castanets was in admirable time to the lute accompaniment. This is not a dance for exercise or sociability, as our modern Northern dances appear ; it is a *pas seul*, slow in movement, and apparently more studied than even the performance of Taglioni. And whence do these tented peasants learn it ? They have no schools for such accomplishments, no opera, nor any theatrical representation ; but the tradition, if it may be so called, is handed down by the boys dancing for the amusement of the people at their weddings and galas. The attention and apparent quiet gratification of the whole party also formed a feature unknown to this class of people in any other nation. The musician appeared the least interested of the party, and continued his monotonous tune with mechanical precision. Each guest, whose sole attraction was a feeling of sociability—for there was no repast, nor did he expect it—lighted his torch of turpentine-wood, and retired to his tent or shed.”

The woodcuts which illustrate this passage serve to impress the mind not merely with the simple beauty of the buildings, but also

with the important fact that they present the essential features and elements of the classical temple. Another striking circumstance is the proof these erections afford of the birth of the purest orders of architecture; and when the materials in which the artist worked were mud and wood. We must extract another delightful illustration of manners, and of primitive habits:—

“The interest of our halt was greatly increased by our observing an almost uninterrupted train of cattle and people moving from the valleys to the cool places for the summer season—the *yeeilassies*. I was much struck by the simplicity and patriarchal appearance of the several families, which brought forcibly to mind the descriptions of pastoral life in Bible history. What a picture would Landseer make of such a pilgrimage! The snowy tops of the mountains were seen through the lofty and dark green fir-trees, terminating in abrupt cliffs many thousand feet of perpendicular height. From clefts in these gushed out cascades, falling in torrents, the sound of which, from their great distance, was heard only in the stillness of the evening, and the waters were carried away by the wind in spray over the green woods, before they could reach their deep bed in the rocky ravines beneath. In a zigzag course up the wood lay the track leading to the cool places. In advance of the pastoral groups were the straggling goats, browsing on the fresh blossoms of the wild almond as they passed. In more steady courses followed the small black cattle, with their calves, and among them several asses carrying in saddle-bags those calves that were too young to follow their watchful mothers. Then came the flocks of sheep and the camels, each with their young; two or three fine-grown camels bearing piled loads of ploughs, tent-poles, kettles, pans, presses, and all the utensils for the dairy; and amidst this rustic load was always seen the rich Turkey carpet and damask cushions, the pride even of the tented Turk. Behind these portions of the train I must place, with more finish, the family—the foreground of my picture. An old man, and generally his wife, head the clan, which consists of several generations; many of them must have seen near five score summers on the mountains: the old man grasping a long stick, leads his children with a firm step. His son, the master of the flocks, follows with his wife; she is often seated on a horse, with a child in her arms; and other horses are led, all clothed with the gay trappings of a Turkish steed. Asses are allotted to the younger children, who are placed amidst the domestic stores, and never without a pet cat in their arms: long tresses of hair hang down their necks, and are kept closely to the head by a circlet of coins. By their side walks the eldest son, with all the air and alacrity of a young sportsman; over his shoulder hangs a long-barrelled gun, in his hand is the cage of a decoy partridge, and a classic-looking hound follows at his heels: a number of shepherd boys mingle with the flocks and bring up the rear. The gay costume, the varied noises of the cattle, and the high glee attending the party on this annual expedition, must be supplied by the imagination. I should think that twenty families passed in succession during our halt, few of them having less than one hundred head of stock, and many had more. In some families, attendants, servants or farming-

labourers, were among the cattle, generally with their aprons tied around them, in which they carried two or three young kids; they had often over their shoulders a small calf, with all its legs held together on the breast, exactly as seen in the offerings on the bas-reliefs at Xanthus and elsewhere. The longevity of the people in this pastoral country is very remarkable. I am sure that we have seen at least twenty peasants within the last two days above a hundred years of age, and apparently still enjoying health and activity of body; in some instances the mind appeared wandering. An old-looking hag, screaming violently, seized my servant Mania, and asked if he was come to take away her other child for a soldier, for if he were gone she should have none left to take care of her. The temperate habits of the Turks, as well as some of their customs, may in part account for the prolongation of life in this country. One custom I may mention as tending to diminish the cares of age, and to show the excellence of these simple people. When sons grow up and marry, the father gives over to them his flocks and property, and trusts to the known and natural affection of his children to take care of him in his declining years: to a son his parents are always his first charge."

The following presents a very remarkable proof of the longevity of the Lycian Turks:—

"We are now sitting in a kind of stranger's house, the only one of stone or deserving the name of a hut in this village; for the walls of the others are all of wicker-work, with a roof formed of shivers of the fir tree. This house is the property of an old man, who sits before me, and expresses great anxiety that I should give him something to 'cure his eyes;' he says they are of no use to him, and that he might as well have them poisoned at once: I observe, nevertheless, that he walks about, and prys into every thing around him. He is more than one hundred years of age, and has been here all his life, excepting a visit to Stamboul, seventy years ago. He sees well enough to point out, at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards, a woman carrying two large pitchers of water from the river up the hill to his private house; she is his wife, and is one hundred and two years of age; a little turbaned boy is running by her side, apparently more of a companion than a guide, for she walks with a firm step, and has her sight and hearing still perfect."

The tombs and the monuments furnish strong evidence of the anxiety, which the ancient people of Lycia cherished, to have their burial places preserved sacred from the intrusion of all not of the same family with the deceased. Here is an instance found in an inscription deciphered at Tlos:—

"[High-priestess?] of Asia, the daughter of Alexander, the grandson of Dionysius the cession of the property being made under the high-priest Cæsius of Irenæus There has been buried Alexander, the grandson of Dionysius, her father, and her son Alexander the son of Irenæus, and there shall be buried herself also, and her husband Iranæus, the son of Sosibios [?]. To no one else it shall be

allowed to bury another [here], or he shall give to the Gerusia of Tlos 1500 denarii [?], of which he that proves the trespass shall receive one-third. It is the more to be regretted that part of this inscription has disappeared, and that thus several words still remaining are without connexion, as these may have explained the curious fact of bas-reliefs representing gymnastic games being found on the tomb of a woman. Probably this priestess of Asia was a Gymnasiarches (a munificent patroness of gymnastic games), a title which is given to another woman in an inscription at Mylasa (page 68)."

These specimens will indicate the nature and value of our author's work; and satisfy scholars that he has broken new ground for them that admits of extensive investigation and culture, and that promises to yield choice fruit. Were we to draw samples from the supplementary matter in the volume, we might excite even more curiosity, on the part of the classical antiquary, with regard to dead languages, and other topics tempting to the archæologist, than the body of the work suggests. But we have said and shown enough to recommend the publication as one of sterling worth, upon a subject and in a sphere of unusual importance.

ART. III.—*Dictionary of the Art of Printing.* By SAVAGE. London: Longman and Co.

It would be easy to declaim and to employ magniloquent words about the invention of printing, its achievements in the history of man, and its probable further triumphs in the destiny of our race. But, instead of any such idle effort, we shall endeavour to convey a plain and popular notion of some of the more remarkable points connected with its origin and progress; but especially belonging to the practical features of an art that can never, we believe, hereafter fail of presenting to man's hand a mighty power for him to wield wherever civilization has penetrated, or there is a craving for knowledge.

We shall not trouble ourselves with any close inquiry with regard to the person to whom the great honour is due of having found out the germ of the art of printing. The subject has been a theme for keen controversy; and almost as many rival claims have been set up relative to it as concerning the authorship of the Iliad. Indeed, it appears to us next to absurd to look for any such grand discovery or invention being brought suddenly to perfection; or to assert that several minds might not be almost simultaneously directed to the improvement of certain previous processes known to each of these minds alike.

For instance, it is notorious that, in various ancient nations, the practice was to multiply impressions from the same surface; that surface being engraved, and copies taken from it in certain plastic

substances. Inscriptions were thus printed by the Assyrians. The Chinese and the Egyptians, too, thousands of years ago, practised arts somewhat analogous to particular kinds of modern printing; although they were in many respects exceedingly defective or laborious; so that it was not until taking impressions from letters and other characters, *cast* in relief upon separate pieces of metal, and therefore capable of indefinite combination, was adopted, that sure and rapid strides were taken in this now gigantic art. In fact, previous to this main improvement, every sort of imprinting was so operose, clumsy and unsatisfactory, that monks, scribes, and illuminators were extensively employed in transcribing, which, in England, for example, was the only way of propagating copies. The time and the trouble which such a method required of most sparingly scattering light over a nation were so great that William Caxton thus soliloquizes over it:—

“Thus end I this book; and for as moche as in wryting of the same, my pen is worn, myn hand wery, and myn eyne dimmed with over moche lookyng on the whit paper, and that age crepeth on me dayly.”

A man's lifetime was sometimes expended upon a single work; and think of the cost of such a book! Take, as an illustration, the account as extracted from an epistle to Alphonsus, king of Naples:—

“You lately wrote to me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold in very handsome books, and that the price of each book is 120 crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your majesty that you cause to be bought for us, Livy, which we used to call the king of books, and cause it to be sent hither to us. I shall in the mean time procure money which I am to give for the price of the book. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best; he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand, and I, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale. Your goodness and modesty have encouraged me to ask these things with familiarity of you. Farewell and triumph.”

Now, when Antonius Bononia Becatellas thus wrote to Alphonsus, in what a dark, and therefore degraded, condition must the mass of mankind have been! To say that there could then be little learning in the world is but a truism, of little account taken by itself. Social intercourse and domestic enjoyment must have been at a low ebb: religion itself, must have, in general, been gross credulity; nay, the knowledge of one age, even in secular affairs, could but rarely descend to the next, unless through the colourings of tradition. At length, however, invention with its floods of light, operating not only as an originator and propagator, but as a collector and preserver, for all time coming, burst upon the world; the boon and the blessing being so vast and rich that it requires an effort, especially for a subject of these realms, to comprehend their

value; seeing that all reflection on the subject is apt to be lost in the reality of our enjoyment, and the impossibility for an Englishman to conceive adequately of a condition in which it should not be his as a birthright.

Well might the printers of Leipsic invite their brother-craftsmen in other cities to join them in the centenary commemoration, in 1640, of the invention of their amazing art, when they thus wrote:—

“That the praise of God may resound the farther, and that dear posterity in all places may be cheered to holy imagination, they (the printers of Leipsic) have thought it good and advisable to discover this their intention to their fellow craftsmen, whether they might perhaps be pleased to celebrate the jubilee with them; and accordingly, in April of this current year, they issued friendly and brotherly epistles to the same in several noble cities of the empire, ports and commercial towns; but particularly the far and widely celebrated city of Strasburg, which is renowned as a mother and native city of the inventors and beginners of this worshipful art; as also to the noble Universities of Wittenberg and Jena, sufficiently unfolding to them their christian intent, and exhorting them to equal thankfulness to God under all changeableness of circumstances, almost all of whom have cheerfully accepted and willingly agreed to like joy in the Lord and celebration of such feast.”

Among the various persons for whom strong or enthusiastic claims have been put forward as the inventor of the “worshipful art,” Guttenberg, a native of Mentz, and who settled at Strasburg in 1420, is generally held to stand most prominent. With him were associated Schoeffer, the father of letter-founding, and John Fust, or Faust, who advanced the necessary funds in support of the joint establishment, the result of Guttenberg’s first idea, supposed to have been conceived about 1440. The three partners have been termed “the grand typographical triumvirate.”

It is generally admitted that the first complete work attempted was the Latin Bible, 1455 being probably its proper date; a worthy beginning to the productions of an art destined to work out the greatest moral and religious revolutions. We may regard such an undertaking as a most confident expression of their hopes in the success of the art, as a proof of unwearied perseverance, and as a pious dedication of their invention to the Giver of all good. The partnership, however, was dissolved before the Bible was completed, Faust and Schoeffer bringing it to a conclusion.

We need not take particular notice of the chief printing-presses that were established immediately after the first by the parties already named. Neither do we mention the works that took the lead as issues from them. The gradual improvements which were naturally added to the grand desideratum may be gathered from many popular accounts. We merely generally state that on the breaking up of the first establishments, workmen, being released

from their early obligations, spread throughout Germany, the Low Countries, Italy, &c. It is reasonably supposed that not only did those comparatively few pupils, who had received their tuition under the inventors, propagate the art, but that men of learning, enterprise, and capital, who derived their typographical knowledge from such facts as had transpired, contributed both to its early improvement and extensive spread.

William Caxton, who was born in 1412, and who is said to have gone to the Low Countries in 1442, remaining abroad about thirty years, during which time he acquired a knowledge of the art, established a printing-office at Cologne, where he printed the French original, and his own translation of the "*Recueil des Histoires de Troye*." This was in 1471. Afterwards, he came back to England, bringing with him Wynkin de Worde and others, who all subsequently became printers in this country. His first press was established at Westminster, perhaps in one of the chapels attached to the abbey, but certainly under the protection of the abbot; and there he produced the first book printed in England, the "*Game of Chess*," which was completed on the last day of March, 1474. To be sure, there has been some controversy with regard to Caxton's priority in his native land, a volume having been discovered in the library at Cambridge, leading to superior pretensions; and a similar claim has been set up for Oxford. Still the honour will be found to be best supported in behalf of the originally acknowledged introducer of the art into England. He died in 1483, or, as some think, in 1490, and printed in all sixty-two or sixty-four different works; a promising beginning, considering the years during which he conducted the business; although it must be owned that the character of the books does not convey a very favourable idea of the intellectual or literary condition of the country at the time. Wynkin de Worde was the spirited successor of Caxton, although other printers had already commenced business in England. Between the years 1493 and 1534, Wynkin is said to have printed 408 works. One Pynson was the first who assumed the title of "*King's Printer*."

The early specimens of the art exhibit letters or characters which now appear to be of a ridiculous size; and, as was to be expected, the *errata* were numerous. The fact is, that spirited and nice printers employed learned correctors, a work being esteemed in proportion to the literary fame of such a functionary.

But it is time that we come to some of the practical features of a printing office, as may be witnessed in any considerable establishment of the kind in this country; and also to notice a few of the more notable and recent improvements of the art. Systematic contrivance of the nicest description, the production of mighty effects by an infinity of minute measures and aids, and an ever-expanding

source of power, will appear to be identified with printing as it at this moment flourishes amongst us.

Let us first take a glance at type-founding, a business which is sometimes combined with that of the printer, and is perhaps the most important branch of all that belongs to the promulgation of facts and the extension of thought; for it is nothing less than, by casting innumerable multitudes of grains of ideas, putting it into the power of the *compositor* of a page to communicate all that is desired, with the power and speed of steam, and to the uttermost parts of the earth, whatever one man has conceived, and wishes to be understood by any other man or people.

The exact form of every type is cut out of well-tempered steel, so as to form a steel punch, with a solid type, at its extremity. The steel punch is used to convey a hollow impression from the type to a piece of brass or copper. This impression, when well cleared of all roughness, is the matrix of the type.

This matrix is placed at the bottom of a mould which is constructed with great ingenuity. The type metal, consisting of lead, with a due proportion of regulus of antimony, is then melted, and by means of an iron ladle, the workman pours a portion of it into the mould, which descends into the matrix and forms the type. By means of the mechanism of the mould he is able to toss the type out on a piece of paper, and he proceeds to form other types in succession. This operation is managed with great dexterity and speed.

The types when sufficiently accumulated are taken away by boys, to be broken off to a uniform length, while another set of boys polish the sides of the types upon smooth stones. Another set again arrange the types on long rulers or dressing sticks. A clever workman then polishes all the sides of each column or row with a sharp but thick-edged razor. The types are next *bearded or barbed* by running a plane faced with steel along the shoulder of the body next to the face, which takes a larger or less quantity off the corner of each type. The next operation is that of *grooving or nicking*, which is performed by a steel cutter that makes an uniform groove along the whole row of types.

When the types are thus dressed, the imperfect letters are picked out, and the whole are then put up into papers ready for use, and for the distribution of knowledge.

One eminent London printer, who has also attached to his premises a type foundry, can supply his compositors with 50,000 letters per day.

It is manifest that abundance of type affords immense advantages to a printer; for with an ample supply, he can keep type in "forms" until the proof-sheets may have been sent to a distance, and returned by the author with his corrections.

Let us now suppose that a new "fount" has entered the doors of the printing-office, and that a page, a sheet, or a volume is without delay to be printed and published. The first thing, therefore, to be done is, to lay the type into the "cases;" there always being two of these, subdivided into boxes, or a number of compartments, arranged agreeably to the different size, character, and frequent use of the several letters, figures, &c. The letters and figures are put in alphabetical and numerical order from right to left; those in greatest demand being placed in the lowest and most accessible divisions. The workman picks out, with astonishing rapidity, the requisite letters, arranging them into words in the composing-stick, —a frame which he holds in his left hand, always taking care to place the nicked side of the type outermost. He never looks at the face of the letter he picks up, but unhesitatingly plunges his fingers into the proper box for the required letter; for he has "distributed" the type, or filled his cases himself, without which arrangement and preparation he would constantly be in a state of inextricable confusion, and unable to compose one-fiftieth part of what, really without mystery to himself, he accomplishes. Nay, besides frightful confusion and delay, he would be every moment rushing into gross errors, putting *p* for *d*, *n* for *u*, and so on.

Not only has the compositor to arrange his lines of words in the composing-stick, but, before these are ready to be put together, so as to form a page, he must "justify" them, that is, by thin pieces of metal determine the space that is to be kept between the lines of type. Having thus gone on until a considerable quantity of matter is composed, he next proceeds to make it up into pages, and then into sheets. Having the requisite number of pages, they are then firmly fixed by wedges into a "chase," which is a rectangular iron frame. The frame is next taken to the press, and a proof-sheet is "pulled," when, being put into the hands of the "reader," the mistakes are discovered; after which, the compositor revises and corrects his work, having the "form" laid before him on a table, and the corrected proof for his guidance. Speaking in general terms, these processes are repeated by proof-taker, reader, and compositor. Still the rapid and curt way in which we have sketched the different operations conveys no adequate idea of the pains and the division of labour required. Think, for example, of the compositor having to pick up 72,000 letters, before he can receive an ordinary week's wages; that he must, moreover, correct all the blunders mischance or carelessness may have occasioned; and must make up his matter into pages, with great expenditure of time in many other particulars. Besides, he must previously have placed every one of these 72,000 letters into the appropriate boxes, whence he has withdrawn them in composition. Now, it is usually reckoned that this latter operation, called "distributing," occupies one-fourth of his time,

and the other operations, correcting, &c., another fourth; he has, therefore, only one-half of his working hours for composition; consequently, he must pick up letters at the rate of 144,000 per week, 24,000 per day, or 2,000 per hour.

The reader's duties are very peculiar and arduous. He has correctly to fold proofs, look over signatures, and ascertain whether the folios commence in due order, observe the running heads, see whether the chapters are properly numbered, and a variety of directions and technical signs duly attended to by the compositor, before he begins to read the proof over, with the greatest attention to every minute circumstance, referring constantly to the copy, and comparing the proof with it. Analogous, but somewhat different, is the direction of his eye and mind on a second reading; for, being a person of superior abilities and attainments, generally, he has to take upon himself to suggest by queries, that shall meet the author's eye, whether the letterpress is to stand as it is, and in conformity with the manuscript.

But if the reader's duty is peculiar, not less so is that of his *reader*, again, viz. the little boy, who, taking the copy after the former has satisfied himself upon all technical points, reads the author's language in a loud voice, but with great rapidity, and the least possible attention to sound, sense, pauses, or cadences; inserting, without stop or embarrassment, from the most crabbed or intricate copy, every interlineation, note, or side-note. The little machine gives to every word, be it Latin, French, or in any other language, an English pronunciation. When he comes to an error, he is stopped, till the larger plodder of the two puts matters to right, or queries; when on again goes the sort of automaton, whose gabble, with that of others similarly employed in the same apartment, produces a perfect Babel, yet without ever disturbing the men who are setting every thing to right between author and compositor.

It is scarcely necessary to state, that the press is the machine whereby impressions are obtained of the type; or, that on the skill and care of the pressmen depend the beauty of the book to be printed. At first these machines were extremely rude, resembling, in fact, a common screw-press; and yet very little alteration had been made in their construction from the time of the first printers, down to 1620; and even then it was rather in the details, than in the principle, that improvement took place. We shall not stop to describe the succeeding main advances, in the matter of construction, that characterized the Apollo, the Albion, or the Stanhope presses. The latter possessed many advantages over the others. But, even after all these improvements, a single press could only work off about 125 sheets per hour; and it was not until Mr. König, a German, conceived that steam-power might be applied to

the printing-press, that the world had any notion of the gigantic agencies of literature.

It was in 1804 that he came to England, and communicated to certain printers his plan. But doubts, delays, and disappointment in the course of his experiments, attended his exertions for several years. At length he bethought himself of cylinders, which printed 1800 copies per hour. Messrs. Applegath and Cowper, however, took out a patent in 1818, which, by the application of two drums placed between the cylinders, superseded the first invention. All descriptions, especially if unaccompanied by diagrams, must prove unsatisfactory to the general reader, when intricate and complicated machinery is the subject. We shall therefore merely state, that by the movement of the steam press several forms of type advance and return at every throb of the engine, and are met half-way by rollers, which are covered with ink, and which pass diagonally over the forms, leaving upon the type a sufficiency of the lettering substance to make one impression. Other rollers are in regular and congruous movement to impart a new dose of ink on the returning of the diagonal servants; while the bestower of the black substance to them is supplied in its turn from a suitable fountain. Like ingenious processes guide and place the sheets of paper; the whole being wonderfully adjusted and nicely combined, so as to meet, depart, and be disposed of without flaw or mishap. In short, by this beautiful contrivance, in two revolutions of the engine, a sheet of paper may be impressed, as has been of the Times Newspaper, with ninety-six columns of news, or with sixteen pages of letter press, together with any wood-cuts that may be introduced. But the wonder does not stop here: so complete and simply managed is the control of the machine, that not only do boys perform much of the human labour required in connexion with it, but it can be put into full work, so as to begin to send forth to the expectant world between *four and five thousand* copies per hour, or impressions from the form of types, a few minutes after these have been brought into the machine room.

We have seen how expeditiously type casting may be conducted, and have also indicated the immense quantity of type which some printers possess, so as to allow a proportion of it to stand in forms for a long time. One London printer is said not only to have on an average *one hundred tons* weight not in forms, but *sixteen hundred forms* of set-up type. Still this is not all, for he has *two thousand tons* of stereotype plates; while the number of his wood-cuts is about 50,000, from which stereotypes are taken and sent to Germany, &c. Stereotyping, as most of our readers must be aware, is a mode of making perfect fac-similes in type metal of the face of pages composed of moveable types.

Amongst the mysteries, the free-masonry, or the remarkable

branches of the printing business, must be mentioned the paper room and the operations there going on; for even after all the interesting processes to which this beautiful and nicely folded substance has been subjected, it is not ready for receiving printer's ink without further treatment; it must be wetted, and it must be dried. Men are employed dipping the sheets in water, which are then removed to a screw-press, in order to have the moisture equally distributed through the paper. We understand that a man can dip between 150 and 200 reams per day, and the paper will remain sufficiently damp for ten or fourteen days to imbibe the ink.

When the sheets are printed they are hung across poles or wooden bars in the drying room, in order that both paper and ink may acquire a proper firmness for handling and being placed in heaps, according to their respective letters, or arrangement in the forthcoming book. The whole being distributed in their respective heaps, a troop of boys called "gatherers" march in regular files past the masses, each plucking up from each pile a single sheet, which they deliver to the "collator," who, having glanced at the printed signatures, and ascertained that they follow in due order, has them folded and conveyed to the binder. It will readily be conceived that the quantity of paper used by some printers must be enormous; even the cost of the ink annually constitutes a large item. In some establishments about £100,000 is the price of the former article annually printed; while the latter requisite amounts to the sum of £1500. What then must be the consumption of both in Great Britain alone? How numerous the volumes that yearly issue from the press, at home and abroad! How astounded would the inventors of the "worshipful art" be, if, in this our 19th century, they should visit our island, and behold several steam presses throwing off, as if by enchantment, thousands of sheets, beautifully printed, per hour! What, let us put it to the living generation, may not be the advances beyond the present, which the art may realize by the end of another century? But it is vain to conjecture. Let us however console ourselves, and rejoice in the reflection, that on earth man shall never hereafter be without the abundant and precious treasures of literature—of the riches which printing has bequeathed to our race. No tyranny can rob us of these. It will only be in another world that the human soul can live without such nutriment.

ART. II.—*The Discovery of America by the Northmen, in the Tenth Century, with Notices of the Early Settlements of the Irish in the Western Hemisphere.* By NORTH LUDLOW BEAMISH. London: T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street.

MR. Beamish first gives us in this volume a sketch of the rise, eminence, and extinction of Icelandic historical literature, founded upon the Danish essay of Dr. Erasmus Müller, bishop of Zealand. He next presents translations, in a compendious form, of portions of Professor Rafn's *Antiquitates Americanæ*, which he considered were likely to prove most interesting to British readers; these translations being from the Danish version of the Sagas and other Icelandic manuscripts, which embrace the detail of the alleged discoveries and settlements of the Northmen in America more than five hundred years before the time and voyages of Columbus. Certain "Minor Narratives" are added, being selections, also, from the *Antiquitates Americanæ*, which are intended to show that, previous to the discovery of Iceland by the Norwegians, Irish emigrants had visited that island; and, also, that in the eleventh century a country west from Ireland, and south of that part of the American continent which was discovered by the adventurous Northmen in the preceding age, was known to them under the name of "White Man's Land, or Great Ireland." Maps and plates are introduced, as well as notes and commentaries, with the view of illustrating and proving the opinions advanced in the course of the work.

A variety of claims have been put forward for the discovery of the American continent, some of them resting on the purest conjecture, others being founded upon some stray allusions or supposed parallels of evidence. With regard, however, to the Northmen, after portions of them had settled in Iceland, and especially after they had, in the course of their bold adventures, discovered Greenland, we think that not only is the probability very strong in their favour, but that the proofs presented in the compilation before us are nearly satisfactory; although the honour due to Columbus must for ever remain unaffected in every important respect, rendering the inquiry about any earlier navigators merely one of curiosity, or, at most, as only throwing some light upon Icelandic eminence, at a period when the fairer regions of Europe were in a state of barbarian darkness. Still the Sagas and other manuscripts, which Mr. Beamish has collected, frequently have the appearance of romance, or of traditions that have lost nothing in the retailing, generation after generation; so that the advocates of discovery by the Northmen are often driven to etymological illustration to help them out, or to supposed identification of localities as described by modern or recent writers.

The most striking points in support of the views entertained by our author appear to us to occur in the record of the voyage of Leif Erikson and the Greenlanders, professing to have been accomplished in A.D. 994; and when it is supposed that the settlement of Massachusetts first took place; the vines spoken of being a strong circumstance. The homely and quaint narrative thus begins—the translator having in his preface stated that he has followed the Icelandic original, throughout his compilations, more closely than the Danish version by the learned professor :—

“The next thing now to be related is, that Bjarni Herjulfson went out from Greenland, and visited Erik Jarl, and the Jarl received him well. Bjarni told about his voyages, that he had seen unknown lands, and people thought that he had shown no curiosity, when he had nothing to relate about these countries, and this became somewhat a matter of reproach to him. Bjarni became one of the Jarl's courtiers, and came back to Greenland the summer after. There was now much talk about voyages of discovery. Leif, the son of Erik the Red, of Brattahlid, went to Bjarni Herjulfson, and bought the ship of him, and engaged men for it, so that there were thirty-five men in all. Leif asked his father Erik to be the leader on the voyage, but Erik excused himself, saying that he was now pretty well stricken in years, and could not now, as formerly, hold out all the hardships of the sea. Leif said that still he was the one of the family whom good fortune would soonest attend; and Erik gave in to Leif's request, and rode from home so soon as they were ready; and it was but a short way to the ship. The horse stumbled that Erik rode, and he fell off, and bruised his foot. Then said Erik, ‘It is not ordained that I should discover more countries than that which we now inhabit, and we should make no further attempt in company.’ Erik went home to Brattahlid, but Leif repaired to the ship, and his comrades with him, thirty-five men. There was a southern on the voyage, who Tyrker hight. Now prepared they their ship, and sailed out into the sea when they were ready, and then found that land first which Bjarni had found last. There sailed they to the land, and cast anchor, and put off boats, and went ashore, and saw there no grass. Great icebergs were over all up the country, but like a plain of flat stones was all from the sea to the mountains, and it appeared to them that this land had no good qualities. Then said Leif, ‘We have not done like Bjarni about this land, that we have not been upon it; now will I give the land a name, and call it Helluland.’ ”

Hella, we are told, means a flat stone, and Helluland is supposed to have been the designation which the coast of Newfoundland drew forth. We jump over intermediate places which the voyagers touch at, in order to arrive at Vinland, where “Leif the Lucky” sojourned for a time, sometimes dividing his men and exploring separately the land. The account, after speaking of such excursions, thus proceeds, part of the comment being also quoted by us :—

“ It happened one evening that a man of the party was missing, and this was Tyrker the German. This took Leif much to heart, for Tyrker had been long with his father and him, and loved Leif much in his childhood. Leif now took his people severely to task, and prepared to seek for Tyrker, and took twelve men with him. But when they had gotten a short way from the house, then came Tyrker towards them, and was joyfully received. Leif soon saw that his foster father was not in his right senses. Tyrker had a high forehead, and unsteady eyes, was freckled in the face, small and mean in stature, but excellent in all kinds of artifice. Then said Leif to him, ‘ Why wert thou so late my fosterer, and separated from the party ? ’ He now spoke first, for a long time, in German, and rolled his eyes about to different sides, and twisted his mouth, but they did not understand what he said. After a time he spoke Norsk. ‘ I have not been much further off, but still have I something new to tell of ; I found vines and grapes. ’ ‘ But is that true, my fosterer ? ’ quoth Leif. ‘ Surely is it true, ’ replied he, ‘ for I was bred up in a land where there is no want of either vines or grapes. ’ They slept now for the night, but in the morning, Leif said to his sailors : ‘ We will now set about two things, in that the one day we gather grapes, and the other day cut vines and fell trees, so from thence will be a loading for my ship, ’ and that was the counsel taken, and it is said their long boat was filled with grapes. Now was a cargo cut down for the ship, and when the spring came, they got ready, and sailed away, and Leif gave the land a name after its qualities, and called it Vinland.

“ It appears by a communication from Dr. Webb, Secretary to the Rhode Island Historical Society, which is given in that part of Professor Rafn’s work, entitled *Monumentum vetustum in Massachusetts*, that wild grape vines of several varieties, as well as maize or Indian corn, and other esculents, were found growing in that district, in great profusion, when it was first visited by the Europeans. Hence the name of Vinland (Vine-land), given to the country by Leif, a name mentioned by Adam of Bremen, Torfæus and Wormius, as well as by Pinkerton and Malte Brun, as designating a country frequently visited by the Northmen. Hence also the modern name of Martha’s Vineyard, given to the neighbouring Island ; and in the adjoining province of Connecticut, Warden states that ‘ *La vinge sauvage grimpe de tous cotés sur les arbres.* ’ ”

Other manuscripts would lead us to believe that Vinland and Leif’s stories about the country excited much interest amongst the Northmen, so that other voyages were undertaken to it. One Thorvald repairs thither in A.D. 1002. He and his companions seem to have been not less cruel towards the aborigines than their Spanish successors centuries later. There is also something of the marvellous in the narrative of his adventures. We copy a specimen :—

“ After that they sailed away round the eastern shores of the land, and into the mouths of the friths, which lay nearest thereto, and to a point of land which stretched out, and was covered all over with wood. There

they came-to, with the ship, and shoved out a plank to the land, and Thorvald went up the country, with all his companions. He then said: 'Here is beautiful, and here would I like to raise my dwelling.' Then went they to the ship, and saw upon the sands within the promontory, three elevations, and went thither, and saw there three skin boats (canoes), and three men under each. Then divided they their people, and caught them all, except one, who got away with his boat. They killed the other eight, and then went back to the cape, and looked round them, and saw some heights inside of the frith, and supposed that these were dwellings. After that, so great a drowsiness came upon them, that they could not keep awake, and they all fell asleep. Then came a shout over them, so that they all awoke. Thus said the shout: 'Wake thou! Thorvald! and all thy companions, if thou wilt preserve life, and return thou to thy ship, with all thy men, and leave the land without delay.' Then rushed out from the interior of the frith, an innumerable crowd of skin boats, and made towards them. Thorvald said then: 'We will put out the battle screen, and defend ourselves as well as we can, but fight little against them.' So did they, and the Skrælings shot at them for a time, but afterwards ran away, each as fast as he could. Then asked Thorvald his men if they had gotten any wounds; they answered that no one was wounded. 'I have gotten a wound under the arm,' said he, 'for an arrow fled between the edge of the ship and the shield, in under my arm, and here is the arrow, and it will prove a mortal wound to me. Now counsel I ye, that ye get ready instantly to depart, but ye shall bear me to that cape, where I thought it best to dwell; it may be that a true word fell from my mouth, that I should dwell there for a time; there shall ye bury me, and set up crosses at my head and feet, and call the place Krossaness for ever in all time to come.' Greenland was then christianized."

These specimens will suffice to convey an idea of the sort of literature which the Icelanders possessed many centuries ago; and also the kind of testimony which Professor Rafn collected and published in 1837 with regard to the discovery of America by the Northmen. The introductory chapters, containing an abridgment of Bishop Müller's essay on the leading characteristics of that peculiar state of society which generated habits and learning that have left monuments and manuscripts which are still the subject of admiration throughout Europe, will be perused with interest and profit; while the information renders the translated specimens more illustrative and valuable. That singular literature is regarded by the bishop according to its most remarkable stages. First, he views it in its birth, and as it took its rise among the Icelanders, during the general tranquillity which distinguished the earlier Norwegian emigrants who settled in the island, and when the recollection of events was preserved by the Skalds and Sagamen; chroniclers that resembled the troubadours, who sung heroic songs and also improvised. He next shows how the Icelanders, and these retailers of traditions and proclaimers of memorable achievements, betook

themselves to historical composition, and also the culture of poetry : climate, daily pursuits, and domestic condition, with other special circumstances, uniting thus to influence them and produce mental development. One of the features in the third period was the establishment of schools, Christianity giving an impulse to writing. The Latin language was introduced at the same date that this benign light reached them, and was generally acquired ; and thus knowledge was spread, and thought prompted as well as embellished. At length sundry changes came over Iceland hostile to the spirit and the blessings of literature. The social condition of the people was injuriously affected by feuds and the rise of an oligarchy. Sagas ceased to be written ; romances came into vogue, and tended to spoil taste, as well as to furnish only unsubstantial food for the mind. Even voyages ceased to be undertaken, and Iceland sank into insignificance. Still fewer Sagas, or what might be held as national literature, were written in the 16th century than in the 15th ; “ not so much because people began to get acquainted with printed works, which took place slowly, as because the reformation at first operated against the reading of Sagas : they were said to contain popery.” The nature and construction of this kind of composition is clearly exhibited in the essay before us ; and to that detailed account of extraordinary specimens of learning, and evidences of singular manners, we recommend our readers to repair, seeing that the information there found has hitherto lain in a language which few Englishmen understand. Mr. Beamish styles himself, among other titles, “ Member of the Royal Danish Society of Northern Antiquities ;” a deservedly celebrated body, on account of the documents it has rescued from oblivion or destruction. The volume is dedicated to Charles Christian Rafn, who is professor of Northern Literature, and a member of several learned bodies ; for example, he is “ Fellow of the Royal Antiquarian Society of London.”

ART. V.—*Lights, Shadows, and Reflections, of Whigs and Tories.* By a COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. London : T. & W. Boone, 29, New Bond-street.

THE plan and contents of this volume resemble Lord Brougham's “ Characters of Distinguished Statesmen ;” the author informing us, however, that the book was finished before he had read that work. But, even without this preliminary notice, we should have held him guiltless of imitation, both in regard to matter and manner, although he leans to Whiggery, and seizes upon some of the characters which his lordship has introduced into his gallery : so that the *Lights, Shadows, and Reflections* will be perused with

pleasure throughout, and sometimes with profit, even after, or concomitantly with, the ex-Chancellor's well-known portraits.

Who the *Country Gentleman* is we know not, but we should say that he is a practised writer; for he has the fluency, and also the workman-like art of seizing upon prominent points, whether of events or characters, in the course of each of his sketches, without embarrassing himself with superfluities, or even second-rate incidents. He is rapid, and frequently forcible; happy, too, on occasions, with his strokes, as well as stinging in his censures. Indeed, he flatters more rarely than Brougham, and seems to judge less favourably of human nature than the rhetorician has done. But we must also pronounce him to be given to conjecture and dogmatism; his style, besides, bearing the marks of an habitual taste for antithetical expression, that has more sound than sense. We must, however, do him justice, and state that, although he appears to have mixed much and long with public men, and even to have had more than ordinary opportunities, for a country gentleman, of observation and collecting anecdotes, yet that he never puts himself forward offensively, and is the very opposite of an egotist. He writes in earnest, and apparently with the desire of guiding his readers to correct and useful conclusions. He, therefore, is uniformly agreeable, and frequently striking.

The characters which figure in the present volume range from 1760 to 1810, forming a continued series; the sketches of themselves presenting an embodiment of our political history during that long period, and frequently also exhibiting traits of personal and private character, which one likes to observe and examine. To render the sketches more distinct and complete, here and there chapters of history are inserted, which carry the eye over a wide field, and which serve as frames for the portraits, both the outlines and characters occupying small space—thirty-two *chapters*, or separate subjects, being selected and dismissed in the course of less than two hundred and fifty pages. Another volume is to appear, containing *Part the Second*, on the first of January, 1842, continuing the review of men and parties to the death of William the Fourth. There can be no doubt of the First Part becoming a herald, so as to recommend to popular taste the Second.

The author announces his object to be merely “to ascertain if the Tories are more worthy of public confidence than the Whigs; or if both parties are utterly worthless;” evidently intending, by holding up the most prominent men and measures identified with each party, to show that the Whigs are far most deserving of respect and reliance.

The important distinctions between Whig and Tory appear to him to be as follows:—“The former is anxious that the people shall have as much liberty as is compatible with government; the

latter is intent on the elevation of the Crown, at the expense of the people. The Tories wish for an enlightened despotism, the Whigs for a stately democracy; and they have actually brought into practice the converse of La Fayette's theory—a republic with monarchical institutions. The Tories rally round the throne to coerce the people; the Whigs lead on the people to shackle the monarch. The Tories have an inordinate love of war; the Whigs an ardent desire for peace." He holds, that the great characteristics of the two parties were not distinctly marked or defined till 1760, and that they did not pass as current coin until the triumph of Pitt over Fox, in 1784, which he not only laments, but he indulges in conjectures, and even utters sweeping prophecies, about what would have been the consequence, *if* these two leading statesmen had "united cordially." This style of prediction, and of attributing to individuals almost omnipotent sway, is not unusual with the *Country Gentleman*.

But with regard to the two great parties: he gives each the credit of being more consistent than has been generally admitted; for although individuals have changed, public bodies have not. "Many have served in both armies; but the tactics, nay, the colours and uniforms of the two conflicting bodies have remained unchanged." And yet he declares, when speaking of the rivalry of Pitt and Fox, that "their principles were the same." Perhaps some of our readers may not be able to recognise any such real or practical distinctions between the "two conflicting bodies," as we have already quoted; and therefore that, in as far as the people are concerned, it now matters little which of them is at the helm of affairs. However, and to note some other alleged characteristics, distinctions are drawn with even a closer reference to individuals of the two parties, as if the political theory of Toryism affected the morality of the man. We are told that "the extensive bribery of 1763 and 1800 was the work of Tories: the receivers of the bribes, in both cases, were Tories." Our author proceeds thus. "How does it happen that they (the Tories) should evince so strong a belief in the efficacy of money? It must arise from their attachment to prerogative, which is always hateful, and never is availing unless maintained by force, which, in a country, is costly. How happens it that several Prerogative and Tory judges have been convicted of *personal* corruption? Lord Macclesfield, Jefferies, and Scroggs are examples. (The Country Gentleman goes farther back than when Whiggism and Toryism were for the first time marked and defined.) No Whig magistrate of high rank has ever been convicted, or even accused, of this offence. (Can our readers not name renegades from the Whig phalanx, when a peerage or a pension has been the bribe?) How does it happen that all unprincipled demagogues and covetous democrats have hated the Whigs with greater

virulence than the Tories? Wilkes, Horne Tooke, and Cobbett can answer." Again,—“It is curious enough, that all the celebrated unbelievers whom Great Britain has produced were either Tories or Radicals: Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, Wilkes, Tom Paine, attest the truth of this assertion.” We leave it to others to pronounce upon our author’s logic in these passages; and also to call up their reading, or their observation, in order to decide upon the fairness and fulness of the list of corrupt and unbelieving men of notoriety.

The last character sketched in the volume is that of the monarch in whose reign the others, selected by our author, figured. The portrait is anything but favourable; indeed George the Third is represented as one of the “very worst” of British kings. Motives are ascribed to him of the vilest nature, while the principles of his policy are described as being so tortuous and designing, as, if true, would force the world to acknowledge that he was a man of far greater parts than he has generally passed for. In fact he is called a “serpent,” and held up as a man who could catch in his toils the ablest statesmen; nay, that he could accomplish by the most apparently unlikely, and even by contradictory means, such as enemies, what he desired; thus leaving upon the mind the image of another Louis Philippe. We shall quote parts of this character, as our first specimens of the “Gentleman’s” pencillings. He thus begins:—

“Few monarchs have lived, concerning whom a greater diversity of opinion exists, than George the Third. At this day, his memory is revered by many; by others, he is hated even in his grave.—The pity which his long illness inspired has softened many asperities; but the deluge of blood, the waste of property, the displacement of capital, the accumulation of debt, and above all, the savage assaults on the press, with a sanguinary penal code, complete the list of calamities which his government inflicted on the people.

“By Scotland and Ireland, more especially, his memory must be regarded with unqualified abhorrence. The former country had no representatives in Parliament, nor any clearly defined code of law, during his reign. The latter groaned under an oppressive penal code, which was not relaxed until 1794. She had also to endure an over-grown church establishment; and after being goaded into rebellion, was deprived of her Parliament by corruption the most vile, by oppression the most galling, and by the basest treachery. To Irishmen, George the Third entertained a decided hatred, which, however, he was careful to conceal. The Catholic religion he loathed, yet feared. Some Protestant Jesuits having impressed him with the idea that the coronation oath imposed an obstacle to Catholic emancipation, he wrote several letters on the subject to Lord Kenyon, then Chief Justice. This correspondence was afterwards published, and exhibits, in the strongest degree, bigotry, ignorance, and fatuity. Scotland he always feared: the rebellion of 1745 was not forgotten. But the Scotch, being an united people, could not be oppressed like Ireland. Accordingly,

the plan was adopted of purchasing, with office or title, every Scotchman whose virtue was assailable ; and as the Scots (unlike the Irish) are not subdivided into factions, Scotland being now treated with kindness, flattered, and greatly enriched, became tranquil, and calmly abided her time."

It is very usual with those who assail the character of George the Third, to attribute to him only, or chiefly, the anomalies and the blots which distinguished the period of his reign ; as, for instance, the sanguinary nature of the penal code, just as if the king had been the sole law-maker ; as if the voice of Parliament and of the people at large differed from him ; and as if he should have been greatly in advance of his age.

Our author goes on to say that George the Third's sole aim " was to become an absolute monarch," and that this ambition had been instilled into him by his mother, who constantly said, " George, be king." But his despotic system was wily, for it was " not to be his own premier, but to retain no minister who did not execute his commands." We suspect that it is but human nature, and reasonable also for a monarch, to desire no servant whose views do not coincide with his own ; although we know that George was obliged, just as Queen Victoria may be, to retain ministers who were not agreeable. How otherwise came it to pass that he did not always have for premier, Mr. Addington, who is said to have been " the only minister whom he really loved, both as a public and private character ?"

" Him, he parted with most reluctantly ; indeed, he yielded to absolute force alone, and was shortly after visited by mental derangement. This man he certainly loved ; for his manners were most agreeable, and he was willing to do everything, or anything, as he was commanded. The elder Pitt he hated, and betrayed, notwithstanding the glories of the seven years' war, the conquest of Canada, and the acquisition of Cuba. His ardent attachment to the liberty of the press could not be forgiven. He was able and willing to have preserved America ; but he was a sincere Parliamentary Reformer ; and George the Third preferred any evil to a reform in Parliament, or a repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Catholic emancipation itself had for him fewer horrors than either of the two ' revolutionary measures.' "

The true cause why Catholic Emancipation was so long resisted was, we are told in a note, from an apprehension of the Dissenters. With regard to his persuasive powers and certain interferences—

" The obstinacy and perseverance by which he carried his purpose into effect were most unremitting. He had great powers of persuasion, and had tears at will. We have seen how he lured the unfortunate Charles Yorke to his destruction ; in like manner he deceived Lord Camden, persuading him to remain in office after the retirement of Lord Chatham, ridding himself of his presence on the first opportunity, and then receiving

him with alacrity as a colleague to the son of Lord Chatham. His dexterity in effecting his purpose was strikingly displayed in three memorable instances. The peace of 1763 he concluded to enable him to dismiss Lord Chatham; the war with America he commenced against the wishes of Lord North, continued it against his remonstrances, yet persuaded him to remain in office; the war in 1793 was forced by him on Pitt, and when he found that it must be concluded he violated his promise of Catholic Emancipation, by which he rid himself of a Minister no longer useful. When forced to admit Pitt to office a second time, he bound him by a promise not to introduce any measure of relief to the Catholics.

“On the death of Fox, he tried to seduce Lord Grenville into baseness. When that Minister refused, some months later, to give him a similar pledge to that he had obtained from Pitt, the Ministry was dismissed, and a yell of no popery was raised, simply to enable George the Third to reign without control. This was his last political achievement. During the next three years he was absolute; his despotism only ceased when he became incapable of acting.

“In the distribution of patronage he greatly interfered, more so than any other monarch of his dynasty. He was too cautious, and too well read in English history to tamper with Judges, or to interfere with their appointment; this business he always confided to his Chancellor, and we have seen how anxious he was never to have a Keeper of the Great Seal who would run counter to his wishes. In respect to the Bench of Bishops the case was widely different; most of the Spiritual Lords were indebted to him alone for their promotion. We have seen how he deceived both Fox and Pitt as to the See of Canterbury, in both instances evading the appointment which the Minister desired.”

Respecting George's private character our author does not deal in lavish praise. He admits of little more that was amiable than excellence as a husband “to a most unamiable and distasteful person.” As a father “his conduct was unnatural, despotic, and odious;” his feelings to his eldest son being specially referred to. It is added, that he was joined in his hatred of the prince by the queen; a representation very different from what has appeared in some accounts. We extract one other passage, in which every apparently liberal or worthy action is set down to bad motives:—

“Much has been said of his religion, but little can be alleged with truth of his charity. A more illiberal, intolerant, human being did not exist; the hatred he bore to Catholicism was as nothing when compared with his horror of Protestant Dissenters. He knew that the stronghold of the Whigs lay among the English and Scotch Dissenters. It is singular that a man who was sufficiently enlightened to express his distaste to the Athanasian Creed, should on other points be so extremely narrow-minded. His acquirements in literature were but moderate; he read a great deal, but his reading was confined altogether to new publications. He appears to have read more with a view of discovering the principles of the writers, and of discerning who might be of use to him, than from a desire of either

useful knowledge or innocent entertainment. Accordingly, Dr. Johnson received a pension as the writer of two pamphlets; but the author of the *Rambler* might have sighed away his existence, unknown and unrewarded by Royalty, had he not been a political partizan. The great work of Gibbon was unnoticed, but when the author became a Tory a lucrative office was bestowed on him. The writings of Burke were never appreciated by George the Third until the "*Reflections on the French Revolution*" appeared, and then the splendid apostate was rewarded with three thousand pounds a year. Paley had rendered great services to the cause of religion by his "*Evidences*" and "*Natural Theology*," but unfortunately the "*Moral Philosophy*" contained some passages offensive to royalty and detrimental to absolute government. Bishop Watson, it is believed, he would have advanced but for the interference of his Queen, who reminded him that the Bishop had opposed the Regency bill in 1789. Kirwan, the greatest preacher the English Church had produced for more than a century, was condemned to immortality and penury.

"His patronage of the fine arts was conducted on the same principle. West was encouraged because he was a courtier, and almost confined himself to scriptural subjects. Barry was a Whig, and an Irish Catholic, accordingly the King struck his name out of the list of Royal Academicians.

"He was a steady patron of the drama, and frequently attended the theatre; but even here his political feelings interposed. During the greater part of his reign, Drury Lane possessed a company greatly superior to that of Covent Garden; yet to the latter theatre he went much more frequently than to the former, when Sheridan became one of its proprietors. The place in which he appeared to the greatest advantage was at a levee or a drawing-room: there alone he sunk his political feelings, and was equally courteous to Whig and Tory; even the profligate demagogue Wilkes was received with urbanity.

"His memory was so extremely tenacious, and his store of anecdotes so considerable, that he was enabled to hold a conversation with every one about his own affairs, in which he always appeared to feel an interest. He was jocular, without losing dignity; was uniformly courteous, kind in his manners, dignified without haughtiness, apparently sincere and humane.

"Had he been heir to a dukedom instead of a throne, he would have been the pride of his order and an ornament to his country; but the determination to become an absolute monarch influenced every action and every feeling—to attain this object every thing was sacrificed; he had pawned his very soul to purchase despotism.

"Between George the Third and Charles the First there were many points of resemblance. The same bigotry, the same obstinacy, treachery, insincerity, cruelty, and despotic principles are to be found in both. George pursued his object by influence—Charles by straining the prerogative of the crown. The former acted through a corrupt Parliament—the latter tried to dispense with Parliament altogether; both were personally brave—both were treacherous to the last degree: but the treachery was different in each. Charles would never have lured a man to destruction as George did the ill-fated Yorke. On the other hand, George would

never have abandoned a minister to his fate as Charles did the unfortunate guilty Strafford. Had Earl Temple been impeached (as he deserved) for his canvass of the Peers in 1784, his royal master would not have abandoned him.

“Upon the whole, we must pronounce George the Third to have been the very worst monarch of his dynasty, and his reign to have been productive of the direst calamities.”

Our author has picked up a considerable number of anecdotes, several of them quite new to us, and all of them striking; their force being aided by the skilful manner in which he has inserted them. They are often highly illustrative. One of these speaking snatches concerns King George and his feelings towards Lord Loughborough, when Mr. Wedderburne. He had been counsel for Lord Grosvenor against the Duke of Cumberland, in the action of crim. con., and obtained ten thousand pounds damages, which, it is said, was one motive for the king's hatred of the lawyer. Another was, that he considered him to have been the legal adviser of the Prince of Wales, his chancellor by anticipation. Now for the anecdote:—

“When, many years after, an account was brought to the king that Lord Rosslyn was dead, he desired one of his equeries to ride over to his seat, which was not far from Windsor, to learn if the news were true; on being informed that it was certain, the monarch exclaimed, ‘Then the greatest rascal in my dominions is dead.’”

We shall now quote two or three specimens that will read more agreeably than the foregoing extracts, and which evince power, knowledge, and sound judgment. We resort to different chapters and distinct characters. First, of Lord Chatham:—

“Chatham belonged not to England, but to the world; he was the friend to mankind, the enemy of despots. He loved liberty, not with that mercantile, exclusive love which modern political imposters profess, but with that ardent adoration which induces votaries to make proselytes. The modern patriot loves liberty because it is British; Chatham loved it the more that it was British, but panted to make it European, African, American. The former wishes it to be exclusive; the latter willed it to be universal. Chatham was cast in the mould of antiquity, and more resembled the men of Plutarch than the feeble artists of modern times; he was the type, the impersonation of Whiggism in its purest conceptions. If he raised the whirlwind, he could direct the storm; at his bidding the light of liberty illumined Europe. The fierce democracy was wielded with the arm of Hercules, the hydra of despotism strangled beneath his feet; but, alas! the shirt of Nessus prevailed; he succumbed beneath the robes of the Peerage.”

Speaker Abbott, Lord Colchester, is our next sample.

“In one respect Abbott was censurable, he infused an air of insincerity and mystification into the debates of the House; for example, a member having quoted the report of a speech in the House of Commons from a newspaper, the Speaker called him to order, and with justice; but waxing warm, he declared that ‘no person would dare to report the proceedings of the House of Commons, it was a gross breach of privilege.’ On a motion made by Mr. Maddocks to inquire into the conduct of Lord Castlereagh as to the purchase of a seat in the House of Commons, Mr. Ponsonby with indiscreet candour declared that ‘such practices were notorious, as the sun at noon day.’ The Speaker, with all the gravity of an abbeſs, ſaid that ſuch a declaration would have made the ‘hair of our anceſtors ſtand on end.’ On another occaſion his love of order and decorum maniſteſted itſelf in a ludicrous manner; Earl Percy had to preſent a report and aſk for leave to lay it on the table; he appeared at the bar of the Houſe, and was accordingly aſked by the Speaker, ‘What have you there, Earl Percy?’ The noble Lord, through inadvertence, advanced towards the table of the Houſe, when he was ſtartled by a ſhout of ‘Order, order,’ from the Speaker; this was twice repeated; at length a member whiſpered to the diſmayed nobleman, that he ſhould not have advanced beyond the bar until he had been told by the Speaker to bring up the report; he accordingly returned, and was informed by the Speaker with great pomp of language that he was very diſorderly, and having relieved himſelf by this diſplay, ſat down rejoicing in his own magnificence.

“In returning the thanks of the Houſe to Naval and Military Commanders, he appeared to great advantage. His addreſſes to the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lynedoch, Lord Hill, and the other officers who achieved victories during the Peninſular war, are moſt felicitous. A certain degree of ſtatelineſs and a fulneſs of declamation, are not miſplaced in deſcribing the pomp and circumſtance of war. Accordingly the blemiſhes of Abbott became graces when he deſcanted on military ſubjects; he evinced, too, a very accurate judgment in thoſe addreſſes, avoiding diffuſeneſs on the one hand, and obſcure brevity on the other: thoſe ſpeeches, like Niobe’s children, are all beautiful, yet differing in degree and ſtyle of beauty.

Facies non omnibus una
Nec diverſa tamen.

OVIDIUS.

“In one reſpect, however, the fame of Abbott will endure—he poſſeſſed a rare impartiality, never evincing a want of firmneſs or temper. The impeachment of Lord Melville was carried by his caſting vote, although he knew that the ſucceſs of that impeachment would deſtroy the adminiſtration. Had he been Speaker when Mr. Pitt and Mr. Tierney had the altercation, which ended in a duel, he would have quelled the diſpute at once. Had he preſided in the firſt Reformed Parliament, the indecencies, and vulgarity, which diſgraced that aſſembly would have been chaſtiſed the very firſt night.”

One of the ableſt portraits is that of Lord Grenville, the lights and ſhadows, and alſo the reflections, being happily blended. Take a paſſage.

“He had great merits, and great defects; among the former was his consistency, among the latter was a stern haughtiness, which never forsook him. Accordingly, he was the most unpopular man in England, hated by the people, and abhorred by the King. By both George the Third and George the Fourth he was cordially detested; a decided proof that he must have possessed very extraordinary merit. When George the Third became nearly blind, he said, ‘I shall at least have one consolation—I can no longer see Lord Grenville.’ As a proof of his haughtiness, on one occasion when dining at Carlton House, the Prince, who sat next him, clapped him on the back and pressed him to fill his glass. Lord Grenville gave him a look which spoke volumes. The Prince instantly said, ‘Oh, my Lord, I ask your pardon?’ The answer was, ‘Sir, I am your *father’s* subject.’ In one respect he was differently circumstanced from either Pitt or Fox, the former of whom was in office during the greater part of his career; the latter in opposition during the entire of his parliamentary life with the exception of two years. Lord Grenville on the other hand was sixteen years in office, and twenty in opposition. Having sat in the Cabinet with all the eminent men of his time, he acquired in consequence a knowledge of the character, talent, and attainments of his opponents and colleagues. In the House of Commons he does not appear to have taken a very active part, perhaps unwilling to encounter men, who, whatever may be thought of them, when compared with Pitt, were certainly greatly his superiors.

“In the House of Peers the Minister was without efficient support, it therefore answered every purpose to raise Grenville to the Peerage, which was effected before the commencement of the war. To the House of Peers he was admirably suited; his manner stately and imposing, but without the animation of Pitt; his logic and reasoning powers inferior only to those of Fox, were enlivened neither by wit, or humour, or sarcasm. His speeches were more like the lectures of a professor than the orations of a senator, and were evidently delivered as if there was to be no appeal from the judgments he pronounced.”

We pass over to Ireland to give a glimpse at Curran.

“But the criterion of a speech is the effect produced on the audience to which it is addressed; and assuming this rule to be correct, never was there a more successful orator; he carried away juries, judges, the bar, the audience, convulsing them with laughter, or drowning them in tears, as seemed meet to the great artist. The most extraordinary speech which he, or perhaps any other advocate ever made, was in a case of a disputed will, Newburgh versus Burrowes. The trial occupied eight or nine days. The speech of Curran (whose duty it was to impugn the will) consumed six hours; unfortunately there is no report of it, but the writer has heard from two eminent men who were counsel in the cause, that the display of talent of every kind was astonishing; his pathetic description of a dying man anxious to make an equitable will, was strongly contrasted with his mimicry of a Galway priest who attended the testator during his last illness. Part of the priest’s evidence ran thus: ‘Dennis, says I, now that you are going to die, it is time to lead a new life. Oh, it would be a

mighty pretty thing to save your soul from the great enemy.' This, delivered in a strong Connaught brogue, with a St. Omer's lackering, had a most ludicrous effect, and Curran took care when he repeated it, that it should lose nothing in the *translation*. The effect produced by this piece of comic acting on the Judge who presided, (Lord Clonmell,) was very amusing; he did not think it decorous to laugh much, but having himself a great relish for humour, and no inconsiderable talent for mimicry, he was placed in a painful position between the restraint he imposed on himself, and his propensity to laugh; at length he fairly broke out into a convulsion of laughter and very nearly fell off the bench."

We shall leave off in the Emerald Isle, Grattan being the subject.

"His mode of preparing his speeches was very peculiar. He did not write much, but he rehearsed the greater portion of his harangues. When he hit on a passage which pleased him, he committed it to writing. It is not a little singular, that his invectives were for the most part prepared: among others, the celebrated one against Flood. He, however, did not seek an occasion for introducing these fierce assaults; but he considered the characters and conduct of the men with whom he was likely to come into collision, and arranged his weapons accordingly. These prepared diatribes he pleasantly styled his 'pocket pistols.' They were, however, more for defence than attack, as he seldom fired the first shot. In the two instances of Flood and Corry, it was not he who sought the quarrel.

"His manner was very peculiar. His gestures would, in another, be deemed extravagant, and his pauses might be thought protracted. But this eccentric manner set off his peculiar style;—there was such a harmony in all the parts of his speeches—such a consistency in his conduct, that his blemishes seemed beauties. One of the great charms of his character was his simplicity. He had much playfulness of manner, a gentle, yet a buoyant spirit; the heart of a child, the soul of a demi-god."

Our Country Gentleman gives anecdotes of Grattan, derived from personal observation and interviews.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of a Sergeant of the 5th Regiment of Foot.* London: Simpkin and Marshall.

WE have here within about one hundred and thirty pages *duodecimo*, the autobiography of a soldier, who has seen a good deal of service. In 1803 he enlisted in the Army of Reserve, which he did not like, partly because the Line dazzled him by its superior appearance and reputation, and therefore he volunteered into the regular army. For some time he remained in England, but at length was ordered to Buenos Ayres in Whitelock's expedition. Afterwards he served in Hanover, and next in the Peninsula, in the course of time being promoted from the ranks to the halbert. When peace was established he retired upon a pension, with hard-won laurels,

and has since at intervals employed himself in recording the scenes in which he took part, and the more remarkable events of which he was a witness. In one respect his circumstances and condition are singular even for a soldier and a veteran; for he tells us that when, early in 1815, recruiting parties were sent out, including himself, at that time stationed at Stafford, (we must quote his precise words) “I enlisted twelve men and a woman! a woman to whom I was united in St. Mary’s Church, and by whom I had eighteen children. She was twelve years younger than myself; and she will, I anxiously hope, live to do the last friendly office for me.” May the proceeds of his little volume help to soothe his latter days and those of his female recruit. It will be but its deserts, as well as a due monument to his bravery; for a more truthful soldier-like record cannot be desired, conferring vitality and vividness upon scenes that have been hundreds of times described, and coming acceptably after them all.

It is not to be looked for that the Sergeant will evince much learning, (his style is sometimes rather too ornate or ambitious,) but yet his promotion is proof sufficient that he could readily handle the pen. Every part of his narrative shows, besides, that he made good use of his opportunities as an observer. He possesses a sound judgment; for while earnest and full of his subject, he is neither egotistic nor ruffled. The result is, that the old campaigner places us amid the circumstances of which he speaks, makes us participate in his feelings, and hence to comprehend with very considerable clearness and force the scenes and excitements of war, whether these are in the catalogue of horrors or of exultations—in the ordinary routine of duty, or amid the whirlwind of battle. And yet there are other occasions still more affecting—other passages in the warrior’s life more disheartening and appalling:—

The Sergeant was in the retreat to Corunna; was wounded; was taken prisoner, having, with others, trusted too long to some shelter; and was sent back to Lugo. From this part of the Memoirs we take our extracts, for they will at this day be read with an interest which is not a little enhanced by the cordial tone of his sentiments towards his captors; or rather by the picture which he could not in justice avoid giving of the good feeling, and the respect, shown by the French to their most formidable enemies. It will be seen that the Spanish and the Portuguese prisoners were handled in a very different manner; their conduct in the field, their discipline, and their system of warfare, inspiring opposite feelings. *We fall in* when the prisoners are about to march *minus* their arms:—

“When the confusion had a little subsided, we were commanded to destroy our arms. I was standing viewing this work of destruction, my right arm resting on the muzzle of my piece, my left arm hanging down upon my side, bleeding profusely, without hope, in a state indeed of perfect apathy; when one of the prisoners, seeing that I could not do it

myself offered to break my firelock for me. Now this was too much; it had travelled with me from Guernsey, had been my companion in all my troubles, and was like an old friend. I could not bear to see it destroyed by another; and feeling a sort of desperate energy possess me, I slipped my hand down to the swivel, raised it up, and dashing it against a stone, fractured the stock. One of the guard, apparently an old soldier, observing the affair, very generously bound up my arm, and offering the canteen, cautioned us as to retracing our steps. 'You must,' says he, 'return to Lugo by the high road: if you are found on a by-path, either by our men or by the Spaniards, you will be shot.' This advice, which was not to be disregarded, indicated that until we arrived at Lugo, we should be without a guard."

The scenes which follow are of all shades, and show how chequered the campaigner's life may be, even while a prisoner; privations and abundance, sickness of heart and jollity, strangely blending. Says the veteran:—

"We did not walk more than two miles the first day, and stopped at a building by the road-side, which was filled by the enemy, and our own soldiers of different regiments, who seemed very quiet together. The next morning we continued our journey, joined by William Harwood of the band, commonly called Billy, Lintwhite of the Grenadiers, John Barker of the company I belonged to, and others, in all about twenty. About the middle of the day, we stopped at a house where we found several of the French cavalry. They were cooking, and seemed to have abundance of stock both alive and dead. They kindly offered us refreshment, and killing a sheep, a good part of the shoulder fell to my share. We then resumed our journey. Billy, Lintwhite, Barker, and some others, had set off first; and I, my mutton in my haversack, with the rest followed. When we came up with the first party, we found they had taken possession of a milch goat, which, to say the least of it, was great wantonness. About three miles before we reached the town, having walked about one, we heard an unusual noise of many voices, but from a curve in the road could not see the persons from whom it proceeded. On coming up to this bend, we found our way blocked up by peasants armed with forks, and other implements of husbandry, vociferating all sorts of curses on our heads, and consigning us to the custody of their three hundred devils. As they approached, and pushed at us with their forks, Barker declared he would face them all; and after a few blows, he with the strongest of us succeeded in wresting their weapons from our assailants, when they all ran off. Some of the French coming up at this moment, had a good laugh at them, and returned with us to the town."

The scenes darken: says the Sergeant, "for full a mile before we entered Lugo, the sad effects of the last harassing march were visible. Men, women, horses, and carriages, of all sorts and of both nations, were promiscuously heaped together." The canvass is again shifted, on having arrived at Lugo, where they were conducted

to prison, an immense pile of building with a court yard in front. The narrator continues :—

“Never before, never since, and may I never again witness such scenes as those of that dreadful night. Every room in this abode of misery, every landing, and even the stairs, were literally crammed. Groans, laughing, and cursing, were horribly blended; very many of the unfortunate beings had the diarrhoea, and were so feeble and emaciated as to be unable to move from the spot on which they were placed. Others, again, from being so crowded, stood on or fell over them, and when this misfortune happened they had much difficulty in getting up again. My station on the stairs I kept all night, during which I lost my mutton. But who could eat amidst the dreadful stench of so many breaths, and all other offensive effluvia? The Black Hole at Calcutta was brought to my recollection, and appearances justified my apprehending a similar fate. I had to endure another species of torture all night, for my arm was exceedingly painful. Morning at length came, the doors were unlocked, but we were warned not to come out until a gun fired. The signal was given, and I was delivered from this grave of the living—this house of the dead. Some of us were permitted to go into the town, under care of the guard, where, strange as it may seem, we did not see one living inhabitant. In the several houses which we entered, every thing was in deplorable confusion; the wine taps being wantonly or carelessly pulled out, the cellars were flooded with it. The furniture, however valuable, was broken, and such as would burn was converted into firewood. I went into one house, where a number of French officers were at breakfast, which consisted of wine and meat. Without any ceremony they presented some to me, and then all standing up, compelled me to drink with them to the health of their Emperor. I then requested they would in return drink to the health of our sovereign, which they did, and in English too; it was ludicrous enough to hear them mix up George the Third with *Vive l'Empereur*. Fortune jilted me of my mutton, but she was now more kind; for one of the officers gave me a smart little ham ready cooked, which I joyfully carried back to my prison yard. On my returning, I learned that sixteen unhappy creatures had died in the night.”

On his return to the court-yard, the Sergeant found that there were from seven to eight hundred prisoners, and there were as many, if not more, on their march from Corunna. The ill-fated beings who had died in the night were removed “without funeral dirge or any other token of respect.” As for his own arm, however, he had poulticed it when practicable, and on being examined by a French physician it was pronounced to be in a fair way of healing, which was the fact. The prisoners were paraded; but we must allow the old soldier to continue his story. Amongst us, he says,—

“Was a youth, an officer either of the Queen's or Cameronians, I do not recollect which, his uniform looked fresh and good, and he had his belt and sash on. It was no doubt the first military garb he had ever worn; and

he had most likely put it on with his breast beating high with hope and military ardour. He did not appear to be dejected. Every one, however, that had a heart to feel, felt deeply for him. Out of the number paraded, four hundred were selected to proceed to France: the remainder were to follow in divisions until the whole were cleared off. I managed to go with the first party, and about eleven in the morning we set out under a guard of thirty men, commanded by an officer. On getting into the pass, and nearly the whole distance to Villa Franca, and even partially to Astorga, distressing objects, similar to those we witnessed on our way to Lugo, were again to be seen. It would outrage humanity, and offend delicacy, were I to attempt a description of such revolting spectacles. Arrived at Villa Franca, we had liberty to plunder for our support under the superintendence of sentries, who allowed us to take nothing but what we could eat. Here, as at Lugo, ruin in its most distressing form was every where visible. We left Villa Franca, and proceeded towards Astorga, which I felt impatient to reach. My arm was fast getting well. My secret plan which I intended to attempt, could not, I was aware, be carried into effect until we were out of the pass. At length we arrived at Astorga, where we had a fresh guard, and where we remained two days. We then went on towards Benevento. The guard was more numerous than before, and more particular in causing us to keep up: yet they were certainly very kind to us; for if any of us fell out through exhaustion, a sentry was sent to our assistance, or we were allowed to take our chance of what might happen, by being left behind. But the case was very different with the Spanish and Portuguese prisoners; any of them falling out, and being unable to regain them, were generally shot."

We shall not copy out more, but merely add that the Sergeant contrived to effect his escape.

ART. VII.—1. *Notes on the United States of North America, during a Phrenological Visit in 1838-9-40.* By GEORGE COMBE. 3 vols. London: Longman.

2. *America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive.* By J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq. 3 vols. London: Fisher.

WERE it not for the Phrenological matter in the Notes, and the manner in which it is every now and then pressed into the author's service, the work would be one of the most judicious, impartial, and satisfactory, that has yet appeared on the United States of North America. We have no right, however, to complain of this infusion, although it may have slight effect upon us, so as to work a conversion in behalf of the so called science of which Mr. Combe is the great apostle; seeing, first, that his visit had a special reference to the study and cultivation of Phrenology; and, secondly, because his earnestness in that study has lent a feature to his work, engaging

a curiosity which the genius and knowledge of the author either gratifies or leaves fresh and eager for the reception of further light ; while upon subjects in general his searching ability and candour give to everything he says a value and a truthfulness never before displayed either by American or English writers, who have treated of the United States. The very manner in which the facts were collected by him, and the progress or processes which characterised the formation of his opinions, would promise good things in the case of any traveller. The mere circumstance of his not having projected a book, and not being beforehand resolved at all hazards to concoct one, ought, when a man of such mind and honesty speaks out, to authorise high anticipations. He tells us that " From my first arrival I kept a note-book, into which I entered from day to day such observations as were suggested by the objects and circumstances around me. At first the novelty of aspect under which even commonplace objects occasionally presented themselves, imparted to many of them an interest which they did not intrinsically possess. But as at that time my journal was written solely for private use, I felt no scruple in entering in its pages many observations and impressions which would never have found a place in it had it been composed originally with a view to publication. In proportion, however, as the country and its affairs opened up to me in more familiar intercourse, higher objects excited attention ; and many passing events, institutions, and social arrangements, suggested reflections, which, judging from my own experience, seemed calculated to interest the British public. It was only at a late period that the idea of publishing my observations presented itself."

Any one who is even in but a slight way acquainted with the theories about man and his mind which have been broached, or have excited discussion, in the course of the last quarter of a century, must know that Mr. George Combe is distinguished as a moral philosopher ; and also that with extraordinary acuteness and energy he has laboured to establish a system of practical education in conformity with, or as the offspring of, his scientific principles. In America his exertions and merits are appreciated, and must have been a passport to him, such as ordinary tourists do not enjoy. Therefore, and independently of his habits of close analysis, of shrewd observation, of extensive preliminary information, and of a determination to see and think for himself, he had advantages over perhaps any British subject that has yet written concerning the United States.

Besides, it is not to be overlooked, that Mr. Combe was in America during some eventful occurrences, and when not only the institutions of the country were severely tested, but when, and as a necessary consequence, the character of the people might be viewed in an undisguised, an inartificial state ; and, as we have intimated,

he was just the man to fix his eye upon mainsprings and prime lineaments. We need only remind our readers that during his visit the boundary question and the Canadian disputes were not merely at their maddened height, but that a commercial panic and the suspensions of payments by banks, together with the political contests which thence arose or were concomitants, threatened the credit and stability of the Union.

Mr. Combe's travels were not so wide and general as we shall find those of Mr. Buckingham to have been. Indeed, he may be said to have confined himself to New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and the cities and territories of the earlier British settlers—old, well-peopled, and commercial America, as we may call it when speaking of the United States of the north. It is unnecessary in our pages to enumerate or to classify the leading subjects of his work. The account already quoted of the manner in which his notes grew into a book indicates a wide range, including not only the author's personal observations, opinions concerning the more superficial subjects for a note-book, and reflections about men and things; but disquisitions going much deeper into the frame of society, the working and permanency of institutions, and, in short, the entire system of the United States, social, political, and economical. We need hardly mention that he sifts the statistics of the country with his accustomed closeness and energy. Brilliancy of style will not be expected from him; sentimental outpourings will be looked for in vain; and fine picturesque descriptions, or absorbing romance, would be quite out of place. But the phrenologist's sketches are frequently graphic, and his humour quietly piquant. Above all, he uniformly impresses the mind with the ideas of good faith and singleness of purpose; in short, of an honest, an earnest, and an able man. Before introducing two extracts, each of considerable length, we may state that our author's opinions of the national character of the people among whom he sojourned are favourable, and apparently not overdrawn. He also entertains strong faith in the permanence of the institutions of the country, and anticipates still much more glorious developments from these institutions and the genius of the people than have yet been realized. But to our specimens, which regard general or predominating features of character. Upon the subject whether the Americans have a capacity for, and are prone to, war, we have this disquisition,—

“The opinion is generally entertained in Britain, that the Americans are so intensely devoted to gain and so averse to taxation, that they are not a warlike nation; but my conviction is different. The history of their country, which, in one form or another, constitutes the staple of their instruction at school, records heart-stirring adventures of their ancestors in their contests with the Indians; and afterwards many successful battles in the cause of freedom when they fought for their own independence.

Next comes the war with Britain in 1813, in which the existing generation boasts of many victories. All these achievements are described in the most fervid language; and every battle in which the Americans were victorious is illustrated by engravings or cuts, and celebrated in songs. In the hotels, and in innumerable private houses, pictures representing their triumphs by sea and land adorn the walls; the panels of some of their stage-coaches are ornamented with representations of their frigates capturing their British antagonists; in short, in the United States, the mind of each generation is rendered familiar with tales of war, and excited by their stirring influence from the first dawn of reason till manhood.

“Nor are these seeds sown on a barren soil. The Americans inherit the cerebral organization of the three British nations; in whom the organs of combativeness, destructiveness, self-esteem, and firmness, the elements of pugnacity and warlike adventure, are largely developed. In them this endowment is accompanied by a restless activity of mind, which finds natural and agreeable vent in war, and by a degree of intelligence which renders them capable equally of individual enterprise and of combination in action. Add to all these the influence of extreme youth, and the belligerent spirit of this people is easily accounted for. In mentioning their extreme youth, I do not refer to their short national existence of only sixty-three years since the 4th of July 1776, but to the extraordinary proportion of young persons in their population. It is well known that the population of the United States doubles every twenty-five years by natural increase alone, and every twenty-three years when assisted by immigration; but I have not observed that any just appreciation has been made by travellers of the influence of this fact on the character of the people. Nearly three generations are on the field at the same time; and as nearly every male on arriving at twenty-one years of age has a vote, the preponderating influence of the young on the national resolves is very striking. From attending their public political meetings, my conviction is that the majority of their voters are under thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. Here, then, we have a people of naturally pugnacious dispositions, reared in the admiration of warlike deeds, imperfectly instructed in the principles on which the real greatness of nations is founded, possessed of much mental activity, impelled by all the fervour of youth, and unrestrained by experience. It would be matter of surprise if they were not predisposed to rush into a contest, especially with Britain, whom they still regard as their hereditary foe.

“Fortunately, however, for the people, and for the interests of civilization throughout the world, there are numerous and strong impediments to the gratification of their warlike propensities. Their actual pursuits are all pacific; they live in plenty, and suffer no grievances except those which flow from their own errors, and which they have the power to remove; they have no warlike neighbours to threaten their frontiers; and the constitutions of the General Government and of the several States leave the executive power so feeble that it can only add to its own embarrassments by engaging in hostilities. The American standing army consists of only 12,539 men of all arms and all ranks, while its corps of militia are altogether unadapted to aggressive warfare. The nation, therefore, has no force,

except seven line-of-battle ships, twelve frigates, and twenty sloops of war, (exclusive of those on the stocks,) with which to maintain a war of aggression. So thoroughly inefficient was the militia found to be in the last war, except as a defensive force, that the General Government resorted to the expedient of engaging volunteers; and on the present occasion Congress has authorized the raising of 50,000 men on the same terms. Fifty thousand volunteers may not appear to be a very formidable host to those who do not know the American people; but it would probably be found to consist of tough materials. A proclamation for the enlistment of such a force would call forth that number of young, ardent, enthusiastic men, with heads full of fancies about glory, and temperaments burning for the gratifications arising from enterprise and danger. A few months would suffice to confer on them the advantages of discipline; and they would then closely resemble the hosts of excited Frenchmen whom Napoleon led to the easy conquest of Italy and Germany. It is a blessing to the civilized world that so many impediments exist to this class of men attaining the ascendancy in the national councils."

How the Phrenologist entwines his peculiar philosophy! yet he expounds the subject with force and clearness. In our other specimen his educational system peeps out—he is pronouncing upon certain leading defects:—

"One defect in the American institutions and social training, at present, appears to me to be, that they do not sufficiently cultivate habits of deference, prudence, and self-restraint. They powerfully call forth all the faculties that subserve the interests and ambition of the individual, but they leave the higher social qualities imperfectly exercised and ill-directed. There is no training of veneration, except in religious tuition, which is too often confined to vague moral instruction and to the points of faith regarded as essential to salvation. Making allowance for individual exceptions, it may be stated, that an American young man, in emerging from school, has scarcely formed a conception that he is subject to any natural laws, which he must obey in every step of his progress in life, or suffer. He has not been taught the laws of health, the laws by which the production and distribution of wealth are regulated, or the laws which determine the progress of society; nor is he trained to subject his own inclinations and will to those or any similar laws as indispensable to his well being and success. On the contrary, he comes forth a free-born, self-willed, sanguine, confident citizen, of what he considers to be the greatest, the best, and the wisest nation on earth; and he commences his career in life guided chiefly by the inspirations of his own good pleasure. He votes and acts on the destinies of his country in the same condition of mind. In Britain, we cannot boast of much superiority in practical education, but our young men are not ushered into life so early; they are trained by the institutions and circumstances by which they are surrounded to a greater exercise of prudence and self-restraint; and few of them wield political power."

"It was my endeavour to explain to the Americans the importance of the new philosophy to a people in their present condition. Phrenology brings home to every mind capable of ordinary reflection, that all our func-

tions and faculties, bodily and mental, are regulated by the Creator according to fixed laws ; that within certain limits they produce enjoyment, and beyond these misery. By teaching children this view of their own constitution, and also rendering them familiar with the physical, organic, and moral laws instituted by the Creator, and *by training them to obey them*, that reckless, self-confident spirit, which now animates many of them in the United States, would be supplanted by a disciplined understanding and regulated affections. Their institutions render them indisposed to reverence man, or human wisdom ; but still they may venerate God, and practically fulfil his laws. Indeed, this species of moral and intellectual discipline appears to me to be indispensable to the permanence and success of a democracy. If the Americans do not adopt it, and rely on it as their sheet anchor, no other means which ordinary sagacity can discover will lead them safely through the perils that will rise thicker and thicker in their path in proportion as their population becomes more dense."

Mr. Combe's volumes will, we feel convinced, be read in America without exasperated feelings ; nay, with gratefulness and profit. They ought also to disabuse the British mind in regard to some weighty questions, and certain themes of irritation. In a word, the end of the Phrenologist's philosophical system, as devoutly believed in, and unceasingly promulgated by, himself, is, that all men may be bettered in respect not only of worldly condition, but morally and intellectually—that the highest attainments of which human nature is susceptible may be speedily realized, amid universal peace and good-will.

In one respect there is a sort of brotherhood in the character of Mr. Combe and Mr. Buckingham's works : each had professed and particular objects in view—the one phrenology, the other temperance ; both connecting education with their main purpose. But here the similarity ends. The former travelled with no fixed intention of writing a book ; the latter, assuredly, was determined on making one—and a large one it is, about 1700 pages octavo. Again, Mr. Combe's philosophical pursuits take a novel course, and call for a species of analysis and exposition, having always reference to the innate principles of man, with which Mr. Buckingham does not much trouble himself ; for it is with facts and with the past that he has chiefly to do, combined with what he witnessed or had evidence of. Mr. C., we believe, has not been a great traveller, his profession as a solicitor before the courts of Edinburgh necessarily forbidding him to take many excursions, except in the "dry-as-dust" regions of the law, or the still more mysterious universe of the mind ; whereas Mr. B. has ranged from country to country, nay, from one quarter of the globe to another, with a constancy and perseverance that has occupied many years of his life. He states in the present volumes that he has travelled over large portions of Asia and Africa, as well as of Europe ; and therefore he has a right to consider him-

self as being better qualified than many to give an unprejudiced account of whatever most divides nations, viz. religious creeds, forms of government, state of morals, and such like grand subjects. He is, therefore, a matter-of-fact man, rather than a metaphysician.

"America, Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive," is a very complete and comprehensive work. The author not only travelled over the whole of the United States, having devoted about three years to his journeys and sojourns, and treated of every branch of national importance, or that is characteristic, but he has gone to the beginning of the settlements, even to the history of the pilgrim fathers, traversing the intermediate space to the present day, and giving, after all this, numerous sketches of what he saw, and very many details of existing modes, parties, opinions, and so forth. His volumes, when one considers his habits, his funds of information, his range of observation, and his various purposes, must be a storehouse containing an immense mass of curious, aye, and splendid matter. Just think of the extent of territory embraced, affording wonderful topographical details; of the gigantic strides which commerce and its kindred branches have made; of the aboriginal inhabitants; of the increase and aggressive march of the white race; of the institutions which have for their grand object the political and religious well-being of man, many of them the offspring of the New World; and the reflecting mind will at once see that, according to our author's range and plan, the difficulty was not so much how or where he was to find materials, but rather what he was to reject, and when he was to choose.

With regard to the execution of the work, there will be some diversity of opinion. Much of it is a mere compilation from common sources. The details are frequently dry, or given with a wearisome particularity. There should have been condensation in many places, and more exposition and decision in others. Then, as to the impressions which his pages leave upon the reader's mind relative to the American people and the working of their institutions, there will be dissatisfaction, we opine; for although Mr. Buckingham appears to cherish a kindly feeling towards the nation, and had favourable prepossessions, yet it is difficult to decide, after a perusal of his volumes, to which opinion the facts and statements tend; so that one may reasonably enough either pin his faith to a Trollope, or walk over to the side headed by a hearty admirer of democracy. With Mr. Buckingham's individual opinions upon the facts given we have rarely found anything to complain of. He is moderate, sensible, and far from egotistic. It is most manifest that never was traveller more anxious to convey a faithful picture, or on all occasions to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He is equal to Mr. Combe in this respect; indeed, there is more of truth in his volumes than in those of the Phrenologist; that is,

there is more of the actual, and less of the speculative. But then, whether Mr. Combe be in the right or not, or however visionary may be his opinions and anticipations, they guide to a decided issue; they convince the mind which puts trust in his reasonings that, even now, the United States are great, glorious, and free, in a comparative sense; and that, in all probability, their pre-eminence will be permanent. We do not say that the Edinburgh solicitor expresses himself at any time so strongly, but the result of his investigations and speculations lead us inevitably to the favourable side; whereas Mr. Buckingham's pages appear to pronounce neither one sentence nor another. We must now pitch upon two or three specimens; but it is not easy to do the author justice by such meagre extracts: for any one topic connected with almost any one city or state of the Union would furnish us with more than a sufficiency of what is valuable or striking for the space we can afford. How then are we to deal with the vast variety? Almost at random we make our dips. We shall begin with the dark or foreboding, and close with the bright or promising. The city of central rule may well, according to this arrangement, take precedence:—

“The longer we remained in Washington, the more we saw and heard of the recklessness and profligacy which characterise the manners both of its resident and fluctuating population. In addition to the fact of all the parties to the late duel going at large, and being unaccountable to any tribunal of law for their conduct in that transaction,—of itself a sufficient proof of the laxity of morals and the weakness of magisterial power,—it was matter of notoriety, that a resident of the city, who kept a boarding-house, and who entertained a strong feeling of resentment towards Mr. Wise, one of the members for Virginia, went constantly armed with loaded pistols and a long bowie-knife, watching his opportunity to assassinate him. He had been foiled in the attempt, on two or three occasions, by finding this gentleman armed also, and generally accompanied by friends; but though the magistrates of the city were warned of this intended assassination, they were either afraid to apprehend the individual, or, from some other motive, declined or neglected to do so; and he accordingly walked abroad armed as usual. Mr. Wise himself, as well as many others of the members from the South and West, go habitually armed into the House of Representatives and Senate; concealed pistols and dirks being the usual instruments worn by them beneath their clothes. On his recent examination before a committee of the House, he was asked by the chairman of the committee, whether he had arms on his person, or not? and, answering that he always carried them, he was requested to give them up while the committee was sitting, which he did; but on their rising, he was presented with his arms, and he continued constantly to wear them as before. This practice of carrying arms on the person is, no doubt, one of the reasons why so many atrocious acts are done under the immediate influence of passion; which, were no arms at hand, would waste itself in words, or blows at the utmost; but now too often results in death. A medical gentleman,

resident in the city, told me he was recently called in to see a young girl who had been shot at with a pistol by one of her paramours, the ball grazing her cheek with a deep wound, and disfiguring her for life; and yet nothing whatever was done to the individual, who had only failed by accident in his intention to destroy her life. In this city are many establishments where young girls are collected by procuresses, and one of these was said to be kept by a young man who had persuaded or coerced all his sisters into prostitution, and lived on the wages of their infamy. These houses are frequented in open day; and hackney-coaches may be seen almost constantly before their doors. In fact, the total absence of all restraint upon the actions of men here, either legal or moral, occasions such open and unblushing displays of recklessness and profligacy as would hardly be credited if mentioned in detail. Unhappily, too, the influence of this is more or less felt in the deteriorated characters of almost all persons who come often to Washington, or live for a long period there. Gentlemen from the Northern and Eastern States who, before they left their homes, were accounted moral, and even pious men, undergo such a change at Washington, by a removal of all restraint, that they very often come back quite altered characters, and, while they are at Washington, contract habits, the very mention of which is quite revolting to chaste and unpolluted ears. There can be no doubt that the existence of slavery in this district has much to do with creating such a state of things as this; and as Washington is one of the great slave-marts of the country, where buyers and sellers of their fellow-creatures come to traffic in human flesh; and where men, women, and children, are put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder, like so many head of cattle; this brings together such a collection of speculators, slave-dealers, gamblers, and adventurers, as to taint the whole social atmosphere with their vices. All this is freely acknowledged in private conversation; but when people talk of it they speak in whispers, and look around to see that no one is listening; for it is at the peril of life that such things are ventured to be spoken of publicly at all. An instance of this occurred not long since in one of the steam-boats navigating the Western rivers. A gentleman who had been to the South was describing to another, in confidential conversation, his impressions as to the state of society there, and happened to express his great abhorrence of gamblers, when a fashionably dressed person in the same boat, who had overheard this conversation, came up to the individual who had used these expressions, and said, 'Sir, you have been speaking disparagingly of gamblers: I am a gambler by profession, and I insist upon your apologising, and retracting all you have said.' The person thus addressed replied, that as the conversation was confidential, and addressed only to his friend, without being intended for any other ear, he could not have meant any personal offence; but as what he had said was perfectly true, he could neither apologise nor retract; whereupon the gambler drew the concealed dagger, which almost every one in the South carries about his person, and stabbed this individual to the heart. His death was the immediate consequence, and yet no farther notice was taken of this affair, by the captain or any other of the passengers, except to land the murderer at the next town, where he passed unmolested, and ready, no doubt, to repeat a similar atrocity."

Among other characteristic and illustrative anecdotes, we find the following :—

“ During our stay at Washington, Mr. Forrest, the great American actor, was engaged at the principal theatre ; and, as connected with his performances, some anecdotes came to my knowledge, which, as they are strikingly illustrative of the state of feeling in the slave states, on all matters touching negroes and slavery, deserve to be mentioned. After his representation of Othello, the editor of the ‘ Native American,’ published here, denounced the play as one wholly unfit to be permitted in any southern state, where it was revolting, as he thought, to represent the dark Moor, Othello, paying his suit to the fair Desdemona. This was an outrage which he deemed it the duty of every white man to resent ; and he shadowed forth the sort of resentment which he thought ought to be put in practice, by saying that ‘ even if Shakspeare, the writer of the play, were to be caught in any southern state, he ought to be ‘ lynched’ (that is, summarily punished by being tarred and feathered), for having written it!’ In strict harmony with this sentiment, was the other incident that occurred. Mr. Forrest had performed the part of Spartacus, in the play of the ‘ Gladiator ;’ and in this is represented, first, the sale of a wife and child away from her husband, all Thracian captives, at which great horror is expressed by the characters of the play themselves ; and next, the gladiators, who are all slaves, are incited by Spartacus to revolt against their masters, which they do successfully, and obtain their freedom. On the day following this, Mr. Forrest’s benefit was attended by the President and his cabinet, as well as members of both House of Congress, and a full share of residents and strangers. But the manager of the theatre received many anonymous and threatening letters, warning him against ever permitting this play to be acted in Washington again ; and one letter from a member of Congress told him that if he dared to announce it for repetition, a card would be addressed to the public on the subject, which the manager would repent. Such is the feverishness of alarm, among a population whose constant objection to any efforts for the quiet and legal emancipation of the slaves is, that they are so happy and contented that there is no need of change ! and that they are so satisfied with their present condition that they would not accept of their freedom if it were offered to them !”

At Saratoga, a fashionable watering-place, and where all sorts of people meet, and from every state of the Union, we find this illustration of intellectuality and taste ; and also of national sensitiveness when the opinions of Europeans are likely to be pronounced concerning them :—

“ *A Card.*—Dr. Irving, encouraged by the flattering attention bestowed upon his first lecture, respectfully announces his intention to deliver, on Thursday evening, August 2nd, in the Saloon of Congress Hall, commencing at half-past eight, a satirical review of the nursery ballad of ‘ Little Cock Robin,’ considered as a great modern epic, after the most approved mode of reviewing works in general, and poems in particular.

‘ All the birds fell
To sighing and sobbing,
When they heard tell
Of the death of Cock Robin.’

“ ‘ Admittance, fifty cents. Tickets may be procured at the principal hotels and at the reading-rooms.’

“ I attended this, to see what would be the character of the audience, what the reception of the speaker, and what the impression made by his discourse, hardly expecting there would be many present, as I thought the native Americans would rather be disposed to resent such an affront to their taste and understanding, than to patronise it by a very large attendance. In this, however, I was mistaken, for there were certainly not less than 500 persons present, and those of the first style of fashion, from the two principal hotels, including old and young ; and about an equal number of both sexes, including grave and venerable gentlemen of seventy, and matronly ladies of sixty, with all the beaux and belles between fifteen and twenty. The speaker was received in silence, as it is not usual for an audience to applaud, except at the theatres and political meetings. As he proceeded to develop his subject, which was a tissue of the most absurd and puerile conceits, and abortive attempts at wit and humour, that I ever remember to have witnessed, there was a great variety in the expressions of the auditors’ countenances. Some endeavoured to force a smile, as if to show that they had sagacity enough to perceive the wit intended : some looked more ashamed for themselves at being present, than for the speaker as an orator of their own country ; but the great majority were evidently uncomfortable at their present position, sorry that they had got into it, but wanting courage enough to rise and go out, though some did this before the discourse was half over. As the former narrative, of the loves of a young physician and his patient’s daughter, was thickly interspersed with pictures bordering on the lascivious—at which I do not think a female audience would have sat still for many minutes in England, so this second discourse was interlarded with the most fulsome appeals to the beauty and tenderness of the young ladies, as the ‘ loves of society,’ and the gallantry and devotedness of the young men, as the ‘ cock-robins and sparrows of the community,’ in a strain that was at once insulting to the understanding, as it was offensive to all minds of delicacy or good taste. Nevertheless, by a large number of the audience, the speaker was applauded to the echo, at which the old looked abashed, and the middle-aged embarrassed : yet for a long hour and half was this most insufferable tediousness bestowed upon the audience, and their indulgent forbearance coolly taken by the speaker as a proof of their very flattering approbation of his critical and oratorical labours. On retiring to the drawing-room, I had an opportunity of hearing directly, and overhearing indirectly, in the crowded promenade, in which all joined, a number of opinions delivered on this literary performance. Some expressed their unqualified disgust, and thought this feeling ought to have been evinced in some public manner ; but these were very few ; the greater number admitted that it was the most arrant nonsense they had ever heard ; but thought that it was not patriotic to run it

down, since, after all, it was the performance of a native American ; and some who had noticed my being present, and who supposed it probable that I should give to the world some account of my travels in America, expressed a hope that I should not mention anything so discreditable to the taste of an American audience, in my journal."

Turn we now from the atrocious, the disgusting, the profligate, and the ludicrous, and arrive at a fairer field of observation—how the ballot works at New York:—

"In all the instances that I witnessed of the business of polling—and I visited many of the wards for that purpose—the whole affair was conducted with much more order and decorum than any contested election that I had ever seen in England. There were no party badges, in colours or ribbons, to excite party animosity. There was no drunkenness, riot, or abuse of any kind. Every man came freely to the poll, and went away as freely from it ; and though in the greatest number of cases it was well known which way he would vote when he entered, and which way he had voted when he left, none offered him the slightest molestation in word or deed, or even in gesture. In some of the wards, where the emigrants abound, it is said that this order and decorum does not always prevail ; but that between Irish excitability and American rum and whisky, there are sometimes torn garments, and hard words exchanged ; but even here, violent outrage is seldom committed. It is possible, therefore, that universal suffrage, annual elections, and vote by ballot, may be much less productive of riot, drunkenness, and disorder, than limited suffrage, unfrequent elections, and open voting ; for in England, Scotland, and Ireland, where these prevail, the scenes of dissipation and outrage are frequent ; and here, where these opposites are practised, they are rare."

Concerning the voluntary system :—

"The voluntary system of supporting the churches and ministers, which is universally adopted here, is found to be a perfect security against the great inequalities in the emoluments of the clergy at home, where bishops have incomes of 10,000*l.* a year, and curates must live on 100*l.* ; while it equally guarantees to all a very adequate and comfortable provision. No clergyman or minister in New York receives less, as I was assured by many who were competent and accurate authorities, than 1,000 dollars, or 200*l.* a year ; many receive 3,000 dollars, or 600*l.* a year ; but none more than 4,000 dollars, or 800*l.* a year. * * They who assert, therefore, that the voluntary system has been tried and failed in America, and that it does not work well for either ministers or people, must speak in ignorance of the real state of the case ; or, what is worse, with wilful perversion of the truth. And they who add to this, that under the voluntary system there is no guarantee for the steady support and advancing progress of religion, must be equally guilty of great ignorance or wilful untruth ; because there is no city in the world that I have ever visited, where so large a number of the population attend public worship, where that worship is more devoutly entered into by the people, or more efficiently con-

ducted by their teachers, or where the influence of morality and religion is more powerfully exerted over the great mass of the community."

Every thing is not without rule or control in Washington, and Mr. Buckingham is competent to judge, beyond Mrs. Trollope, Basil Hall, and Captain Marryat, when Congress is the topic; having been a member of the British Parliament. He says,—

"The order of proceedings in both Houses is, in its most essential parts, like that followed in England: but there being much fewer members, and much less business to do—as the separate State Legislatures transact all their local affairs, and leave to Congress only the general business of the whole—there is much more order and decorum in their conduct. The President or Speaker of each House sits without wig or gown, and the clerks and officers are equally without any distinguishing dress. No cries of 'hear, hear,' or cheers, whether ironical or otherwise, are ever heard:—no coughing, or exclamations of 'oh, oh,' or cries of 'question, question,' 'divide, divide,' disturb the gravity of their debates; and one chief cause of this is, no doubt, that their hours of doing business are more rational, as they sit by day, and not by night as in England."

We must conclude, having already exceeded our bounds, tempted by passages at every opening of a volume. But still, as multitudes in this country will take an interest in any account of the state of the agriculturists in the United States, by such an authority as Mr. Buckingham, we shall quote part of what he has to communicate respecting the farmers and the proprietors of land, gentlemen-farmers and country gentlemen. He thus describes:—

"During our stay at Mr. Delavan's, we had an opportunity of visiting many of the neighbouring farmers, and receiving visits from others, with their families, as well as of inspecting the condition of their farms; and becoming acquainted with the circumstances of the farm-labourers; for we were now entirely in the country, several miles from any town, and among people wholly devoted to agricultural life. In the general appearance of the surface of the country, England is far superior to America. The great perfection to which every kind of cultivation has there attained, the noble mansions of the wealthy gentry, the fine parks and lawns, the beautiful hedge-row fences, the substantial stone farm-houses and out-buildings, and the excellent roads and conveyances, which are seen in almost every part of England, are not to be found here. But though, in these outward appearances, American farming districts are inferior to English, yet in all substantial realities the superiority is on the side of America. The occupier of a farm, whether large or small, is almost invariably the owner of the land he cultivates; and therefore all the disagreeable differences between landlords and tenants, with the vexations of the game laws, the authority of country squires and clerical magistrates, so fertile a source of annoyance in England, are here unknown. There being no tithes, great or small, for the support of a State clergy, all that large class of evils growing out of tithe disputes and tithe compositions are here also unheard

of. The labourers being fewer than are required, and wages being high, there are neither paupers nor poor-rates, and neither workhouses nor jails are required for the country population, since abundance of work and good pay prevents poverty, and takes away all temptation to dishonesty. There being no ranks or orders, such as the esquire and the baronet, the baron and the earl, the marquis and the duke, each to compete with and outvie the other in outward splendour, which too often leads to inward embarrassment, as in England, the country residents are free from that foolish ambition which devours the substance of too many at home; and all those idle disputes and distinctions about old families and new ones, people of high birth and people of low, country families and strangers, which so perplex the good people of England when a county meeting or a county ball takes place, so as to set persons in their right places, to admit some, exclude others, and so on, are here happily unthought of. The consequence is, that with more sources of pleasure, and few sources of dissatisfaction, the American country gentry and farmers are much better off, and much happier than the same class of people in England. No corn laws exist to vex the landowner with a fear of their abolition, no non-payment of rents, and abatements to tenants, are ever heard of, for landlord and tenant are here merged in one. No distraint for tithes, or writs of ejectment ever occur; and in short, scarcely anything ever happens to ruffle the serenity of a country life in the well-settled parts of America. The greatest difference of all, however, between the agricultural population of England and those of the United States, is to be seen in their relative degrees of intelligence. In England, no one, I presume, will deny the fact, of the farmers and farm-labourers being among the least intelligent and most uneducated portion of the population. Here, on the contrary, they are among the most intelligent and best informed. A great number of the occupiers of farms are persons who, having been successful in business in cities, have retired at an early period of life, bought an estate, take delight in cultivating it on their own account for income, and as from seven to ten per cent. is realized on farming capital where carefully attended to, it is at once a safe and profitable investment. These gentlemen having a good deal of leisure, little parish business to occupy them, and a taste for books and love of information, read a great deal more than the busy inhabitants of commercial cities, and have the power of exercising their judgment and reflection more free from the bias of party views and sectarian feelings, than those who live in large communities. Their previous education and ample means dispose others also to works of benevolence; and the consequence is, that while their conversation is more intelligent, and their manners greatly superior to that of English farmers generally, they devote a large portion of their time and means to the establishment and support of Sunday-schools, district schools, societies for mutual improvement, country libraries, temperance societies, savings-banks, and in short everything that can elevate those below them, and make them better and happier in their stations."

We shall merely add to this gratifying picture two sentences, quoted from the same part of the book:—

“ If the contrast is striking between the English and American farmer, it is still more so between the farm-labourers of the two countries.”

“ On Mr. Delavan’s own farm, there was scarcely a labourer who had not money placed out at interest ; his coachman, cook, and house-servants, had several hundred dollars each accumulating in the savings-bank, and additions made to this from the surplus of their wages every year ; the gardener and farm-servants were in the same prosperous condition, and had, moreover, small plots of land of which they were the owners.”

ART. VIII.—*The Old Red Sandstone ; or, New Walks in an Old Field.*

By HUGH MILLER. Edinburgh : John Johnstone.

THIS work is dedicated to Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., F.R.S., and President of the Geological Society. Smith, the father of English geology, used to say that he had been born upon the Oolite, and the author of the work under notice declares that he was born on the Old Red Sandstone. He first became a geological inquirer into a portion of the science, comparatively unknown to geologists, by reason of this accidental circumstance ; and the result is the production of the very clever work now before us. But the reader of the review must not imagine that this work is simply a dry geological detail ; it is an excellent volume of miscellaneous geological information, and contains many original elucidations which will vary the sameness of a dry lecture upon a purely scientific subject. Mr. Miller commences by pointing out to the working man his true policy, and advising him not to seek happiness in that which is generally called “ pleasure,” but to find it in “ study.” The mode of acquiring a constant facility of study and apprehension of the matter studied, is then pointed out, together with the extent to which the exercise of the mental faculties is necessary to enjoyment. The author proceeds to show that there is no necessary connexion between “ a situation of toil and labour” and “ unhappiness,” and thus throws out many useful hints for the benefit of the working classes.

We then come to the commencement of the labours of the author. We shall, however, here let him speak for himself:—

“ The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon

blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers were applied by my brother-workmen, and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots; the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that, in a recent storm, had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with a light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore."

A night of calm tranquillity passed away, and on the following morning Mr. Miller returned to the scene of his labours, which were continued in the following manner:—

"The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge, of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half resemblance—it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of a man's foot on the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken or flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the

diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea or the bed of a river for hundreds of years. There could not be surely a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

“The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days, to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliff that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection of the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz—its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblend; we find the secondary rock in another, with its bed of sandstone and shale—its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little-known but highly interesting fossils of the Old Red Sandstone in one deposition—we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another.”

It appears that, until very lately, the mere existence of the Old Red Sandstone, as a distinct formation, was disputed, and that its principles and process of development are still but little known. It is nevertheless of the greatest importance in the geological scale; and it may be also observed that the north of Scotland is absolutely encircled, or girdled, as it were, by an immense belt of Old Red Sandstone. The extent is partially indicated by the hills on the western coast of Ross-shire; but there are considerable difficulties in the way of estimating the absolute thickness of the deposits. We shall here quote another passage from the work before us:—

“The depth of the system, on both the eastern and western coasts of Scotland, is amazingly great—how great, I shall not venture to say. There are no calculations more doubtful than those of the geologist. The hill just instanced, Morvheim, is apparantly composed from top to bottom of what in Scotland forms the lowest member of the system, a coarse conglomerate; and yet I have nowhere observed this inferior member, when I succeeded in finding a section of it directly vertical, more than a hundred yards in thickness—less than one-tenth the height of the hill. It would be well nigh as unsafe to infer, that the three thousand five hundred feet of altitude formed the real thickness of the conglomerate, as to infer

that the thickness of the lead which covers the dome of St. Paul's is equal to the height of the dome. It is always perilous to estimate the depth of a deposit by the height of a hill that seems externally composed of it, unless, indeed, like the pyramidal hills of Ross-shire, it be unequivocally a hill dug out by denudation, as the sculptor digs his eminences out of the mass. In most of our hills the upheaving agency has been actively at work, and the space within is occupied by an immense nucleus of inferior rock, around which the upper formation is wrapped like a caul, just as the vegetable mould or the diluvium wraps up this superior covering in turn. One of our best known Scottish mountains—the gigantic Ben Nevis—furnishes an admirable illustration of this latter construction of hill. It is composed of three zones or rings of rock, the one rising over and out of the other, like the cases of an opera-glass drawn out. The lower zone is composed of gneiss and mica-slate,—the middle zone of granite,—the terminating zone of porphyry. The elevating power appears to have acted in the centre, as in the well-known case of Jorullo, in the neighbourhood of the city of Mexico, where a level tract four square miles in extent rose about the middle of the last century into a high dome of more than double the height of Arthur's seat. In the formation of our Scottish mountain, the gneiss and mica-slate of the district seem to have been upheaved during the first period of Plutonic action in the locality, into a rounded hill of moderate altitude, but of huge base. The upheaving power continued to operate,—the gneiss and mica-slate gave way atop,—and out of this lower dome there arose a higher dome of granite, which, in an after and terminating period of the internal activity, gave way in turn to yet a third and last dome of porphyry. Now, had the elevating forces ceased to operate just ere the gneiss and mica-slate had given way, we would have known nothing of the interior nucleus of granite,—had they ceased just ere the granite had given way, we would have known nothing of the yet deeper nucleus of porphyry,—and yet the granite and the porphyry would assuredly have been there. Nor could any application of the measuring rule to the side of the hill have ascertained the thickness of its outer covering,—the gneiss and mica schist. The geologists of the school of Werner used to illustrate what we may term the anatomy of the earth, as seen through the spectacles of their system, by an onion and its coats: they represented the globe as a central nucleus, encircled by concentric coverings, each covering constituting a geological formation. The onion, through the introduction of a better school, has become obsolete as an illustration; but to restore it again, though for another purpose, we have merely to cut it through the middle, and turn downwards the planes formed by the knife. It then represents, with its coats, two such hills as we describe,—hills such as Ben Nevis, ere the granite had perforated the gneiss, or the porphyry broken through the granite."

The fossils of fish, which have been found in the Old Red Sandstone, afford a subject for curious geological speculations: some evidently do not belong to the present creation. Those which *do* belong to the present creation have their places indicated in the sandstone by little more than a mere gap. The microscopic beauty

of some of the ancient fish is very great. Ichthyolite beds have been discovered under a bed of peat, and, in another instance, beneath a burial ground. In a third instance, the bed was discovered beneath an older sandstone deposit. We shall quote another extract relative to this subject:—

“I had now corresponded for several years with a little circle of geological friends, and had described in my letters, and in some instances had attempted to figure in them, my newly-found fossils. A letter which I wrote early in 1838 to Dr. Malcolmson, then at Paris, and which contained a rude drawing of the *Pterichthys*, was submitted to Agassiz, and the curiosity of the naturalist was excited. He examined the figure, rather, however, with interest than surprise, and read the accompanying description, not in the least inclined to scepticism by the singularity of its details. He had looked on too many wonders of a similar cast to believe that he had exhausted them, or to evince any astonishment that Geology should be found to contain one wonder more. Some months after, I sent a restored drawing of the same fossil to the Elgin Scientific Society. I must state, however, that the restoration was by no means complete. The paddle-like arms were placed farther below the shoulders than in any actual species; and I had transferred, by mistake, to the creature's upper side some of the plates of the *Coccosteus*. Still the type was unequivocally that of the *Pterichthys*. The Secretary of the Society, Mr. Patrick Duff, an excellent geologist, to whose labours, in an upper formation of the Old Red Sandstone, I shall have afterwards occasion to refer, questioned, as he well might, some of the details of the figure, and we corresponded for several weeks regarding it, somewhat in the style of Jonathan Oldbuck and his antiquarian friend, who succeeded in settling the meaning of two whole words, in an antique inscription, in little more than two years. Most of the other members looked upon the entire drawing, so strange did the appearance seem, as embodying a fiction of the same class with those embodied in the pictured griffins and unicorns of mythologic Zoology; and, in amusing themselves with it, they bestowed on its betailed and bepaddled figure, as if in anticipation of Agassiz, the name of the draughtsman. Not many months after, however, a true *bona fide Pterichthys* turned up in one of the newly-discovered beds of Nairnshire, and the Association ceased to joke, and began to wonder. I merely mention the circumstance in connexion with a right challenged, at the late meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, by a gentleman of Elgin, to be regarded as the original discoverer of the *Pterichthys*. I am of course far from supposing that the discovery was not actually made, but regret that it should have been kept so close a secret at a time when it might have stood the other discoverer of the creature in such stead.

“The exact place of the ichthyolites in the system was still to fix. I was spending a day, early in the winter of 1839, among the nearly vertical strata that lean against the Northern Sutor. The section there presented is washed by the tide for nearly three hundred yards from where it rests on the granitic gneiss; and each succeeding stratum in the ascending order may be as clearly traced as the alternate white and black squares in a

marble pavement. First there is a bed of conglomerate two hundred and fifteen feet in thickness, 'identical in structure,' say Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, with the older red conglomerates of Cumberland and the Island of Arran, and which cannot be distinguished from the conglomerates which lean against the southern flank of the Grampians, and on which Dunnottar Castle is built. Immediately above the conglomerate there is a hundred and fourteen feet more of coarse sandstone strata of a reddish yellow hue, with occasionally a few pebbles inclosed, and then twenty-seven feet additional of limestone and stratified clay. There are no breaks, no faults, no thinning out of strata,—all the beds lie parallel, showing regular deposition. I had passed over the section twenty times before, and had carefully examined the limestone and the clay, but in vain. On this occasion, however, I was more fortunate. I struck off a fragment. It contained a vegetable impression of the same character with those of the ichthyolite beds; and after an hour's diligent search, I had turned from out the heart of the stratum, plates and scales enough to fill a shelf in a museum,—the helmet-like snout of a *Diplopterus*, the thorn-like spine of a *Cheiracanthus*, and a *Coccosteus* well nigh entire. I had at length, after a search of nearly ten years, found the true place of the ichthyolite bed. The reader may smile, but I hope the smile will be a good-natured one: a simple pleasure may be not the less sincere on account of its simplicity; and 'little things are great to little men.' I passed over and over the strata, and found there could be no mistake. The place of the fossil fish in the scale is little more than a hundred feet above the top, and not much more than a hundred yards above the base of the great conglomerate: and there lie over it in this section about five hundred feet of soft arenaceous stone, with here and there alternating bands of limestone and beds of clay studded with nodules,—all belonging to the inferior Old Red Sandstone."

We must now take leave of this very entertaining work, with a regret that we cannot at present devote greater space to its clever elucidations.

ART. IX.—*Documents connected with the History of Ludlow and the Lords Marchers.* Van Voorst.

A very handsome royal octavo volume, edited by the Hon. Robert H. Clive, M.P., containing a valuable collection of documents, serving to throw light upon the history of the kingdom as well as more immediately of Ludlow; for in some of these papers there are frequent notices which are significant of the kind of government which characterized certain periods, and of the habits of the borderers in that part of the island, when the divisions between the different races of the people were constantly assuming warlike shapes. Ludlow Castle alone is one of the most interesting places in Great Britain; while the neighbourhood has been the arena of many remarkable events. There are evidences of that part of the

Welsh border having been the scene of battle strifes at a much more remote period than the invasion of the Romans, and when the British consisted of different tribes. The hill camps are sufficient proofs of this. In this vicinity too the patriot Caractacus made his last desperate effort against Ostorius. The Saxons and the Normans also contested this field; and for centuries the lords of Ludlow figured in the leading events of their respective eras. Royalty itself was closely united with the annals of the locality. By the marriage of Ann, daughter of Roger, Earl of March, to the grandfather of Edward the Fourth, the lordship of Ludlow descended to the House of York. It was from this castle that the children of the monarch just now named were carried to be murdered at the instance of the crook-backed Richard. But what engages more pleasurable ideas, "the Mask of Comus" was here composed, as was also "Hudibras." Many other circumstances might be mentioned which invest the place with peculiar interest.

The records of particular districts, such as of counties, or even merely of some ancient stronghold and family seat of any of the notable lines that have inhabited the land, always excite a popular interest, independent of being important in an antiquarian and historical sense. To those who have been born, or who may have resided at any time, in the neighbourhood, a strong local attachment is necessarily begotten. But even to strangers, and persons reared in any other part of the country, there is in every healthy mind a feeling of pride when the annals of venerable castles are read, and of the barons who distinguished themselves in ancient times. One's romantic notions too are awakened; and we are sure to look back to remote periods through that haze which delights in peopling them with exaggerations. Where is the native of Wales that will not think that he is so far connected with Ludlow, as to fancy that the beautiful volume before us does in some degree pay a compliment to himself? The very circumstance that local histories are very frequently expensively got up, and much embellished, proves that there is a self-flattering taste for such publications. The present volume, we have heard, owes its pictorial illustrations to a lady of the Clive family, whose history is identified with Ludlow, one of the titles of the Earl of Powis being derived from the town of that name.

The documents before us contain a history, by Mr. Blakeway and others, of the town and castle of Ludlow; but the account affords less than we expected that is calculated to entertain the general reader, although it is of considerable value as a history of the descent of the lordship of Ludlow. Among the other papers there is an able antiquarian dissertation on the battle which Caractacus fought, already mentioned. A Treatise on the Government of Wales is curious, and presents important legal matter; it is printed from a MS. in the Lansdowne Library. Another curious paper is

an unique tract in the possession of the editor, entitled "The Love of Wales to their Sovereign Prince, expressed in a true relation of the solemnity held at Ludlow, in the county of Salop, upon the fourth of November last past, Anno Domini 1616," on the creation of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales. Other documents contain the lists, or relate to the history, of the Lords Presidents of Wales, who held, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a court in Ludlow Castle, which possessed extraordinary powers, the instructions sometimes being of the most tyrannical description. Those to Sir Henry Sidney, as President of the Council of Wales, issued in 1574, granted authority for fining and imprisoning juries, unless their verdicts gave satisfaction to the Queen. Also any three of the Council, "upon sufficient ground, matter, and cause, shall and may put any person accused and known or suspected of any treason, murder, or felony, to *tortures*, when they shall think convenient, and that the cause shall apparently require, by *their discretions*."

It was the Fourth Edward that created a court for the government of Wales. It was confirmed in Henry the Eighth's reign; but was abolished at the request of the inhabitants of Wales on the accession of William and Mary. One of the documents in the volume is an inventory of the furniture of Ludlow Castle, taken when it was sold for the benefit of the Commonwealth.

The contents of this handsome volume are not very available so as to afford extracts suitable to our pages. We must give two or three, however, which will enable us to catch a sight of by-gone times and of border manners. First, of the Marches it is said:—

"When the title of Mercia was extinguished in the monarchy of the whole isle, the name, from the nature of the thing, was still retained in the counties bordering upon Scotland and Wales, being called the Marches, from the known Saxon word Meare, signifying a note or mark, and by a common way of speaking, at last applied to the boundaries of counties; hence came the titles of the Lords Marchers of Wales, who procured their seigniories by right of conquest, having an authority from the King for that end. The chief officer for the government of the Marches was a warden, whose jurisdiction in temp. Johannis was military; but 9 Richard I. we find Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chief Justiciary of England, in his circuit in these parts, exercising a military power, though properly but a civil magistrate; whence we may with some reason conjecture, that the Warden of the Marches was in some respects vested with the power of a Lord Justiciary. Upon the reducing of Wales to the subjection of England, the statute of Rutland enacted, in 12 Edw. I., that the English laws for the future should be used in Wales, but says nothing of the Marches, which were left in the same state as before. The customs and privileges of the Marches were equally for the benefit of the people of both nations, as well before as after the conquest of Wales. By statute

28 Edw. III. all the Lords of the Marches of Wales shall be perpetually attending and annexed to the crown of England, as they and their ancestors have been at all times past, and not to the principality of Wales, in whose hands soever the same principality shall hereafter come; so that we never heard it said of these countries that they were the Marches of England, but of Wales, because the sovereignty of the crown of England ever extended to Wales itself. By statute 7 Hen. VIII., for incorporating of Wales with England, all Lords Marchers were to enjoy all such liberties, mises, and profits as they had, or used to have, at their first entry into their lands in times past, notwithstanding that Act."

The following is from the Treatise on the Government of Wales, from the Lansdowne document:—

"And nowe to know whie those lordships were first called Lordships, Marchers and Lords of the Marches of Wales (for soe shall you finde them called in most auntient records), seinge divers and many of them are farr from those parts which wee now call the Marches of Wales, and placed in the very hart and centre of Wales, and some in the most remote and furthest parts of Wales, the cause whie, was for that at the first theise Lordshipps Marchers, first of all other parts beganne in the marches of Wales, next adjoyninge to England, ffor the Lords of England first of all beganne after the Conquest to subdue those parts nearest unto them, and to take from the Welshmen those countries next adjoyninge unto England, which was and now is called the Marches of Wales, beinge alsoe the best and cheefest soyle of all Wales, and there when divers lords had wonne divers countries, and made lordshipps thereof, they were called Lords of the Marches, and in tyme by the corruption of speech they were called Lords Marchers, by omitting the sillables (of the) and instead thereof addinge the letter (r) to the word marches, and makinge it (lo. marchers) for ease of speech; and there in the marches are the most auntient Lordshipps Marchers to be found, for the Welshmen inhabitinge neere att hand were wont to make soddaine invasions uppon the King of England's subjects next unto them, and often tymes would take them prisoners, sometymes burne townes and villages, take awaye their goods, and invade their cuntryes with open hostilitie, which great injuries first forced the Kinges of England uppon the humble complaynt of their subjects to take in hand to subdue the country, and then did set divers of the noblemen to subdue first those parts which did most annoy him, and therefore first there were very stronge towns and cittyes buylt in those quarters, that then were the limyts of both countries, vizt. uppon the river of Seaverne, as namely, Bristoll, Glocester, Worcester, Sallop, and Chester uppon the river Dee, as formerlie is said, all townes of great force, and there were great and mightye subjects placed as men fittest of force and abilitie to defend and annoy the Welshmen, as may well appeare by the auntient Earles of townes and cittyes. Then did these noblemen and Earles of those townes, havinge once formerlie seated themselves in strong fortifications, proceed further into Wales, and wonne many lordshippes, as Clifford, the Haye, Abergaueney, Chepstow, Monmouth, Vske, Newporte, Skynfraith, and Buelt, Brecknock, and Radnorshire, and came not further

by land that wayes; and this was not done by one army, nor att once, but at manye and sondrye tymes from yeare to yeare, and by several and sondrye Lords; the like did the Earles of Chester, Sallop, and others, for Montgomery, Hedewyn, Clunn, Osestrye, Whittington, Hawarden, and Ellesemere, and the rest towards Chester."

After this entertaining account of the Lords Marchers, we shall merely extract a passage containing a characteristic idea of border life and law in the "good old times:"—

"The Marches of Wales are supposed to have been settled by the Saxons to prevent the incursions of the Britons or Welsh. At the coronation of Queen Eleanor, consort to Henry III., the Lords Marchers claimed to provide silver spears, and to support the Canopy of purple silk, and were allowed. The Earls held their Courts severally in their jurisdiction till Henry the Third fixed a Court at Ludlow; which was continued till William the Third, after the death of the Earl of Macclesfield, the last Lord President, thought fit to divide the Government between two peers of the realm, with the titles of Lords Lieutenant of North and South Wales, and dissolved the court; which used to consist of a president, as many councillors as the Prince pleased, a secretary, an attorney, a solicitor, and four Justices of the counties of Wales. The Marches extended from Bristol to Chester; all the country between Offa's Dyke and England was called the Marches or Bounds between the Welsh and English. The Lords Marchers had the power of life and death in their respective courts; and in every frontier manor a gallows was erected, and if any Welshmen came over the boundary between them and the English [then Saxons], they were taken up and hanged; every town within such Marches being furnished with a horseman, armed with sword and spear, maintained on purpose to take them up: and, if any Englishman was caught on the Welsh side, he suffered the same fate—such was their antipathy to each other;—for the Welshmen counted all lawful prizes they took from the English. For this reason houses were frequently moated round, and palisadoes, or stakes, set round the edge of the moat to make a stronger fence, into which places the inhabitants every night drove their cattle for better security. If a Welshman could get a stolen horse or cow over the bar, he cried out 'My own!' and further the horseman dared not follow, or they would have hanged him."

ART. X.—*Horses. The Equidæ, or Genus Equus of Authors.* By Lieut.-Col. C. H. SMITH. Edin. Lizars.

A NEW volume of the "Naturalist's Library," by a writer of distinguished scientific attainments and extensive practical knowledge; and having for its principal subject an animal not less interesting than the Dog, which the gallant author treated with such skill in a previous volume of the series. The Horse, "the animal," to use the Colonel's words, "destined by Almighty wisdom to be the solace and servant of man," has been so often described and celebrated by

poets, economists, and naturalists, that one could scarcely expect any novelty to be brought to the theme. It is due to our author, however, to state that he has contrived, by means of certain speculations, and also, from the amount of his own observation as well as wide range of reading, by a presentation of remarkable facts, to invest the horse with new attractions. He has brought to his task philological criticism, historical investigation, and scientific analysis; and has also furnished much useful as well as entertaining matter for the general reader. The theorist, the amateur, and the jockey will each find information to his taste in this volume. For example, the Hebrew Scriptures and the ancient classical writers have been drawn upon in order to trace the early use and domestication of the animal. Geological remains are examined so as to throw, affirmatively and also negatively, light upon the subject. Again, a theory is maintained that horses are not all sprung from one common stock. A distinction, too, is kept up between the *wild horse*, or those which have roamed, and been from the beginning unsubdued, as compared with the *feral*, or such as are the descendants of animals that have escaped from man's dominion. One region for the former is held to be Tartary; for the latter, America. The colonel is of opinion that there are five primitive breeds; and which are distinguished by size, conformation, and colour. Even at this day, he thinks, there are types existing of the original stocks, the *dun* in Asia being particularly prominent. The different breeds he fixes as belonging to distinct countries, although the *bay*, which is the Arabian, has the pre-eminence among all the stocks, and gradually absorbs or obliterates the others. These, with other recondite topics, which we can but very unsatisfactorily indicate by any curt statement, are handled with learning and ability in the introduction, which may be said to treat of *genera*, while the succeeding portion of the volume includes the species separately, and also mules, together with the ass and the zebras. No less than thirty-five plates, beautiful as pictures, besides being interesting as apt illustrations of the text, enrich the book. A memoir of Gesner, one of the most eminent naturalists of the sixteenth century, prefaces the volume. We shall now copy out some passages which we have marked, chiefly on account of the entertainment they will afford to the popular reader.

It cannot be distinctly ascertained when the horse entered into the circle of human economic establishments: neither does it seem very clear, in translating the most remote records where notice is taken of domesticated animals, that the horse proper is the one meant. It is presumed, however, that the ass was subjugated several ages before the horse; and, indeed, the former (supposed to be derived from the wild Hymar of the desert and the horse of Asia) is repeatedly indicated in the Pentateuch before the latter is noticed.

But how striking are the differences between the qualities and usefulness of the two animals! The horse, with greater physical powers, more intelligence, finer adaptation to domestication in every region of the earth, in his servitude grows larger, "more adorned, more acute, and more educational than in a state of nature; while the ass, in similar circumstances, has degenerated from his pristine character, becoming, even in the greater part of Persia, smaller in stature, less fleet, less intelligent, and, by his own impulses, less the associate of man." Again—"when the horse, from thorough domesticity, is again cast upon his own resources, he resumes his original independence, provides for his own safety and that of the herd under his care, without altogether losing his acquired advantages; the ass, on the contrary, although never a spontaneous associate in his domestication, is nowhere known to have again become wild, or to have sought his freedom with a spirit of persevering vigilance."

There has been much difference of opinion with regard to existing wild horses, some maintaining that all of them are *feral*; whereas our author makes the distinction already mentioned, asserting also that the Tahtar, and even the Cossack nations, are familiar with the characteristic tokens of the two races. The following is the information furnished to the Colonel by an orderly Cossack attached to a Tahtar chief, as Russian interpreter, regarding the wild and never subdued family.

"The Tarpany form herds of several hundred, subdivided into smaller troops, each headed by a stallion; they are not found unmixed, excepting towards the borders of China; they prefer wide, open, elevated steppes, and always proceed in lines or files, usually with the head to windward, moving slowly forward while grazing—the stallions leading and occasionally going round their own troop; young stallions are often at some distance, and single, because they are expelled by the older until they can form a troop of young mares of their own; their heads are seldom observed to be down for any length of time; they utter now and then a kind of snort, with a low neigh, somewhat like a horse expecting its oats, but yet distinguishable by the voice from any domestic species, excepting the woolly Kalmuck breed: they have a remarkably piercing sight; the point of a Cossack spear, at a great distance on the horizon, seen behind a bush, being sufficient to make a whole troop halt; but this is not a token of alarm; it soon resumes its march, till some young stallion on the skirts begins to blow with his nostrils, moves his ears in all directions with rapidity, and trots or scampers forward to reconnoitre, bearing the head very high and the tail out: if his curiosity is satisfied, he stops and begins to graze; but if he takes alarm, he flings up his croup, turns round, and with a peculiarly shrill neighing, warns the herd, which immediately turns round and gallops off at an amazing rate, with the stallions in the rear, stopping and looking back repeatedly, while the mares and foals disappear as if by enchantment, because with unerring tact they select the first swell

of ground or ravine to conceal them until they reappear at a great distance, generally in a direction to preserve the lee side of the apprehended danger. Although bears and wolves occasionally prowl after a herd, they will not venture to attack it, for the sultan-stallion will instantly meet the enemy, and, rising on his haunches, strike him down with the fore feet; and should he be worsted, which is seldom the case, another stallion becomes the champion: and in the case of a troop of wolves, the herd forms a close mass, with the foals within, and the stallions charge in a body, which no troop of wolves will venture to encounter. Carnivora, therefore, must be contented with aged or injured stragglers.

“The sultan-stallion is not, however, suffered to retain the chief authority for more than one season, without opposition from others, rising in the confidence of youthful strength, to try by battle whether the leadership should not be confided to them, and the defeated party is driven from the herd in exile.

“These animals are found in the greatest purity on the Karakoum, south of the lake of Aral, and the Syrdaria, near Kusneh, and on the banks of the river Tom, in the territory of the Kalkas, the Mongolian deserts, and the solitudes of the Gobi: within the Russian frontier, there are, however, some adulterated herds in the vicinity of the fixed settlements, distinguishable by the variety of their colours and a selection of residence less remote from human habitations.

“Real Tarpan are not larger than ordinary mules, their colour invariably tan, Isabella, or mouse, being all shades of the same livery, and only varying in depth by the growth or decrease of a whitish surcoat, longer than the hair, increasing from midsummer and shedding in May: during the cold season it is long, heavy, and soft, lying so close as to feel like a bear's fur, and then is entirely grizzled; in summer much falls away, leaving only a certain quantity on the back and loins; the head is small, the forehead greatly arched, the ears far back, either long or short, the eyes small and malignant, the chin and muzzle beset with bristles, the neck rather thin, crested with a thick rugged mane, which, like the tail, is black, as also the pasterns, which are long: the hoofs are narrow, high, and rather pointed; the tail, descending only to the hocks, is furnished with coarse and rather curly or wavy hairs close up to the crupper; the croup as high as the withers: the voice of the Tarpan is loud, and shriller than that of a domestic horse; and their action, standing, and general appearance, resembles somewhat that of vicious mules.”

Compare this account with the effects of domestication in its closest and most confidential forms as witnessed in the Arab, the most artificial of high-bred horses, and the parent of the noblest breeds in every part of the world; being itself, however, of a race of great intermixture. The Arabs, says our author,—

“Have been educated in the society of man, used to artificial food not intended for them by nature, such as camels' milk and bruised dates; inured to sobriety, even in the quantity of water; but watched, protected, and caressed by a people imperatively called upon to consider them as the

only source of riches, the chief agent of national glory, the principal companion in daily enjoyments, and the sole instrument of independence. Hence the most hardy breeds are precisely those of the wandering tribes, and also the most docile, because, while the mares have young foals, they partake of the comforts of the tent, and horses are always treated with affection; excepting when the first great trial of their capabilities is made; then, indeed, the treatment the young animal suffers is more severe than any horse is liable to in Europe: for, being led out, as yet totally unconscious of a rider, the owner springs on its back and starts off at a gallop, pushed to the highest speed, across plains and rocks, for fifty or sixty miles without drawing bit; then, before dismounting, he plunges into deep water with his horse, and, on returning to land, offers it food; judgment of its qualities depending upon the animal immediately beginning to eat. This treatment is more particularly inflicted upon fillies, because the Bedouin rides for his own use only mares, who are in truth more patient and durable than stallions, and never betray the marauder by neighing; whereas, if stallions are present, this certainly occurs, and therefore these are kept for breeding, sold at high prices, or used by *grandeos* and chiefs who reside in fixed habitations and towns.

“Habitually in company with mankind, all the Arabian breeds become exceedingly gentle and intelligent; a look or a gesture is sufficient to make them stop, take up with their teeth the rider’s *jereed* or any other object he may have dropped, stand by him if he has fallen off their backs, come to his call, and fight resolutely in his defence; even if he be sleeping, they will rouse him in cases of danger. Kindness and forbearance towards animals is inculcated by the Koran and practised by all Mussulmans, to the shame of Christians, who often do not think this a part of human duty; and as a Moor well known in London sneeringly remarked to ourselves, ‘It is not in your Book!’”

In an Arab tent the horse is about as gentle and companionable as our dogs at our firesides; the very children sleeping alongside of them without accident or danger. We may here remark, that every book written by a true-hearted naturalist inculcates humanity; and the present volume makes strong appeals in behalf of the noblest of domestic quadrupeds. And yet we would not have the rich or the royal to treat them as Nero did: that is, shoe the animal with silver; or like his wife Poppæa, similarly protect mules with gold. But let the horse be induced to court the hand of its master, and never to wince when it is uplifted; and he will greatly repay the kindness, affording satisfaction worthy of a man’s seeking. We quote an anecdote here, which it does one good to read:—

“But the confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Gen. Sir R. Gillespie, who being present on the race-course of Calcutta, during one of the great Hindu festivals, when several hundred thousand people may be assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had

escaped from his keepers ; the colonel immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear, which was in the hands of one among the crowd, rode to attack this formidable enemy : the tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions, but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small grey, afterwards sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent. When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort ; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died."

Still the Colonel states that these intellectual and moral qualities vary in horses, as much as do the physical ; the distinctions being commonly generical rather than individual ; and that, propagated with the other character of races and breeds, they enter into the composition of the original forms of each stock. He adds, that the most beautiful and noble is also the most gentle and most educated.

We find in the general introduction a good deal of curious information concerning saddles, bridles, and stirrups, the nations of High Asia being supposed to be the inventors of these articles, as well as of the horse-shoe. Horses appear to have been used in battle before they were employed with the saddle, or were mounted, chariots being a very ancient invention. On the subject of mounting we have these remarks :—

"In antiquity, with the exception of the black race reared in Gaul and Western Germany, the Asiatic and African bays, βαλιος, and the white of Asia Minor, all the breeds of horses were undersized ; and indeed it was not desirable to have them fifteen hands high, as long as the stirrup to mount them remained unknown. In vain Xenophon instructs riders how to reach the saddle without lying across the horse in an unseemly attitude ; men loaded with armour always found it difficult to gain their seats, they wanted a lift of the left leg to rise ; stepped upon the right calf of an attendant ; had an inconvenient cross-bar near the bottom of the spear to place

the foot on, or strained the horse in making it rise after lying down to receive the rider ; or finally, Oriental servitude induced the principal officers of state to grovel on all-fours, while the sovereign mounted upon their backs and thence across his saddle, as is still, we believe, the practice with the grand vizir when the sultan goes and returns in state to and from the mosque."

Some have asserted that the stirrup was not known before the eleventh century. But there are proofs that the instrument existed even in Saxon England; and the Colonel is of opinion that the Spanish Saracens introduced the custom. But even at this day there are tribes of people who dispense with its use, as there have been horsemen in some parts of the globe who rode without bridles.

Having heard that the mental qualities as well as the temper of horses differ widely, we shall extract what are said to be the characteristics of the *dun* race:—

"In manners and characteristic intelligence, this type displays peculiarities not found in the larger forms of horse, and in part at least they may be fairly ascribed to a different cerebral organization. Unlike the other types, the dun alone invariably husband its strength and resources, never wasting them by untimely impetuosity or uncalculating resistance; ever provident in securing the moment to bite at food, or drink; cautious, cunning, capable of concealing itself, of abstaining from noise, of stooping and passing under bars or other obstacles with a crouching gait, which large horses cannot or will not perform; these, and many other peculiarities of their wild educational instinct, are reflected again upon all the races of the type, however diversified by mixture, so long as the prevailing feature of their stature remains, as all antiquity attest, and modern times daily witness in domesticated ponies, and above all, in the high intelligence of those which have been trained for public exhibitions.

"Although varying from circumstances, the dun-coloured stirps is pre-eminently attached to rocky and woody locations, always in a state of nature seeking shelter in cover, or security among rocks, where either is accessible; it feeds upon a greater variety of plants than the others, and, contrary to them, residence in the open plains is rather an accessory condition than one of preference in their mode of existence."

We proceed to cull a few of the more striking sentences about the domestic horse, and where, as in many other parts of the volume, our author expresses himself with enthusiasm, and a hearty commendation, as if he entertained towards the animal deep feelings of gratitude. And well he may: for he says that he has repeatedly owed his life to the exertions of his horse, "in meeting a hostile shock, in swimming across streams, and in passing on the edge of elevated precipices." It is therefore with admiration and affection that he writes, conveying sympathies and teachings which we regret are so generally forgotten and violated in this sporting and commercial country. The excessive amount of destruction of the creature,

amongst us, may be conceived when it is understood that the life of horses naturally extends to between twenty-five and thirty years, but that few in this country reach fifteen, and all are old at ten. In Belgium and Germany very different is the fact, proving at least, that in those parts of the world there is not such a passion for going fast as with us. But now for some curious particulars:—

“It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head and the ears far asunder are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the fore-lock; some are certainly more daring by nature than others, and judicious training in most cases makes them sufficiently stanch. Some, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, shrapnel-shells, and rockets; and it is most painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect at a charge, in 1794, when the light dragoon troop-horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted, a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

“Horses have a very good memory; in the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the same road. They remember kind treatment, as was manifest in a charger that had been two years our own; this animal had been left with the army, and was brought back and sold in London: about three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it with more care, we found the animal recognizing its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the fore-feet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an acquaintance. We remember a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a comparative low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms: the captain was a kind of Centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable: after some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and it became so attached, that his master could walk any where with him following like a dog, and even ladies mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain, and on one occasion where, in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal making an effort to spring up, placed his fore-foot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving, until he was remounted. When we saw him he was already old, but his gentleness remained perfectly unaltered; yet his powers were such,

that we witnessed his leaping across a hollow road from bank to bank, a cartway being beneath, and leaping back without apparent effort."

One passage of an historical character, and carrying us back to a remote period in British history, will afford some variety of matter, after the preceding extracts, and also some notion of the researches of the Colonel:—

"In Britain, we have already pointed out the gradual importations in the time of the Romans and during the Saxon invasions, although the last mentioned cannot have been considerable, if, according to the venerable Bede, the insular Saxons did not begin to ride much before the year 630. Athelstan is the first on record who, in 930, received German running-horses as a present from abroad, and therefore had more particular opportunity of improving the English stock by the infusion of select foreign blood: these presents came from Hugh the Great, when he solicited the Saxon king's sister in marriage; and he seems to have bestowed some attention on the subject, since he issued a decree prohibiting the exportation of horses without his licence; and the order proves that his steeds were already sufficiently valuable to incur the risk and expense of shipping them for the continental fairs. In a document of the year 1000, we find the relative value of horses in this kingdom, directing, if a horse was destroyed or negligently lost, the compensation to be demanded was thirty shillings; a mare or colt, twenty shillings; a mule or young ass, twelve shillings; an ox, thirty pence; a cow, twenty-four pence; a pig, eight pence; and a man, one pound!

"In the laws of Hyweldda, sovereign of Wales, dated a few years before this period, a foal not fourteen days old is valued, four pence; at one year and a day, forty-eight pence; and at three years, sixty pence: this refers evidently to the native horses, for there it is ordered to tame them with the bridle and rear them as palfreys or serving-horses, but the war-horse is not mentioned. When completely broken in, the value rose to one hundred and twenty pence, but if left wild or an unbroken mare, was worth only sixty pence.

"The trinal system of the ancient Celtic nations, it is perceived, still continued in use at that time, and may be traced in the laws regarding horses; for to obviate the frauds of dealers, the following singular regulations were in force: the purchaser was entitled to time, in order to ascertain whether the horse was free from three diseases. 'Three nights' possession to determine whether he was not subject to the staggers; three months to prove the soundness of his lungs, and one year to remove all apprehension of glanders. For every blemish discovered after purchase, the dealer was liable to a deduction of one-third of the money, excepting in obvious cases, such as, where the ears or tail were defective. Compensations were likewise granted in cases of injuries done to hired horses; all showing a humanity of principle, emanating from the Celtic source, notwithstanding that prince had repeatedly visited Rome for the purpose of rendering his code more perfect. We find, even among the enactments that 'whoever shall borrow a horse and rub off the hair, so as to gall his back, shall pay

four pence ; if the skin be forced into the flesh, eight pence ; if the flesh be forced to the bone, sixteen pence.'

" Until the latter part of the tenth century, neither the Anglo-Saxons nor the Welsh employed horses in the plough ; but about that period, some innovation of the kind must have occurred, since a Welsh law prohibits the farmer to plough with horses, mares, or cows, oxen alone being lawful. On a part of the border of the so-called Bayeux tapestry, representing the landing of William the Conqueror and the battle of Hastings, A. D. 1066, a piece of needlework ascribed to the dexterity of Saxon embroiderers, there is a representation of a man driving a horse attached to a harrow ; which is the earliest instance we have of horses used in field labour.

" With the Norman conquest, effected by adventurers from every country in the west of Europe, a marked improvement took place in the breed of horses ; the martial barons and their followers had brought with them a great force of cavalry, and they were sensible that it was owing to superiority in horse the victory had been obtained. It was then the effect of the Spanish breeds extended to England ; William himself rode, in battle, a favourite charger of that race ; and among the installed nobles, Roger de Boulogne, Earl of Shrewsbury, established the race of Spain on his newly acquired estates at Povisland. In the year 1121, during the reign of Henry I., the first Arabian horse on record was introduced ; about the time Alexander I., King of Scotland, presented another to the church of St. Andrews : both of these were most likely real Barbs from Morocco, and were acquired by means of the Jew dealers. Our Norman princes were, however, not only attentive to improve their studs in England, but perhaps still more so on the continent ; for, it is at this period that both the bay and the grey races of Norman horses were formed, which continue still to be the best in France. At the battle of Hastings the horses were not yet barbed, nor the knights completely covered in armour, and their lances were still sufficiently light to be cast like darts ; but during the reign of Henry II., we think, from the increased number of 'great horses,' both horse and man were protected by mail or other defensive armour ; the helmets closed with visors, and the lance became ponderous, and could only be used couched. In this reign *circa* 1170, Fitz Stephen the monk, in his description of London, mentions trotting horses, *brest* ? horses, and running horses, and relates with animation the races that took place in Smithfield, whither merchants and strangers resorted, and which was then, it is evident, a great mart for foreign as well as native horses. Then was the era of the crusades : thousands of the best horses went with their riders to perish in Palestine, and those champions of the Cross that survived to return, were always in such distress, that they could not, if they would, bring oriental steeds back to their homes. Richard I., in the various metrical poems concerning his expedition, is mentioned riding a Gascon bay, a Cypriot roan, and several Arabians."

Among the monarchs who paid much attention to horses, John and the Eighth Henry were distinguished. The regulations of the latter, however, which were made for ostentation, are said to have

effected little improvement, at the same time greatly diminishing the number of horses. Those of our readers who desire to make themselves particularly acquainted with the merits of British breeds, at this day, will receive the necessary information in other parts of the volume. From what we have quoted it will be perceived that the addition to the library, which the Colonel has on this occasion contributed, fully sustains the character of the serial publication, and is even calculated to extend its fame.

ART. XI.—1. *A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas.* By JOSEPH BULLAR, M. D., and HENRY BULLAR, of Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. London: Van Voorst.

2. *Madeira Illustrated.* By ANDREW PICKEN. *With a description of the Island*; edited by Dr. J. MACAULAY. London: Day and Haghe.

NEITHER of these works, which, on account of some things in common between them and their themes, we have clubbed together, calls for many observations. Concerning the Azores, we do not find much that is new, excepting what relates to some of the changes introduced by Don Pedro's reforms, and some slight advances as to the comforts or accommodations of life. The Bullars, too, have rather a wire-drawing habit as journalists; or perhaps, we should more properly characterize them as observers of everything; their good temper and constant desire to be pleased investing trifling matters with interest to them, and which they do not fail to impart to the reader. Such is the effect of good faith and unaffected feeling. In a word, they have written two agreeable volumes, chiefly because they are in possession of agreeable minds and temperament. The matter is slight, but not wearisome: the pictorial illustrations admirably help out with the more characteristic parts of the narrative.

Let us now land with the journalists at Ponta Delgada, in St. Michael's; this being the chief town of the island of oranges. It is said to contain about twenty thousand inhabitants. The appearance of the place, which is not particularly inviting at first sight, is described: the shops, the signs put up by tradesmen, the streets, with the primitive vehicles, pigs, donkeys, &c., all obtain distinct notice, or minute description. We are told that there are eight thousand asses in St. Michael's, showing that this sluggish animal is highly serviceable in the island. An amusing engraving of a man steadying a laden long-eared one, going down hill, by pulling back, or holding tight the animal's tail, is among the illustrations.

One of the most singular objects that meet a stranger's eye in the streets of Ponta Delgada, is the cap worn by the peasants. Its

dimensions and construction are extremely fantastic. At the same time, there is much variety in this article of dress, although all, as pictured, are remarkable; for it differs according to the taste or the locality of the wearers, as to colour, shape, and size. We may here observe, that, according to the Messrs. Bullar, there is a striking diversity, not only in the costume, but in the features and physiognomy of the natives of the different Azorean islands.

We shall not accompany our authors to the Baths, nor to any of the other islands of the group, visited during the summer mentioned by the tourists. We abide where we have already landed, and shall now quote one or two passages; going some way into the country, where old fashions still prevail, and where we gather a notion of the land of oranges. Take a peep of a garden and of the fruit-gatherers:—

“In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys; four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots ~~are~~ superficial, (and the fall of a tree, perhaps, not unamusing,) down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops.”

Another scene characteristic of the island's luxurious produce,—

“Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing.”

The dry leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation begins:—

“A child handed to a workman, who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, (sitting with the chest between his legs,) placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third and a fourth as fast as his hands could move, and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men

then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back, by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight, both were well secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackaaio,' trudged off to the town. Now and then the top of a basket, full of the golden fruit, came in sight, carried on the broad shoulders of some strong fellow, who, after toiling up one of the steep paths leading from the ravine to the enclosure, shot out upon the ground the whole contents of his basket, with as little concern as a coalheaver does his coals."

Take now an Azorean Christmas day, the weather being as fine as that of our midsummer. We are at Villa Franca:—

"The appearance of the town is like that of an English village on Sunday. Every one,—man, woman, and child,—is cleanly, neatly, or even gaily dressed; no work is going on, no asses are to be seen, even the pigs have assumed an indolent holiday expression, and everything indicates a complete cessation from all working-day occupations. The rooms of the poor are dressed out with boughs of evergreens, and some are strewn with rushes. In the afternoon, in most of the cottages of the poor, the women, girls, and little children sat cross-legged on the floor, their glossy black hair neatly arranged, shining with oil, and oftentimes fastened with high tortoise-shell combs. Some were sitting at the door-step in the sun. The balconies of the houses were occupied by women, who leaned over them and looked at the passers-by. They are fond of bright coloured shawls, with a preference for deep yellow or crimson; and these suit well their black eyes, hair, and dark complexions. The men lounged and chatted in the streets, or vigorously gesticulated in groups round the wine-shops; while their boys were in herds at play. The women are particularly gay about the feet. One wore a tawny pair of high shoes, with bright orange tassels; others white leather resembling kid; others what had the appearance at least of white satin; and one careful damsel, whom we accidentally interrupted in the outskirts of the town, was engaged in taking off and rolling up her smart shoes and open stockings, before setting forth barefooted on her way home. She looked very much ashamed of herself, poor soul! In the evening we wandered out and paid Thomazia's cottage a visit. She and her children and grandchildren were sitting up in all the enjoyment of their festival. In one corner of the room was the bed, which, in every cottage and on all occasions, is perfectly clean and neat, but to-day it was decorated with a finely worked muslin valance, and a handsome coverlid of white quilted materials, on which were strewn a few flowers. The floor was spread with fresh rushes, the walls and ceiling were covered with green branches of the Faya; and in the midst of this bower, just sufficiently lighted by a small crucifix-lamp to make a picture of the cottage interior, lay and lounged the family of the Bichos. There was Antonio stretched on the rushes in his hairy strength, sound asleep. Thomazia squatted in Moorish fashion with her elbows on her knees; one

of her children with his head upon her lap, lay in motionless sleep : a girl in a bright red petticoat, laughing to her baby, and quizzing the foreigners to her black-eyed sister who sat beside her, leaned upon the bed ; her husband with short mustachios and olive brown complexion, rubbed his cat, and smiled at the notice taken of the cottage ; and the youngest and brownest grandchild stood on the clothes-chest in a small white shirt, wondering at us with childlike simplicity. All were merry, and all were more or less cheered with wine."

The observances and the festivities of the Carnival might furnish us with several pictures that have life and character in them ; the painting being done in a quiet tone, for our journalists deal not in high colourings, having an eye to truth, and the prudence to convey with fidelity what they witnessed and felt. But we shall close their volumes after getting a sight of a funeral scene :—

"The ceremony partook of the same careless unconcern which characterized the procession the other day. The same unlettered priests officiated, and the same kind of lookers-on attended. The priests, who stood in rows on each side of the body, twanged out their parts like so many 'frozen-out gardeners' in the streets of London. One of them held a large gilded crucifix, and his attention was completely divided between disposing it in such a way as might least incommode himself, and protecting two lanky tapers, that guttered by his side from the draughts which caused them to flare. Another, who in figure, carriage, dress, and face, resembled a dropsical Portuguese woman, after he had finished his part of the chant, took snuff, and hastily blew his nose, that he might be in time for the next stave. Next to him was a lean old man, 'gaping liking a defunct oyster,' whose thin cheeks, long-hooked nose, and hollow eyes, reminded me strongly of the skulls of some birds. This old gentleman took the service very easy,—just as old stagers at public dinners do the cheers,—by merely opening his mouth into the shape it would have assumed had he imitated his next neighbour."

And the Sexton—

"And the sexton was as sextons have been since Shakspeare's time, and will be henceforward, a merry fellow that had 'no feeling of his business.' When the corpse was lowered into the grave by the bearers, he jumped down on it, tucking it up and arranging the grave clothes, as if he had been putting it to bed, and then, with a final squeeze to the arms, sprang out of the hole, shovelled a few light spadefuls on the body in an impatient way, handed his tool to the bystanders, (each of whom threw earth into the grave,) and, when they were satisfied, began the business of ramming down and filling up."

The holy orders in St. Michael's are any thing but what their profession would indicate. The volumes which from time to time have passed through our hands, having the Azores for their subject, left upon our minds a lasting idea of the ignorance and the licen-

tiousness of the nuns and monks; nor do the Messrs. Bullar convey a more favourable impression. We suppose that the strippings and demolition, to which these religious orders were subjected by Don Pedro, has produced poverty without contrition or amendment. Their ignorance and indolence could hardly admit of increase.

Andrew Picken, whose name is attached to "*Madeira Illustrated*," is the son of an author of considerable reputation in the realms of modern romance; and having visited and studied the magnificent scenery of the island of health, has sketched a series of the more characteristic localities, (now lithographed), with masterly power. These pictorial views, which present the excellences which a poetic temperament and an eye that can drink in nature with delight can alone produce, when wedded to a pencil, bold, free, and delicate, are combined with a quantity of letter-press of a descriptive nature; the whole forming a very superior guide-book, and also a volume for the closet, or rather for the drawing-room, considering its elegance of shape, and component parts. The editor has lent a welcome hand to its contents; the medical points of the salubrious island, obtaining amongst other practical matters, his notice. There is also an introductory historical sketch, and a map, which enhance the value of the work.

While Mr. Picken's illustrations are manifestly truthful, yet aided by all the artistic skill necessary for the effective disposal of light and shadow, for fixing on outlines, introducing distances, and the treatment of the earth and sky, Dr. Macaulay's descriptions appear to be faithful, and the result of intimate knowledge, although glowing and highly enthusiastic, as if the tone of his feelings had been bred in tropical regions. It is well, that since we are precluded from presenting specimens of the artist's delineations, we can avail ourselves of those of the Doctor, whose pen embraces a far greater number of topics and scenes, than the pencil can do in *eight* or *nine* pictures; although the latter produce a vivid impression of the beautiful and the stupendous, according to the main characteristics, and the several varieties, still it is only of a very limited portion of the editor's contributions that we can make use; for while he charms us with his sketches of the capital, Funchal, and its more immediate splendid or picturesque scenery, he almost thrills the imagination with the grandeur of the mountains, the forests, the pinnacled rocks that kiss the sky, and are like to what may be deemed the gateways of the thunder, in the almost untrodden regions of the island, but which he skirted or penetrated. We must alight with him only here and there; and first, at the city, Funchal, which sketches along and fences a bay, that is thus far more lovelily and grandly overlooked:—

"The bay is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, which rise nearly 4000 feet behind the city; the higher regions clothed in parts with

forests of pine and other European trees, while the lower slopes are terraced into vineyards and garden ground. Deep-cleft ravines here and there intersect these mountains, their sides starting up into bold overhanging precipices; while, in their gloomy depths, mountain streams, descending from the centre of the island, find an outlet through the town to the sea. After rains, these streams roll with tremendous force down the steep descent; but in passing through the town, they are now prevented from doing mischief, by being made to flow in channels built with walls of the strongest masonry. The hill sides are studded with beautiful quintas or villas, these, with the white pillars on which the trellis-work of the vineyards is supported, smile brightly out from amidst the luxuriant verdure by which they are surrounded."

Similar mountain streams to those mentioned, rush to all parts of the coast around the island; and which, now that man's ingenuity has been directed to their control and guidance, are made, instead of devastating in their swollen seasons the dwelling-places and fields of the inhabitants, to minister abundantly to their well-being, by irrigating the cultured land; aqueducts traversing the country far and wide. For the benefit of our geological friends, we quote a passage concerning the ravines:—

"Nothing," we are told, "can more speakingly tell of the countless ages the torrents must have continued their unnoticed course, than the great depth and time-worn appearance of these chasms. In the interior of the island, their appearance is that of a deep-trenched gloomy gorge, with a small torrent leaping from the frowning rocks into the abyss; but nearer the sea the ravines assume a milder character,—the mountains 'smooth their wrinkled front,' and the torrent finding comparative level, flows gently among round grey stones, until led off by a hundred small branches for the various purposes of irrigation."

When describing the landing at Funchal, an opportunity occurs for observations upon the appearance, the manners, and the customs of the people, all which are sufficiently novel to an Englishman to be interesting. Having passed through the motley and exciting crowds of boatmen, boats, and bestials, with the signs and symbols of traffic, the stranger finds himself at a custom-house, where he meets with politeness and attention. He then passes the Portuguese sentry at the gate, and is in the streets of the city. And now—

"The strange costume of the natives,—the narrow streets, paved with small round stones from the beach, the absence of all wheeled carriages, the sledges drawn by oxen in which goods are conveyed, the small number of shops, the absence of windows in most of these, the goods being ranged at the wide door-way, the peculiar aspect of the houses, the ground floor of which, being laid out in store-rooms, has the windows iron barred and without glass, while a balcony projects from the second floor, a passing palanquin or hammock, the burroqueros or horse-bays, with their

island ponies for hire, palm-trees, and bananas, and other strange trees appearing over the garden walls of the houses, the black caps and gowns of the clergy, the white jackets, straw hats, and white boots of the merchants, the sonorous jingling of the bells of the oxen-carts, and the horrid cry of the drivers ; these and many other novel sights and sounds amuse and occupy the traveller as he walks from the Custom-house to his destined place of habitation."

We observe that the estimated number of resident English is 300 ; while probably, near to 200 resort for the winter annually, of late years, to the island, for the benefit of health.

Let us hear what are the best opportunities for enjoyment which a stranger can command while a resident in Funchal. These are said to be the excursions into the adjacent country, of which we have already quoted a sketch. Indeed these excursions are said to be the most intensely agreeable, and the least likely to be forgotten.

"In every direction, and at every distance, are the most delightful scenes for such expeditions. In addition to the surpassing grandeur and beauty of the scenery, the pleasure is heightened by the brilliancy of the atmosphere and the constancy of the climate. Any interruption from the vicissitudes of the weather is here scarcely to be considered, and the appointed time may be looked forward to with little chance of disappointment. Besides those who travel in hammocks, frequently these parties are composed of from twenty to thirty equestrians, accompanied by an equal number of burroqueros, who bear the baskets of provisions and other requisites, if the excursion be a long one. Those whose ideas of 'a picnic' are associated with boats on the water, or crowded carriages rolling along a high-road to the scene of action, with all the commonplace accompaniments generally attending a country excursion in England, and where sudden change of weather, and discomfort and disappointment of all sorts, are apt to mar the prospect or the enjoyment of such parties, can form no conception of the delights of 'a Madeira picnic.' In the first place, the scenery is probably the first in sublimity, and perhaps in beauty too, in all the world. Then the climate is proverbially and verily the finest on the earth. There are of course seasons of *comparative* good and bad weather, but the times of each recur with great regularity. During the fine seasons, Nature is almost always wreathed in smiles, and gorgeousness is her every-day apparel."

No period of the year brings gloom or unavoidable excess of temperature here :—

"Nor is the pleasure arising from the vicissitude of the seasons absent. Merely by ascending the mountains the utmost variety of temperature can be experienced, and in a few hours one can ascend from summer, through spring or autumn, to sternest winter, on the snow-capped summits of the mountains. It is to the eye that in our own climate the vicissitudes of the seasons bring most delight : for who, in respect to spring for instance,

would not prefer to witness the bursting forth of fresh verdure, and all the delightful changes by which the wakening earth starts into new life and gladness, without the luxury being checked by the chilling sensations and all the ungenial accompaniments of that season in England? Here, however, those who choose not to go out of their sheltered retreat on the shores of the Bay of Funchal, may look up from unfading tropical vegetation, and from a climate of most genial warmth, and behold the shooting of new foliage, the renovation of verdure, and all the appearances of spring, upon the heights above the city. And so, in the declining months of the year, while on the coast the summer foliage is yet unaltered, and the influence of the sun little diminished, the upper parts of the landscape present the variegated tints and the fading foliage of autumn. In no other part of the earth is there made so near an approach to that fancied perfection of climate which poets love to delineate. All the gorgeous descriptions given by the ancients of the Isles of the Blessed seem here hardly exaggerated; and ‘Hesperian fables if true, are true here only.’”

All nature, the most satisfying and charming of the elements, appear here to meet for the enjoyment of man:—

“There is a freshness and balminess in the air of the island which render the mere act of breathing a source of pleasure unnoticed in less happy climes. On the very hottest days the ocean-born breezes prevent anything like sultriness or oppression from being experienced. The air is such as to give a springing buoyancy to the frame, and a luxurious flow to the spirits; you feel as if it were charged with nitrous oxide, the laughing gas of the chemist. For the feeble invalid the air on the high grounds is too strong, too exciting; but for those who can stand the exercise and bear the exposure safely, nothing could be conceived more intensely pleasant than riding amidst such scenery, under such a sky, and in such a climate. It is a picturesque and stirring spectacle almost to witness a large cavalcade, with the light dresses of the riders, and the strange costume of the train of native attendants,—now clattering with merry tramp over the resounding paved roads,—now winding slowly in line along some steep and narrow path among the mountains,—now careering at full charge over the upland heaths and serras. All this is but the physical part of the pleasure of these expeditions. Add the various elements of mental joyousness felt by such a party, elements which fancy will suggest better than any description, and then will be formed a faint idea of the pleasures of picnics in Madeira.”

The nature of the country forbids the use of carriages when visiting its finest scenery; so that you must, if not sturdy pedestrians, have recourse to the sure-footed ponies, to palanquins, or to hammocks:—

“The palanquin in Madeira is a sort of *settée*, suspended from a long pole borne by two men; the cushioning, curtaining, and other appendages of the carriage admit of much variety of taste and fancy. The hammock is formed of net-work, slung on a similar pole, supported likewise on the

shoulders of two men. Lying along on one's back at full length in one of these yielding aerostatic couches, with the feet comfortably covered, and the head well raised with cushions,—a curtain spread over the pole above the head to shelter from the direct rays of the sun,—in this attitude reading the latest magazine from England, or playing the machettinho, or conversing with the occupant of some accompanying hammocks, or revelling in the prospect of the glorious landscape around,—this is the very *ne plus ultra* of luxury and enjoyment in locomotion."

The bearers, three to each palanquin or hammock, are hardy, intelligent, good-natured, and humorous fellows; and the stranger can hardly forbear joining in their merriment, although he may not understand what they are joking about, or although it may be about himself. We shall leave off with an outline of the scenery and characteristics of the northern part of the island, as contrasted with the southern, or that in which the delightful excursions already described are made in the district surrounding the capital. Surely the testimony of travellers must be just, when they say of Madeira, "that no country in the world can boast of combinations of natural objects so picturesque and impressive;" we may add—so clustered within comparatively limited bounds. Now for the outline:—

"We are now upon the very shore of the Northern Atlantic. Already many points of difference have been observed by us between the two sides of the island. Instead of the land descending by gradual slopes, as it does on the south coast, the mountain ridges here retain a great elevation, till they terminate in a line of lofty sea-cliffs all along the northern shore. The vegetation, too, is different; the cactus and banana, and other tropical plants, are scarce, but there abound the hardier trees and plants of a higher latitude. The whole aspect of the land has a ruder and grander character. The sea, too, has here a corresponding sublimity of appearance. From the spot where we now stand, under the gigantic cliffs of St. Vincente, the majestic roll of the breakers affords a spectacle which quite obliterates any former notions of the grandeur of the ocean; wave after wave, in regular succession, removing in long and lofty lines towards the coast; curling over with such a precision and cleanness that the spray, when the wave breaks, runs off the edge to the right and left, like a well-performed feu-de-joie from a long line of infantry; the sun shining into the breast of the wave, forming a lovely Iris in its spray; and the foam, which boils and hisses on the shingle near our feet, forming a broad fringe of the most dazzling whiteness to the blue mantle of waters that invests the deep. We proceed eastward along the shore between the cliffs and the sea, there being a narrow tract of soil, in some places cultivated, between the rocks and the beach. Every step discloses new scenes of striking grandeur. All along the coast the cliffs are of great height, and extremely rugged and precipitous. Here and there they are cleft down to the level of the sea by ravines, in which mountain torrents find a channel. The sides and summits of the rocks are in most places covered with the dark foliage of the island trees. We see numbers of streams, fed by recent rain or by snow

on the mountains, precipitating themselves from the top of this line of cliffs, forming a series of most picturesque cascades. Several of these often occur within a short distance of each other, where the height of the fall is many hundred feet of perpendicular descent. In some places, where the summit of the cliffs overhangs considerably, we see the stream sweeping over; but becoming broken and scattered in its descent, it is gradually altogether dispersed in mist; so that the dark volume of water seen at the top appears farther down in the form of a white cloud, borne by the wind along the face of the cliff. With such a scene of wild magnificence on the one hand, and on the other the waves of the loud-sounding Atlantic, here ever troubled and boisterous, breaking in immense surges on the rocky shore, we feel the majestic and solemn grandeur of the place to be far above all that poetry ever painted or fancy conceived of the sublimity of Nature's scenery."

ART. XI.—*The Percy Society's Publications.*

BISHOP Percy's "Reliques of Early English Poetry," published in 1765, produced such a change in the ballad style of some of our most distinguished poets, and in national taste, that his name has been happily chosen by the Society, several of whose publications are before us, to indicate its character and purposes. It was instituted somewhat more than twelve months ago, and has already issued a considerable number of old and rare ballads, and also more ambitious works in early English verse, as well as illustrative of our national literature and manners several centuries ago. Of course, it requires antiquarian enthusiasm and acquirements to ferret out these forgotten remains, frequently consisting merely of a broadside; nor among the members of the Society does there appear to be any deficiency of zeal and learning for the ends intended.

The publication which we shall first notice is, "Old Ballads, from early printed copies of the utmost rarity; now for the first time collected." These consist of a number of broadsides of the age of Elizabeth, and are edited by Mr. J. P. Collier. Antiquity and the intimations of the period which gave them birth, it will readily be believed, are the most remarkable features they possess. Some of the pieces, however, have a poetic unction, and smack of unsophisticated nature. Others are quaintly humorous, or tell a touching tale; and yet several of the authors present names entirely strange to the living world. We shall only quote, from this contribution, five or six verses at the beginning of "An excellent discourse of a breeding larke:"—

" A Larke sometimes did breed
Within a field of corne,
And had increase when as the grayne
Was redy to be shorne.

Shee, wary of the tyme
 And carefull for her nest,
 Debated wisely with her selfe
 What thyng to doo were best.
 For to abyde the rage
 Of cruel reaper's hande,
 Shee knew it was too perillous
 With safetie for to stande.
 And to dislodge her broode,
 Unable yet to fly,
 (Not knowing whither to remove)
 Great harmes might hap thereby.
 Therefore she ment to staye
 Tyll force constrayned to fleete,
 And in the whyle for to provoyde
 Some other place as meete.
 The better to provyde
 The purpose for her mynde,
 She would forthwith go seeke abroad,
 And leave her yong behind."

The next publication we have to say a word about is, "A Collection of Songs and Ballads relative to the London 'Prentices and Trades, &c., during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries; with Notes and Illustrations by Charles Mackay." Fair London town is the great theatre of these ballads; and, from the satirical information conveyed in not a few of them, we should say that there was a marvellous similarity in the habits of the trades and callings at the times mentioned, to those of the existing or recent generations. Not only had the various Companies each their song to celebrate their superiority over all the others, but such tradesmen as blacksmiths and brewers proclaimed their rival merits in verse. The former of these two exults in a strain of which the following stanzas are a sample:—

"Of all the trades that ever I see,
 There's none to a Blacksmith compared may be,
 With so many several tools works he,
 That nobody can deny.

The fairest goddess in the skies
 To marry with Vulcan did advise,
 And he was a blacksmith grave and wise,
 Which nobody can deny."

But what doth the brewer retort? We must be satisfied with the shortest possible specimen:—

"There's many a clinching verse is made
 In honour of the blacksmith's trade,

But more of the Brewer may be said,
Which nobody can deny."

Even the "poorest sort" had their boastings:—

"Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,
As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort, where oever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and three."

We are, by some of this collection, and also by Mr. Mackay's notes and gatherings, brought, as it were, into the living presence of Whittington. Of this renowned and noble citizen, the information which we copy from Grafton is characteristic:—

"In a codicil to his will, he commanded his executors, as they should one day answer before God, to look diligently over the list of persons indebted to him, and if they found any who was not clearly possessed of three times as much as would fully satisfy all the claim, they were freely to forgive it. He also added, that no man whatever should be imprisoned for any debt due to his estate. 'Look upon this, ye aldermen,' says the historian emphatically, 'for it is a glorious glass.'"

It is no less; but how slow or shy is the look of our merchants and legislators towards it!

It is worthy of notice that John Ball, a priest who was beheaded for his share in Wat Tyler's rising, and the author of the notable democratic couplet

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

indited the first songs in the collection. Another circumstance, interesting beyond the value of an "old song," is a ballad named "The Life and Death of the two Ladies of Finsbury, that gave Moorfields to the City, for the Maidens of London to dry Cloaths:"—

"And likewise when those maidens died,
They gave those pleasant fields
Unto our London citizens,
Which they most bravely build.
And now are made most pleasant walks,
That great contentment yield
To maidens of London so fair!
Where lovingly both man and wife
May take the evening air,
And London dames to dry their cloaths
May hither still repair;
For that intent most freely given,
By these two damsels fair,
Unto the maidens of London for ever!"

We are tempted to present to our readers one or two extracts of greater length. Take first some verses from "Michaelmas Term:"—

"The tapsters, ostlers, and chamberlains all,
 Chiefly about Holborn, Fleet Street, and the Strand,
 Since Trinity term had takings but small,
 Which caus'd many of them to run behind hand ;
 But now they are jovial, and take heart a grace,
 And both nimble gestures and speeches they learn ;
 Their gains now come tumbling in a great pace,—
 Long time they have wished for Michaelmas Term.

Some attornies, and some that sollicite law cases,
 That at the vacation in the country plods,
 They, like to King Janus, can use double faces,
 And bribe to set neighbour with neighbour at odds :
 Now hither they come, with their bags full of law,
 But the profits they all to themselves do confirm ;
 Although it be but for a trusse of rye straw,
 The case must be try'd at Michaelmas Term.

The rambling clerks, that for lodging and dyet
 Have run on the tickets with vitlers and cooks,
 Beside now an then for some overplus royot
 Some of them have pawn'd their gowns and their books.
 O now they are frolic, and sing care away,
 For country clients about them do swarm ;
 Now all their old scores they'll be able to pay,—
 Their hands are so busy in Michaelmas Term.

The three-penny ordinaries are so full throng'd,
 That there you can scarce get one bit of meat ;
 Your countrymen proudly do scorn to be wrong'd,
 And yet their own bellies they basely will cheat.
 The lawyers' hands are still itching for fees,
 Which makes the plain husbandman let out his farm,
 To come up to London to eat bread and cheese,
 While lawyers eat roast meat in Michaelmas Term.

The dainty fine girls that keep shop in the Change,
 Against this quick season have been exercis'd,
 To furnish their coffers with fashions all strange,—
 The finest and rarest that can be devis'd ;
 They keep their old ditty,—sir, what is't you lack ?—
 Which country people are greedy to learn :
 The husband must carry the wife some new knack,
 Or else he's not welcome from Michaelmas Term."

"The Ranting Rambler; or a Young Gentleman's Frolick through the City by Night, where he was taken by the Watch, and sent to the Counter because he would not speak, and next day brought before my Lord Mayor," &c., which is "to a pleasant new

tune called *The Rant, Dal, derra, rara,*" is amusing, with a touch of romance in the story :—

" I pray now attend to this ditty,
A merry and frolicsome song,
'Twas of a young spark through the city,
By night he went ranting along.
The Rant, Dal, derra, rara, &c.

The constable happen'd to hear him,
And call'd to his watch out of hand ;
They went forth and never did fear him,
But presently bid him to stand.
The Rant, &c.

Come bring forth the lanthorn and candle,
That straight we his person may seize ;
I hope we have power to handle
Such turbulent fellows as these.
The Rant, &c.

Sir, Come before Mr. Constable,
There to be examined in course ;
Nay, if you refuse it, we're able
To bring you before him by force.
The Rant, &c.

Friend, where have you been this late hour,
Ne'er baffle, but now tell me true ;
'Tis very well known I have power
To punish such ranters as you.
The Rant, &c.

No person like him ever acted,
His senses and reason is fled ;
I think that the fellow's distracted ;—
Why han't you a tongue in your head ?
The Rant, &c.

I'm the King's lieutenant, don't flout me,
My power all persons will own ;
The watch are my nobles about me,
This chair is a type of the throne.
The Rant, &c.

This touch of my office I'll lend him,
My power o'er night he don't mind,
Therefore to the Counter I'll send him,
Next morning a tongue he may find.
The Rant, &c.

The watchmen did straightways surround him,
And him to the Counter they bring,
And yet notwithstanding they found him,
Resolved this ditty to sing.
The Rant, &c.

The Percy Society.

Come open, turnkey of the prison,
 The ranter must with you remain,
 When sleep has restored his reason,
 Our master will call here again.
 The Rant, &c.

The keeper, he said, worthy Squire,
 You sèem like a person well bred ;
 Will you have a chamber and fire ?
 Or shall we provide you a bed ?
 The Rant, &c.

Come bring him a quart of canary,
 And pipes of tobacco also ;
 The gentleman seems to be merry,
 He'll pay us before he doth go.
 The Rant, &c.

The prisoners heard the oration,
 How he in his rant did proceed,
 And therefore without disputation
 They all came for garnish with speed.
 The Rant, &c.

And straight they laid hold of his bever
 And told him he garnish should pay,
 The keeper he us'd his endeavour
 To pacifie them while next day.
 The Rant, &c.

The constable that was offended
 Next day to the gaol did repair,
 And being with servants attended
 He brought him before the Lord Mayor.
 The Rant, &c.

As I in my watchhouse was sitting
 This fellow a racket did keep,
 A humour which was most unfitting,
 He waken'd men out of their sleep.
 The Rant, &c.

Said I, where is your habitation ?
 I questioned this over and o'er,
 But he would give me no relation,
 But still he came ranting the more.
 The Rant, &c.

My officers has he not rested ?
 In this you must satisfy me,
 They to my Lord Mayor straight protested
 No man had slept better than he.
 The Rant, &c.

Does such a strange humour attend you ?
Will you by strange fancies be led ?
Again to the Counter I'll send you
To cure the strange noise in your head.
The Rant, &c.

Then straightways came in my lord's daughter
And begg'd that he might be set free.
And said, Sir, I know that hereafter
You'll find this a wager to be.
The Rant, &c.

He straightways did grant her desire,
And to her request he agrees,
And did the young gallant require
To pay down his officers' fees.
The Rant, &c.

To pay which the gallant was ready,
Yet never a word did he say,
But made a bow to the young lady,
And then he went singing away.
The Rant, &c.

Come we now to another publication, "The Early Naval Ballads of England, Collected and Edited by J. O. Halliwell." The only observation we have to offer with regard to this collection is, that the spirit and manner of the oldest of them have been much imitated; even Dibdin seems to have been indebted to some of them in the composition of the best of his sea-songs. We quote one on Admiral Benbow that would stir our modern tars, and charm the ears of a certain commodore :—

" Come all you sailors bold,
Lend an ear, lend an ear;
Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear :
'Tis of your admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow called by name,
How he fought on the main,
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
For to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight ;
Brave Benbow he set sail,
With a fine and pleasant gale,
But his captains they turn'd tail,
In a fright, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade,
I will run, I will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade I will run :

I value not disgrace,
 Nor the losing of my place,
 My enemies I'll not face
 With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark
 Fought the French, fought the French,
 'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the French ;
 And there was ten in all,
 Poor souls, they fought them all,
 They valued them not at all,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,
 With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot,
 It was our admiral's lot, with a chain-shot ;
 Our admiral lost his legs,
 And to his men he begs,
 Fight on, my brave boys, he says,
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
 Thus he said, thus he said,
 While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said,
 Let my cradle now in haste,
 On the quarter deck be placed,
 That my enemies I may face
 'Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And there bold Benbow lay
 Crying out, crying out,
 And there bold Benbow lay crying out :
 Let us tack once more,
 We'll drive them to their own shore,
 I value not half a score,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise."

"The Historical Songs of Ireland, illustrative of the Revolutionary Struggle between James II. and William III.; with Introduction and Notes by T. Crofton Croker," is a volume which, independent of the heart and the life that are in such songs as the "Battle of the Boyne Water," and the "Death of the Duke of Schomberg," has been rendered rich and valuable by the editor's national ardour, and ample stores for elucidation. We hasten to one other volume, of a complexion different from the collections we have been noticing ; but, in its own way, exhibiting the simplicity and credulity of our ancestors with excellent effect, and yet being charged with exquisite humour and drollery ; all calculated, however, to convey kindly and cleanly lessons, and a charming light-heartedness. The volume to which we now allude is called "Robin Goodfellow ;" the Introduction being "by J. Payne Collier, Esq., for the Percy Society."

We have never met with any version of Robin's birth, boyhood, and heroism, that is equal to the history before us. "The trickes" of some of the other fairies are not less good-natured and funny. Take an account of some of the services of one of these *canny folk*—the fairy called "Pinch:"—

"Sometimes I find a slut sleeping in the chimney corner, when she should be washing of her dishes, or doing something else which she hath left undone: her I pinch about the armes, for not laying her armes to her labour. Some I find in their bed snorting and sleeping, and their houses lying as cleane as a nasty doggs kennell; in one corner bones, in another eg-shells, behind the doore a heap of dust, the dishes under feet, and the cat in the cubbord; all these sluttish trickes I doe reward with blue legges and blue armes. I find some slovens too, as well as sluts; they pay for their beastlinesse too, as well as the women-kind; for if they uncase a sloven and not untye their points, I so pay their armes that they cannot sometime untye them, if they would. Those that leave foule shooes, or goe into their beds with their stockings on, I use them as I did the former, and never leave them till they have left their beastlinesse.

"But to the good I doe no harme,
But cover them, and keep them warme:
Sluts and slovens I doe pinch,
And make them in their beds to winch.
This is my practice, and my trade;
Many have I cleanly made."

But we must not overlook the parentage and birth of Robin, as related by a worthy hostess:—

"Once upon a time a great while agoe, when men did eate more and drinke lesse,—then men were more honest, that knew no knavery then some now are, that confesse the knowledge and deny the practise—about that time (when so ere it was) there was wont to walke many harmlesse spirits called fayries, dancing in brave order in fayry rings on greene hills with sweete musicke (sometimes invisible) in divers shapes; many mad pranks would they play, as pinching of sluts black and blue, and misplacing things in ill-ordered houses: but lovingly would they use wenches that cleanly were, giving them silver and other pretty toyes, which they would leave for them, sometimes in their shooes, other times in their pockets, sometimes in bright basons and other cleane vessels. Amongst these fayries was there a hee fayrie: whether he was their king or no I know not; but surely he had great government and commaund in that country as you shall heare. This same hee fayry did love a proper young wench, for every night would he with other fayries come to the house, and there dance in her chamber; and oftentimes shee was forced to dance with him, and at his departure would hee leave her silver and jewels, to expresse his love unto her. At last this mayde was with childe, and being asked who was the father of it, she answered a man that nightly came to visit her, but earely in the morning he would go his way, whither she knew not, he

went so suddainly. Many old women, that then had more wit than those that are now living and have lesse, sayd that a fayry had gotten her with childe : and they bid her be of good comfort, for the childe must needes be fortunate that had so noble a father as a fayry was, and should worke many strange wonders. To be short, her time grew on, and she was delivered of a man childe, who (it should seeme) so rejoyced his father's heart, that every night his mother was supplied with necessary things that are befitting a woman in child-birth, so that in no meane manner neither ; for there had shee rich imbroidered cushions, stooles, carpits, coverlets, delicate linnen : then for the meate, she had capons, chickens, mutton, lambe, phesant, snite, woodcocke, partridge, quaille. The gossips liked this fare so well, that she never wanted company : wine had shee of all sorts, as muskadine, sacke, malmsie, clarret, white and bastard : this pleased her neighbours well, so that few that came to see her, but they had home with them a medicine for the fleas. Sweet meates too had they in such abundance that some of their teeth are rotten to this day ; and for musicke shee wanted not, or any other thing she desired. All prayed this honest fayry for his care, and the childe for his beauty, and the mother for a happy woman. In briefe, christened hee was, at the which all this good cheare was doubled, which made most of the women so wise, that they forgot to make themselves unready, and so lay in their cloathes ; and none of them the next day could remember the child's name, but the clarke, and hee may thanke his booke for it, or else it had been utterly lost. So much for the birth of little Robin."

In the course of time, Robin's papa bestows upon him supernatural gifts, so as to take any shape he has a mind to ; which affords him wonderful advantages among ordinary people, and even enables him to occupy a prominent place among the fairies ; for instance, in their dances, which are performed to his songs ; a number of these characterizing the hero's exploits and adventures. We close with one of them, which is trippingly composed, and altogether appropriate to the occasion :—

" Round about, little ones, quick and nimble,
In and out, wheele about, run, hop, or amble.
Joyne your heads lovingly ; well done, musition !
Mirth keepeth man in health like a physition.
Elves, urchins, goblins all, and little fairyes
That doe filch, blacke, and pinche mayds of the dairyes ;
Make a ring on the grasse with your quicke measures,
Tom shall play, and Ile sing for all your pleasures.

Pinch and Patch, Gull and Grim,
Goe you together ;
For you can change your shapes
Like to the weather.
Sib and Tib, Licke and Lull,
You all have trickes, too ;
Little Tom Thumb that pipes
Shall goe betwixt you.

Tom, tickle up thy pipes
Till they be weary :
I will laugh, ho, ho, hoh !
And make me merry.
Make a ring on this grasse
With your quicke measures :
Tom shall play, I will sing
For all your pleasures.
The moone shines faire and bright,
And the owle hollows,
Mortals now take their rests
Upon their pillows :
The bats abroad likewise,
And the night raven,
Which does use for to call
Men to Deaths haven.
Now the mice peepe abroad,
And the cats take them,
Now doe young wenches sleepe,
Till their dreams wake them.
Make a ring on the grasse
With your quicke measures :
Tom shall play, I will sing
For all your pleasures."

ART. XII.—*The Idler in France.* By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.
2 vols. Colburn.

THE Countess idled in Italy in this way, that she kept a journal, portions of which we laid before our readers, until that journal grew into volumes, filled, not with affected ecstacies, vapid descriptions, and puerile criticism, but common sense, genuine feeling, and cultured taste; the whole expressed with remarkable grace, sweet fluency, and delicate point. A continuation of the idling, which extended to the most renowned places and objects in the country mentioned, brought her to France, where she indulged in the very same sort of pastime, and in a still more exquisite manner; the subjects being not only more lightsome and manageable, but the field and the people more familiar to her. The subject altogether was better suited to her genius; and she has handled it with a spiriting liveliness and lightsome touch, yet with a truth and depth of colouring, that picture France and the French in a style that manifests clearly she drew from life, and uttered precisely what she experienced and thought at the moment that her sketches purport to have been executed. Had it been otherwise, we could not have received so many nice yet unstudied observations, nor so much healthy reflection as abound in these volumes. There would have been stiffness,

cold rhapsodies, sentimental descriptions, and laboured wit: of neither of which do we discover a trace. But there is even more than acuteness, refinement, and reality, in her ladyship's writings. There is uniformly an independence of mind, and evidences of a talent for estimating quickly and justly, character, whether of persons or places—whether of literature or art. There is something beyond these gifts and principles still; she has got a heart that is kindly, amicable, and generous; so that one not only sees as if with her eyes what she describes, and sympathizes just as she herself does, to the extent of taking often a deep interest in the subjects which engaged her attention, but this always delightful result is experienced—one perceives the Idler's mind and its workings, and hence has two objects, quite in harmony, to observe, the delineator and the delineated.

We must observe that there is skill and tact in Lady Blessington's method of conveying many opinions, and in sketching scenes and characters. Most of that which she has to tell is about what she has seen, concerning individuals she has associated or come into contact with, and of society in masses; not merely taken in groups, but studied through some sort of intercourse with a considerable number of the component parts. Now, she was very much exposed to the risk of becoming tiresomely egotistic, or offensively personal, in these circumstances. But neither of these drawbacks will be felt in perusing the Idler's volumes; for she has contrived to present her own concerns, doings, and occasions, rather than herself; making the ordinary occupations of a person of her rank, taste, and opportunities, to be very frequently the rallying points for the most agreeable and telling passages in her book. Her station, her connexions in France, her habits, were all highly in her favour for observation, for collecting information, and for anecdotal snatches. Many celebrated or distinguished persons are introduced; and, not to keep our readers longer in suspense, the Countess was in Paris during "the three glorious days"—her journal embracing the revolution as well as the immediately preceding period.

On returning from Italy, by way of Nismes, Arles, Lyons, &c., Lady Blessington was necessarily led to discourse of some of the antiquities which abound in the south of France. There is gravity in many of her reflections upon human conduct and transient life, when an ordinary tourist would only clatter about relics, give us the slang of a draftsman, or some traditionary romance. For example, having denounced the practice of transporting antiquities from their original site, except for their preservation, and declared that all the power of association, as well as of fitness, is lost by such a transference, she moralizes in this fashion:—

"Silence and solitude reign around it, and wild fig-trees enwreath with their luxuriant foliage the opening made by Time, and half conceal the

wounds inflicted by barbarian hands. I could have spent hours in this desecrated temple, pondering on the brevity of life, as compared with its age. There is something pure and calm in such a spot, that influences the feelings of those who pause in it ; and by reminding them of the inevitable lot of all sublunary things, render the cares incidental to all who breathe, less acutely felt for the time. Is not every ruin a history of the fate of generations, which century after century has seen pass away ?—generations of mortals like ourselves, who have been moved by the same passions, and vexed by the same griefs ; like us, who were instinct with life and spirit, yet whose very dust has disappeared. Nevertheless, we can yield to the futile pleasures, or to the petty ills of life, as if their duration was to be of long extent, unmindful that ages hence, others will visit the objects we now behold, and find them little changed, while we shall have in our turn passed away, leaving behind no trace of our existence. I never see a beautiful landscape, a noble ruin, or a glorious fane, without wishing that I could bequeath to those who will come to visit them when I shall be no more the tender thoughts that filled my soul when contemplating them ; and thus, even in death, create a sympathy."

We remember nothing so lifelike and gratifying in Italy, as the good hostess and old inn at Arles :—

" Arles is certainly one of the most interesting towns I have ever seen, whether viewed as a place remarkable for the objects of antiquity it contains, or for the primitive manners of its inhabitants and its picturesque appearance. The quays are spacious and well built, presenting a very different aspect to the streets ; for the former are very populous, being frequented by the boatmen who ply their busy commerce between Lyons and Marseilles—depôts for the merchandise being erected along them, while the latter are comparatively deserted. With this facility of communication with two such flourishing towns, it is extraordinary that Arles should have so long retained the primitive simplicity that seems to pervade it, and that a good hotel has not yet been established here. Our good hostess provided nearly as substantial a supper for us last night as the early dinner served up on our arrival, and again presided at the repast, pressing us to eat, and recommending, with genuine kindness, the various specimens of dainties set before us. Our beds, though homely, were clean ; and I have seldom, in the most luxurious ones, reposed equally soundly. When our courier asked for the bill this morning, the landlady declared she 'knew not what to charge, that she was never in the habit of making out bills, and that we must give her what we thought right.' The courier urged the necessity of having a regular bill, explaining to her that he was obliged to file all bills, and produce them every week for the arrangement of his accounts—but in vain : she could not, she declared, make one out ; and no one in her house was more expert than herself. She came to us, laughing and protesting, and ended by saying, 'Pay what you like ; things are very cheap at Arles. You have eaten very little—really, it is not worth charging for.' But when we persisted on having her at least name a sum, to our infinite surprise she asked, if a couple of louis would be too much ? And this for a party of six, and six servants, for two days ! We

had some difficulty in inducing her to accept a suitable indemnification, and parted, leaving her proclaiming what she was pleased to consider our excessive generosity, and reiterating her good wishes."

A very considerable portion, and some of the best parts too, of these volumes, consist of her Ladyship's outlines of national character, especially when she contrasts the English and the French. For example, she says:—

"*A propos* of manners, I am struck with the great difference between those of Frenchmen and Englishmen, of the same station of life. The latter treat women with a politeness that seems the result of habitual amenity; the former with a homage that appears to be inspired by the peculiar claims of the sex, particularised in the individual woman, and is consequently more flattering. An Englishman seldom lays himself out to act the agreeable to women; a Frenchman never omits an opportunity of so doing: hence, the attentions of the latter are less gratifying than those of the former, because a woman, however free from vanity, may suppose that when an Englishman takes the trouble—and it is evidently a trouble, more or less, to all our islanders to enact the agreeable—she has really inspired him with the desire to please. In France, a woman may forget that she is neither young nor handsome; for the absence of these claims to attention does not expose her to be neglected by the male sex. In England, the elderly and the ugly 'could a tale unfold' of the *naïveté* with which men evince their sense of the importance of youth and beauty, and their oblivion of the presence of those who have neither. France is the paradise for old women, particularly if they are *spirituelle*; but England is the purgatory."

The tone of society at Paris, she says, is very agreeable. Literature, the fine arts, and the general occurrences of the day, furnish the topics for conversation, from which ill-natured remarks are exploded. The following observations convey similar views:—

"French society has decidedly one great superiority over English, and that is its freedom from those topics which too often engross so considerable a portion of male conversation, even in the presence of ladies, in England. I have often passed the evening previously and subsequently to a race, in which many of the men present took a lively interest, without ever hearing it made the subject of conversation. Could this be said of a party in England, on a similar occasion? Nor do the men here talk of their shooting or hunting before women, as with us. This is a great relief, for in England many a woman is doomed to listen to interminable tales of slaughtered grouse, partridges and pheasants; of hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field,' and venturous leaps, the descriptions of which leave one in doubt whether the narrator or his horse be the greater animal of the two; and render the poor listener more fatigued by the recital than either was by the longest chase. A dissertation on the comparative merits of Manton's, Lancaster's, and Moore's guns, and the advantage of percussion locks, it is true, generally diversifies the conversation. Then how

edifying it is to hear the pedigrees of horses—the odds for and against the favourite winning such or such a race—the good or bad books of the takers—the hedging or backing of the bettors! Yet all this are women condemned to hear on the eve of a race, or during the shooting and hunting season, should their evil stars bring them into the society of any of the Nimrods or sportsmen of the day, who think it not only allowable to devote nearly all their time to such pursuits, but to talk of little else. The woman who aims at being popular in her county, must not only listen patiently, but evince a lively interest in these *intellectual* occupations; while, if the truth was confessed, she is thoroughly *ennuyée* by these details of them: or if not, it must be inferred that she has lost much of the refinement of mind and taste peculiar to the well-educated portion of her sex. I do not object to men liking racing, hunting, and shooting. The first preserves the breed of horses, for which England is so justly celebrated, and hunting keeps up the skill in horsemanship in which our men excel. What I do object to is their making these pursuits the constant topics of conversation before women, instead of selecting those more suitable to the tastes and habits of the latter. There is none of the affectation of avoiding subjects supposed to be uninteresting to women visible in the men here. They do not utter with a smile—half pity, half condescension—‘we must not talk politics before the ladies;’—they merely avoid entering into discussions, or exhibiting party spirit, and show their deference for female society by speaking on literature, on which they politely seem to take for granted that women are well informed. Perhaps this deferential treatment of the gentler sex may not be wholly caused by the good breeding of the men in France; for I strongly suspect that the women here would be very little disposed to submit to the *nonchalance* that prompts the conduct I have referred to in England, and that any man who would make his horses or his field-sports the topic of discourse in their presence, would soon find himself expelled from their society. Frenchwomen still think, and with reason, that they govern the tone of the circles in which they move, and look with jealousy on any infringement of the respectful attention they consider to be their due.”

The attention paid by young men to old women in Parisian society, (for the Countess dwells on the subject of national contrasts, and puts the same ideas in a diversity of ways,) is said to be very edifying. Any breach of it would be considered little short of a crime. This attention is evinced by the most delicate flattery, a profound silence, for example, when the belles of other days talk of their own times, and by a number of little acts performed with the utmost alacrity. Still, our lady is not disposed to admit that in France there is greater decorum or real dignity to be witnessed, than exists in the best English society:—

“There is a repose in the society of clever and refined Englishmen to be met with in no other: the absence of all attempts to shine, or at least of the evidence of such attempts; the mildness of the manners; the low voices, the freedom from any flattery, except the most delicate and accept-

able of all to a fastidious person, namely, that implied by the subjects of conversation chosen, and the interest yielded to them ;—yes, these peculiarities have a great charm for me, and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell possess them in an eminent degree. The mercurial temperaments of the French preclude them from this calmness of manner and mildness of speech. More obsequiously polite and attentive to women, the exuberance of their animal spirits often hurries them into a gaiety evinced by clever sallies and clever observations. They shine, but they let the desire to do so be too evident to admit of that quietude that forms one of the most agreeable, as well as distinguishing, attributes of the conversation of a refined and highly intellectual Englishman."

The Countess declares that she is often amused, and sometimes half vexed, by witnessing the prejudices that still exist in France with regard to the English. She says that these prejudices prevail in all ranks, and appear to her to be incurable ; extending to trivial, as well as to more grave matters : they influence the opinions pronounced on all subjects. Some amusing examples are given, and with her Ladyship's habitual good humour and *naïveté* :

"Monsieur de —, talking of London last evening, told the Count — to be on his guard not to be too civil to people when he got there. The Count — looked astonished, and inquired the reason for the advice. 'Merely to prevent your being suspected of having designs on the hearts of the women, or the purses of the men,' replied Monsieur de — ; 'for no one can evince in London society the *empressement* peculiar to well-bred Frenchmen without being accused of some unworthy motive for it.' I defended my countrymen against the sweeping censure of the cynical Monsieur de —, who shook his head, and declared that he spoke from observation. He added, that persons more than usually polite are always supposed to be poor in London ; and that as this supposition was the most injurious to their reception in good society, he always counselled his friends, when about to visit it, to assume a *brusquerie* of manner, and a stinginess with regard to money, by which means they were sure to escape the suspicion of poverty ; as in England a parsimonious expenditure and bluntness are supposed to imply the possession of wealth. I ventured to say that I could now understand why it was that he passed for being so rich in England— a *coup de patte* that turned the laugh against him. M. de — is a perfect cynic, and piques himself on saying what he thinks,— a habit more frequently adopted by those who think disagreeable, than agreeable things."

Every one knows how the French boast of their cooking science ; and we lately quoted what Lady Morgan had to report concerning English barbarism, in this exalted department of mental concern. We find that she is borne out by the anecdote which we now cite :—

"Lord — wishing to have a particular sauce made which he had tasted in London, and for which he got the receipt, he explained to his cook, an artist of great celebrity, how the component parts were to be

amalgamated. 'How, my lord!' exclaimed *Monsieur le cuisinier*; 'an English sauce! Is it possible your lordship can taste any thing so barbarous? Why, years ago, my lord, a profound French philosopher described the English as a people who had a hundred religions, but only one sauce.' More anxious to get the desired sauce than to defend the taste of his country, or correct the impertinence of his cook, Lord — immediately said, 'On recollection, I find I made a mistake; the sauce I mean is *à la Hollandaise*, and not *à la Anglaise*.' '*A la bonheur*, my lord, *c'est autre chose*;' and the sauce was forthwith made, and was served at table the day we dined with Lord —."

The manners characteristic of the two countries may be detected in every class, and pervades them all. The airs of self-complacency, amounting almost to impertinence, practised by the shop-keepers of Paris, would, we are told, surprise any person accustomed to the civility and assiduity of those in London, who, whether the purchase be large or small, evince an equal politeness.

"In Paris, the tradesman assumes the right of dictating to the taste of his customers; in London, he only administers to it. Enter a Parisian shop, and ask to be shown velvet, silk, or riband, to assort with a pattern you have brought of some particular colour or quality, and the mercer, having glanced at it somewhat contemptuously, places before you six or eight pieces of a different tint and texture.

"You tell him that they are not similar to the pattern, and he answers, 'That may be; nevertheless, his goods are of the newest fashion, and infinitely superior to your model.' You say, 'You prefer the colour of your pattern, and must match it.' He produces half-a-dozen pieces still more unlike what you require; and to your renewed assertion that no colour but the one similar to your pattern will suit you, he assures you that his goods are superior to all others, and that what you require is out of fashion, and a very bad article, and, consequently, that you had much better abandon your taste and adopt his. This counsel is given without any attempt at concealing the contempt the giver of it entertains for your opinion, and the perfect satisfaction he indulges for his own.

"You once more ask, 'If he has got nothing to match the colour you require?' and he shrugs his shoulders and answers, '*Pourtant*, madame, what I have shown you is much superior.'—'Very possible; but no colour will suit me but this one,' holding up the pattern; 'for I want to replace a breadth of a new dress to which an accident has occurred.'—'*Pourtant*, madame, my colours are precisely the same, but the quality of the material is infinitely better!' and with this answer, after having lost half an hour—if not double that time—you are compelled to be satisfied, and leave the shop, its owner looking as if he had considered you a person of decidedly bad taste, and very troublesome into the bargain."

Similar treatment awaits you in every shop. But it may be still more disagreeable if the intending purchaser be an English woman. Suppose such a person enters a glover's or shoemaker's shop, she

will only be shown the largest gloves or shoes; so persuaded are they that she cannot have a small hand or foot. Should the tradesman find, however, that he was mistaken, "discomposed as well as surprised," he will say, he had no notion that "une dame Anglaise could want small gloves or shoes."

With regard to conversation:—

"I observe that few English shine in conversation with the French. There is a lightness and brilliancy, a sort of touch and go, if I may say so, in the latter, seldom, if ever, to be acquired by strangers. Never dwelling long on any subject, and rarely entering profoundly into it, they sparkle on the surface with great dexterity, bringing wit, gaiety, and tact, into play.

"Like summer lightning, French wit flashes frequently, brightly, and innocuously, leaving nothing disagreeable to remind one of its having appeared. Conversation is, with the French, the aim and object of society. All enter it prepared to take a part, and he best enacts it who displays just enough knowledge to show that much remains behind. Such is the tact of the Parisians, that even the ignorant conceal the poverty of their minds, and might, to casual observers, pass as being in no way deficient, owing to the address with which they glide in an *à propos oui, ou non*, and an appropriate shake of the head, nod of assent, or dissent."

Again:—

"A Frenchwoman talks well on every subject, from those of the most grave political importance to the *dernière mode*. Her talent in this art is daily exercised, and consequently becomes perfected; while an Englishwoman, with more various and solid attainments, rarely, if ever, arrives at the ease and self-confidence which would enable her to bring the treasures with which her mind is stored into play. So generally is the art of conversation cultivated in France, that even those with abilities that rise not beyond mediocrity can take their parts in it, not only without exposing the poverty of their intellects, but with even a show of talent that often imposes on strangers. An Englishwoman, more concentrated in her feelings as well as in her pursuits, seldom devotes the time given by Frenchwomen to the superficial acquisition of a versatility of knowledge, which, though it enables them to converse fluently on various subjects, she would dread entering on, unless well versed in. My fair compatriots have consequently fewer topics, even if they had equal talent, to converse on; so that the *esprit* styled, *par excellence, l'esprit éminemment Français*, is precisely that to which we can urge the fewest pretensions. This does not, however, dispose me to depreciate a talent, or art, for art it may be called, that renders society in France not only so brilliant but so agreeable, and which is attended with the salutary effect of banishing the ill-natured observations and personal remarks which too often supply the place of more harmless topics with us."

Lady Blessington sometimes pursues her contrasts in a manner that conveys an idea of her heart and of her head. We like the

manner in which she speaks of the treatment of servants by French masters and mistresses. Not that she approves entirely of the tone of familiarity that frequently shocks the untravelled English, but that she would like to see more kindness of manner shown by the latter. The French take an interest in the welfare of their domestics; counsel them, inquire into their sorrows, and by these means gain real attachments; whereas with us, where although the servants be well fed, clothed, and paid, yet they are treated with coldness, merely as if created for the use of their employers, and even as automaton. One of the consequences is, that their external obedience is profound, while no heartfelt attachment is created and cherished.

But we must close the volumes, and shall do so with a scrap or two that will enrich our pages. The first is an anecdote of the Princesse Talleyrand and Baron Denon:—

“When the Baron’s work on Egypt was the topic of general conversation, and the hotel of the Prince Talleyrand was the rendezvous of the most distinguished persons of both sexes at Paris, Denon being engaged to dine there one day, the Prince wished the Princesse to read a few pages of the book, in order that she might be enabled to say something complimentary on it to the author. He consequently ordered his librarian to send the work to her apartment on the morning of the day of the dinner; but, unfortunately, at the same time also commanded that a copy of *Robinson Crusoe* should be sent to a young lady, a *protégée* of hers, who resided in the hotel. The Baron Denon’s work, through mistake, was given to Mademoiselle, and *Robinson Crusoe* was delivered to the Princesse, who rapidly looked through its pages.

“The seat of honour at table being assigned to the Baron, the Princesse, mindful of her husband’s wishes, had no sooner eaten her soup than, smiling graciously, she thanked Denon for the pleasure which the perusal of his work had afforded her. The author was pleased, and told her how much he felt honoured; but judge of his astonishment, and the dismay of the Prince Talleyrand, when the Princesse exclaimed, ‘Yes, Monsieur le Baron, your work has delighted me; but I am longing to know what has become of your poor man Friday, about whom I feel such an interest?’ The Emperor Napoleon heard this story, and made Baron Denon repeat it to him, laughing immoderately all the time, and frequently after he would, when he saw Denon, inquire ‘How was poor Friday?’”

The Grub-street of Paris:—

“The houses, chiefly occupied by literary men, look quaint and picturesque. Every man one sees passing has the air of an author, not as authors now are, or at least as popular ones are, well-clothed and prosperous-looking, but as authors were when genius could not always command a good wardrobe, and walked forth in habiliments more derogatory to the age in which it was neglected, than to the individual whose poverty compelled such attire.

"Men in rusty threadbare black, with book under the arm, and some with spectacles on nose, reading while they walked along, might be encountered at every step.

"The women, too, in the Pays Latin, have a totally different aspect to those of every other part of Paris. The desire to please, inherent in the female breast, seems to have expired in them, for their dress betrays a total neglect, and its fashion is that of some forty years ago. Even the youthful are equally negligent, which indicates their conviction that the men they meet seldom notice them, proving the truth of the old saying, that women dress to please men.

"The old, with locks of snow, who had grown into senility in this erudite quarter, still paced the same promenade which they had trodden for many a year, habit having fixed them where hope once led their steps. The middle-aged, too, might be seen with hair beginning to blanch from long hours devoted to the midnight lamp, and faces marked with 'the pale cast of thought.' Hope, though less sanguine in her promises, still lures them on, and they pass the venerable old, unconscious that they themselves are succeeding them in the same life of study, to be followed by the same results, privation and solitude, until death closes the scene. And yet a life of study is, perhaps, the one in which the privations, compelled by poverty, are the least felt to be a hardship."

Lady Blessington watched with an earnest eye, and quick observation, the storms of the "Three days," inspired doubly by a personal interest in the welfare of some of the distinguished royalists, although she does not seem to have regarded any of the contending parties with extravagant enthusiasm. Indeed there is no exaggeration or hot-blowing in her volumes. We conclude with a feature of the Revolution:—

"There is a mixture of the sublime and of the ridiculous in the scenes now passing before my eyes that is quite extraordinary. Looking from my window, twenty minutes ago, I saw a troop of boys, amounting to about fifty, the eldest of whom could not be more than ten or eleven years old, and some who appeared under that age, march through our streets, with wooden swords, and lances pointed with sharp nails, flags flying, and crying, '*Vive la Charte! Vive la liberté!*' The gravity and intrepidity of these *gamins de Paris* would, at any other period, have elicited a smile; but now, this demonstration on the part of mere children creates the reflection of how profound and general must be the sympathy enlisted against the government and the sovereign in the hearts of the people. . . .

"One of our servants has this moment informed me that the children, whose warlike demeanour I was disposed to smile at an hour ago, have rendered (*not* the state, but the popular cause) some service. The troops, more amused than surprised at the appearance of these mimic soldiers, suffered them to approach closer than prudence warranted; and the urchins, rushing among the horses, wounded several of the poor animals severely, and effected their retreat before the soldiers were aware of what had occurred."

ART. XIII.—*Lectures on Colonization and Colonies.* By HERMAN MERIVALE, A. M. London: Longman and Co.

MR. Merivale is professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. It appears that by the terms of the foundation of the Chair, the lectures are to be published; and it was a fortunate provision, at least as regards the present author; for a more able work upon the science in question, has not appeared since its great originator, Adam Smith, wrote the "*Wealth of Nations*." In fact, Mr. Merivale is a disciple of the Smith school, expounding more largely, in certain cases, and correcting in others, views which that eminent man had not sufficient material to be guided by; or, where novel principles have come to be developed far more clearly in the social or institutional arrangements of mankind than in his day. Colonization, for example, has only of late become a subject that economists have been endeavouring to place upon fixed and intelligible grounds; and our professor's lectures will go far to enlighten the world upon many points where there still exist erroneous or vague notions.

It is not a little remarkable that opinions of the description of those before us should issue from the great seat of conservatism and aristocratic exclusiveness. Mr. Merivale is, for example, a strenuous advocate of free trade; so that when the lordlings that have sat at his feet, and been forced by their reason to imbibe the doctrines which he so ably teaches, become legislators, we may expect that no longer shall we hear of a house of *Incurables*, and that financial questions will be treated upon grounds of resistless plainness. What would some of the living obstructives have thought and done, had they, thirty or forty years ago, been addressed from an academical and authorised chair in such terms as these? "There is no novelty in the plain and simple arguments which show the mischief of restrictions on trade; but if they were novel, they would not be the less cogent. There is nothing un-English in pointing out the fact that England suffers a certain loss by the maintenance of a particular system; but if it were otherwise, love of country is a poor substitute in inquiry for love of truth." With regard to the prejudices against unshackling commerce, he says, "You, I am sure, will learn to despise this foolish and vulgar outcry." Again, "The rapid tide of sublunary events is carrying us inevitably past that point, at which the maintenance of colonial systems and navigation laws was practicable, whether it were desirable or no. We are borne helplessly along with the current; we may struggle and protest, and marvel why the barriers which ancient forethought had raised against the stream, now bend like reeds before its violence, but we cannot change our destiny."

Although the doctrines which Mr. Merivale advances may fre-

quently be old and clear to many minds, never have some of them been so fully and powerfully demonstrated as in the pages of his volume; and what renders his expositions particularly valuable, he does not allow himself to be led astray by theories, however plausible or beautiful; but fixes upon great and broad principles as guided by facts. He is manifestly profoundly acquainted with all that has been advanced by distinguished writers upon Political Economy, and makes free use of the materials that suit him thence derived. But then, he subjects them all fearlessly to his own ends and purposes, with a singular skill at compression, digestion, and arrangement; so that one cannot but feel that he is a writer whose most conspicuous quality is enlightened common sense. His reasoning is weighty and straightforward; his language is apt, pithy, and perspicuous. There is a breadth of judgment in his arguments and in the cast of his style, that enables the reader to plant his foot, as it were, firmly upon a ground from which he can see far around him, and feel assured of continued stability. Hear, for instance, how he expresses himself with regard to what is called the "colonial system," which is one of restriction or prohibition; that is, the mother-country binds itself not to admit of the productions of foreign countries upon equal terms with those of its own dependent settlements:—

"If I am forced to carry on a traffic in which I sell cheap and buy dear,—if I buy coats with hats manufactured by myself, and, giving my own hats at the market-price, am bound by contract to take the coats for twice as much as they are worth,—surely I should be reckoned a strange calculator if I persisted in estimating the value of my trade by its amount—boasted of the number of hats which I had sold, when I had parted with them for half their value, and measured the value of the coats I had purchased by setting them all down at the fictitious and exaggerated price I had agreed to give for them. Yet this is precisely, and without any exaggeration, the ordinary line of argument adopted by the advocates of the colonial system. Three millions and a half of British exports to the West Indies, in 1838, purchased less than half as much sugar and coffee as they would have purchased if carried to Cuba and Brazil. Goods to the amount of 1,750,000*l.* were therefore as completely thrown away without remuneration, as far as Britain is concerned, as if the vessels which conveyed them had perished on the voyage. Yet this sum of 1,750,000*l.* is gravely set down, along with the remainder, as part of the annual 'value of our colonial trade.' "

Mr. Merivale's work is divided into three parts. The first presents a history of modern colonization by European nations; the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the British, being all largely concerned in the system. This part of the work is particularly interesting, and will engage the attention of the general reader, while it convinces; for, without being impeded by a

detail of events, one is forced to feel that the principles laid down have uniformly been illustrated in one way; that the same results always have followed like systems. In the second part we have an exposition of the effects of colonization upon the mother-country, not merely as regards the people in consequence of emigration, but the wealth of the community: and the discussion is brought to bear upon the present condition of Great Britain and Ireland.

Colonies are of use in two remarkable ways: they are a drain for surplus population, and voluntary emigration should never be checked; and, secondly, they supply the parent state with raw materials, and new productions. Mr. Merivale makes small account of them as openings merely for exportation. We quote part of the discussion on this point:—

“In point of fact, importation, not exportation, is the great interest of a country; not the disposal of her own commodities, but the obtaining other commodities in return. The first is only useful as a means to the last: and yet it is singular to observe how the latter object, that of importation, is overlooked in ordinary reasoning on the subject, as if the only benefit of colonies resulted to our producers—our merchants and manufacturers, and not to our consumers—that is, to the great bulk of the people. This strange omission is in reality the consequence of those very narrow views of commercial policy, which have become so inveterate by long indulgence, that even those who are convinced of their futility can scarcely shake off the prejudices produced by them. Thus we constantly underrate those commercial benefits which are common to us with all the world, or which we only enjoy in a superior degree in so far as superior industry and manufacturing advantages fairly command it. To suit our contracted notions of economical gain to a particular country, the gain in question must be something exclusive and monopolized. * * Nothing is more common, even now, than to hear colonies spoken of as if they were only so many emporia where certain quantities of cotton and hardware may be disposed of with advantage to the manufacturer and shipowner. That the poor man possesses additional articles of food and clothing, and many little comforts or enjoyments which were unknown to his forefathers; that members of the richer and the middle classes, in return for the outlay of a similar proportion of their income, can indulge in many luxuries which were heretofore denied them, can surround themselves with a refinement and elegance heretofore unknown; these are, after all, the great primary benefits which the discovery of America and the spread of colonization have secured to us: and it is to a similar increase of our physical well-being that we ought to look as the chief economical advantage to be derived to us from its farther extension.

“The increase of the demand for products of national industry is a good, not because it enables us to part more readily with these products, but because it increases our means of acquiring articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury, in exchange. It is not the export of so many millions' worth of cotton goods which benefits England; it is the acquisition of the

sugar and coffee, the wines, tea, silk, and other numberless objects of value, which we receive in return. Our best customers are, not those who take most of our produce, but those who give us the greatest amount of value in exchange for it."

The third part of the work, which will be completed in another volume, has for its subject the progress of wealth and of society in colonies. In the pages before us, the theme is to some extent handled, and points to principles and facts of the gravest concernment. For example, the perpetuation of slavery seems to be inevitable from his doctrine and demonstrations. The fact, at any rate, has ever yet been, that in tropical regions great colonial wealth, or, in other words, systematic cultivation, to the adequate draining from the land its riches, has always been carried on by slave labour. In the course of time, however, this land begins to exhibit exhaustion, till it cannot compete with virgin soils, which will gradually be appropriated. The old colonies, such as the British West Indies, to be sure, may still be occupied, and the cheapest kind of labour, viz. that which is free, may be employed; but nevertheless the colonization of new lands will proceed, and upon these bondsmen will be the labourers; and nothing, according to the present constitution of things, can prevent it. Assuredly this is a serious and appalling view; but still our author declares that "neither skill nor capital, nor abundance of labour has ever been found able to compete in tropical cultivation, with the advantage of a new and fertile soil. Notwithstanding all the improvements in agriculture which experience or accumulated knowledge can bring about, it has always been found that whenever a new district had been opened to adventurers, it inevitably attracted the capital, and eclipsed the prosperity of the older ones." And what is one of the inevitable consequences?—

"So long, then, as there is new soil to break up, so long the continuance of slavery is secured; because workmen must be had at all hazards, and it is more profitable to cultivate a fresh soil by the dear labour of slaves, than an exhausted one by the cheap labour of freemen. It is secured, I mean, as far as the immediate interest of the masters can prevail in maintaining it.

"For example: the limit of the ill-gotten prosperity of Cuba will, of course, be found in the exhaustion of the fresh and fertile soil in that island. How near that limit may be, it is impossible to conjecture. We have seen that the old sugar-plantations in the neighbourhood of the Havanna are already abandoned, but that clearing is continually extending in the interior. About three millions of acres in Cuba are said to be in cultivation,—that is, a sixth of the surface of the island. But if that limit had been reached, no perceptible advance towards the abolition of slavery would be gained. The Southern part of the New World still offers its vast and almost untouched continent to the speculations of avarice. Brazil, the second if not the first slave state in the world, has soil available

for every kind of tropical produce beyond all practical limit ; and, if unchecked by any other than economical causes, there seems no reason why the slave-trade and slave cultivation should not extend with the extending market of Europe, until the forest has been cleared, and the soil exhausted of its first fertility, from the Atlantic to the Andes.

“ North America affords a still more remarkable instance of this general truth. I entered, in a former lecture, into some details of the economical history of Virginia, as an example of the natural course of things in regions of limited fertility, raising exportable produce by compulsory labour. You will have perceived from that statement, how slavery, from having afforded a high rate of remuneration to the planter, becomes at last a burden ; the profit of his cultivation falling off along with the gradual diminution of fertility, while the expense of maintaining his slaves remains the same or increases. Therefore if the Allegany Mountains had offered as formidable a barrier to the migration of slaves and slave-owners as the sea which washes our island colonies, it is very easy to perceive that, in the older slave states of America, all economical reason for the maintenance of slavery would by this time have ceased ; its continuance, if it continued at all, would have been owing only to habit or to fear, and free labour would by degrees have been superseding compulsory. But, unfortunately, a new source of profit opened to the Virginian slave-holder. Whether from better institutions, or from a healthier climate, the Negro race multiplies in slavery in America, while it declines or remains stationary in the West Indian islands. While, therefore, capital is migrating farther and farther Westward, and new lands are daily taken up as the old ones are abandoned, slaves are bred in the older states, and supplied, by a regular domestic slave-trade, to the new.”

Mr. Merivale appears to look with the most serious doubts upon the success of the experiment made in the West Indies : viz., the emancipation of the negroes, just as he fears that the slave-trade cannot be repressed. He thus expresses himself in one passage :—

“ The display of these qualities [morality and love of finery] does not solve the great question of the future. The present flourishing condition of the Negro peasantry cannot continue without steady industry. We are not now discussing the abstract question whether civilization may not flourish in the absence of wealth : suffice it to say, that in the present state of the West Indies, the growth of wealth alone can insure the growth of civilization. Their taste for comforts and luxuries, and the great increase in the importation of articles consumed by them, on which so much stress is laid by writers on the prosperous side of the question, prove that they are able just at present to obtain very high wages for very slight and irregular labour,—the worst of all preparations for an ordinary and industrious state of life. When those wages fall, as fall they inevitably will and that shortly, what will be their conduct *then* ? Will they be content to work more steadily for less remuneration ? or will they prefer to continue in their present desultory habits, and drop, one by one, their acquired wants, rather than undergo the additional fatigue which will then

be necessary to satisfy them ? This is not only the great question of the day in reference to the actual condition of our tropical colonies, but it is perhaps the most important of all the questions which now agitate the political world, in its ultimate bearing on the destinies of the human race. If all our sacrifices, all our efforts, end but in the establishment of a number of commonwealths such as Hayti now is, flourishing in contented obscurity side by side with the portentous and brilliant opulence of slave-owning and slave-trading states, the best interests of humanity will have received a shock which it may take centuries to repair."

There is in every system of institutions, according to our author, or, at least, in that of the colonization of tropical regions, a series of revolutions that cannot be prevented. Look to the West Indies, as guided by our author's finger :—

"Let us pause for a moment to reflect on the remarkable uniformity with which events have succeeded each other in the economical history of the West Indies in general. At each epoch in that history we see the same causes producing almost identical effects. The opening of a fresh soil, with freedom of trade, gives a sudden stimulus to settlement and industry ! the soil is covered with free proprietors, and a general but rude prosperity prevails. Then follows a period of more careful cultivation ; during which estates are consolidated, gangs of slaves succeed to communities of freemen, the rough commonwealth is formed into a most productive factory. But fertility diminishes ; the cost of production augments ; slave-labour, always dear, becomes dearer by the increased difficulty of supporting it ; new settlements are occupied, new sources of production opened ; the older colonies, unable to maintain a ruinous competition, even with the aid of prohibitions, after a period of suffering and difficulty, fall back into a secondary state, in which capital, economy, and increased skill, make up, to a certain extent only, for the invaluable advantages which they have lost. Thus we have seen the Windward Islands maintaining at one period a numerous White population ; afterwards importing numerous slaves, and supplying almost all the then limited consumption of Europe. We have seen Jamaica rise on their decay, and go through precisely the same stages of existence. We have seen how St. Domingo, in its turn, greatly eclipsed Jamaica ; but St. Domingo was cut off by a sudden tempest, and never attained to the period of decline. Lastly, we have seen the Spanish Colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, after so many centuries of comparative neglect and rude productiveness, start all at once into the first rank among exporting countries, and flourish like the exuberant crops of their own virgin soil : while our islands, still rich in capital, but for the most part exhausted in fertility and deficient in labour, were struggling by the aid of their accumulated wealth against the encroaching principle of decay. The life of artificial and antisocial communities may be brilliant for a time ; but it is necessarily a brief one, and terminates either by a rapid decline, or still more rapid revolution, when the laboriously-constructed props of their wealth give way, as they sometimes do, in sudden ruin."

Let it not be thought that our elegant and forcible author is the advocate of slavery; or that he does not look upon it with the utmost abhorrence. He only considers himself hurried forward to the conclusions indicated in these extracts by facts and the nature of things. His moral sentiments may be apprehended on this subject from the passage we now extract. He is speaking of Cuba:—

“ Unhappily, or rather, I ought to say, by a just and striking retribution, the moral and social condition of this thriving island seem to have declined, under the influence of slavery and its consequences, with the same rapidity with which its wealth has advanced. At the beginning of this century, the Spaniards of the West Indies were accused with justice of indolence, and enjoyed in some respects an inferior civilization to that of their neighbours. But on the other hand, the steadier habits and greater repose of the old Castilian genius contrasted favourably with the eager, jealous, money-making character of the motley adventurers who constituted too large a proportion of the West Indian population subject to England, France, and Holland. These were a people whom no ties seemed to bind to the land of their adoption; the home of whose recollections was in their native countries; whose only object was the rapid attainment of wealth, in order, if possible, to return there. The Spaniards were permanent inhabitants; they maintained, in each colony, the habits of a fixed, social, and organized population, with distinction of ranks and regular institutions. There are even now thirty grandees of Spain among the resident proprietors of Cuba.

“ As there was little profit to be obtained out of the labour of the slave, so his condition was generally easy, and the conduct of his master towards him humane and considerate. The laws of Spain encouraged this tendency, beyond those of all other nations. Instead of being an outcast from the benefits of law and religion, he was peculiarly under the protection of both. The four rights of the slave, as they are emphatically termed in Spanish legislation, have been uniformly respected in theory and generally in practice: these are, the right of marriage, the right to compel a master guilty of illegal severity towards a slave to sell him to another, the right to purchase his own emancipation, and to acquire property. The sentiments of the Spaniards towards their enslaved dependents were much modified, in the course of centuries, by the wholesome spirit of their laws; and it may perhaps be added, that if the Spanish character, under the excitement of the spirit of revenge, fanaticism, or avarice, be capable of atrocities from which the civilized mind shrinks with abhorrence, there is about it in the commonalty as well as the higher orders, when uninflamed by passion, a sense of dignity, an habitual self-respect, evincing itself in courtesy to equals and forbearance towards inferiors, of which nations of more practical but more vulgar habits of mind afford but rare example.”

But how does the modern Spaniard treat his slaves?—

“ But the progress of wealth and of the slave-trade have rapidly changed the moral aspect of these communities. From being the most humane among all European slave-owners, the Spanish colonists have become the

most barbarous and utterly demoralized. This is a painful fact, of which the evidence is too abundant and too notorious to admit even of a suspicion of exaggeration. The sugar-plantations of Cuba are now almost entirely wrought by means of the slave-trade ; that is, as we shall see when we come to examine this part of the subject more closely, they are wrought at an enormous profit, purchased by an enormous expenditure of life, replaced by perpetual recruits, and the humane provisions of the law itself are turned against the imported slave. For as the trade is forbidden by law, the Bozals, as the African Negroes are called, are considered in the light of contraband articles, of which the possession and use are winked at, not recognized, by the authorities. They are thus entirely without protection, which they stand more in need of than any other class of the slaves. Nothing can be more horrible than the condition of these wretches in the inland plantations of the island, where the average duration of the life of a slave is said not to exceed ten years : in Barbadoes, in the worst period of English slavery, it was rated at sixteen. Sir Fowel Buxton believes that 60,000 slaves are annually imported into that and the other Spanish colonies. The boasted humanity of the Spanish planter has scarcely left any traces, except, it is said, in the treatment of domestic slaves. But even this is far worse than formerly ; and the Whites of Cuba have occasionally resorted to the expedient of arming the Bozals as a kind of Mameluke guard, to defend themselves against the dreaded hostility of the native Coloured population."

We have quoted these passages, and indicated the nature of the contents in very general terms, of Mr. Merivale's highly important work. It will be seen that he is no ordinary thinker and writer. He is often original, always weighty, and not less eloquent than he is perspicuous. There is great sagacity in his matter and manner ; and he has invested certain branches of the science of political economy, which is considered by most people as repulsively dry, with an interest that will attract many readers. That his views are uniformly just, we do not take it upon ourselves to assert ; our object being merely to invite attention to some of his arguments, and his array of facts. We close with one passage of a more cheering nature than some that have been quoted : and only further remark that valuable hints are to be found in the volume with regard to emigration and the constitution of colonies :—

"The capital sunk in well-directed emigration is speedily replaced with interest by a far surer process than the ingenuity of financiers or economists can invent. Wherever England plants a colony, she founds a nation of customers. Already, in return for the slight expense which has attended the removal of a few of the less fortunate of her inhabitants from her shores, she receives the profits of the trade of a vast confederacy, which these outcasts have raised to an equality with the proudest empires of the earth. And the extraordinary progress of her recent colonies justifies us in hoping that empires as vast and wealthy still remain to be founded, and new branches of commerce as extensive and as prosperous to be created."

ART. XIV.—*Hints, Theoretical, Elucidatory, and Practical, for the use of Teachers of Elementary Mathematics, &c.* By OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL.D. London : Whittaker and Co.

THIS work is deserving of peculiar attention as the last advice of a very experienced instructor addressed to teachers of the mathematics. Besides the intrinsic weight of the directions which the book contains, it is very valuable as conveying the opinion of a man (now deceased) so *au fait* at the subject ; or, more properly speaking, as evidence of the nature of mathematical instruction in this country.

The second title of the work, "Summary of Hints and Directions for conducting the Mathematical Instruction after the first admission of Gentlemen Cadets into the Royal Military Academy," limits the application of these directions to such students as are sufficiently initiated to entitle them to admission into the Academy. It would seem (Article XI. page 12) that the knowledge required for this qualification is that of Algebra, up to the commencement of quadratic equations, and of one or more of the first four books of Euclid's Elements. "After the master who first receives the student," says Dr. Gregory, "has ascertained the precise extent and stability of his acquirements, including, of course, the *comprehension*, as well as the *recollection*, of the definitions in those departments of mathematics which he has already gone over, he will so teach him the *principles*, together with the *practices*, of arithmetic and algebra, as to cause them mutually to confirm and illustrate each other." The doctor here evidently supposes that both arithmetic and algebra are actually taught (and perhaps ought to be taught) to the student at the same time. Here we have his *opinion* that the principles ought to be taught and explained, as well as the practices or rules. Again, in Art. VIII., page 6, Dr. Gregory says "That memory may accomplish all its valuable purposes, it must rest upon *thorough comprehension* of the several subjects ; without which, it is quite possible for a youth to commit *the whole of Euclid* accurately to memory, and yet not obtain a single geometrical conception." This sentence expresses very strongly the Doctor's opinion that memory may supersede, but cannot supply, science ; and, considering his long experience, it is no slight evidence that the fact is so. Hence we may perhaps infer that our English course of education does not secure to the student the proper explanation of what he is taught : or, rather, that the books of instruction are not sufficient for this purpose, without the addition of "the instructions and illustrations" of the teacher ; which is unfortunately the fact. It might be supposed that none would deny that it is advantageous to the scholar to understand what he is taught, and that it is superfluous labour to insist on this advantage, or being too self-

evident to require support by any argument. But there are persons whose judgment has no inconsiderable weight with the public, who entertain a very different opinion from that of Dr. Gregory and ourselves on this point. A critic who has reviewed a work published last year, entitled "A New Introduction to the Mathematics," says of that work,—“The distinction of this work above the common arithmetic is that of following the plan which was introduced by the French mathematicians about fifty years ago; we mean that of explaining every rule of arithmetic by a kind of analytical reasoning upon it; a method which was accordingly tried for about twenty years, and was then laid aside because it was found by experience that it rather confounded the understanding than assisted youth. Boys must be taught arithmetic as they are taught grammar; it must be, with them, rather a thing of memory than of reason. The knowledge, by which we mean the mere remembrance of the rule, must come first; and the reason of it, and the clear understanding, will then creep on the mind by degrees.” (Bell's Weekly Messenger, 11th April, 1840.) We decidedly differ with this writer; but, without entering into a long discussion of the point, perhaps even he would admit that the requisite explanation should be given at the earliest moment that the pupil is capable of understanding it.

Dr. Gregory pursuing his plan, recommends teaching every thing with a *prospective reference*. “In explaining and enforcing,” says he, “the principles and practice of notation, fractions, &c., let the prospective reference to equations, be sufficiently marked.” The advice is good, as far as it goes; but it would have been much more valuable had he given an example. For instance; had he said the analytic method of algebra, produces an equation, sometimes in the quadratic form, sometimes a cubic, and sometimes a biquadratic equation; in any of which states, the value of the unknown quantity can be found by solving the equation; with this explanation, (which is what he means by a prospective reference,) the learner would be aware of the use of the rules for solving these different kinds of equations, as technical methods auxiliary to the analytic or rational method. The “*hints*” are throughout defective in being too general. A particular example, elucidating each head of the subject, would have rendered the directions given much more intelligible, and to the purpose.

A more material defect in the Doctor's recommendation, is the omission of any notice of the rational and technical methods; that the rational method produces the equation, and that the technical method solves it; that by means of the rational method, we find and express in equation, the value of the unknown quantity, (or of some power of it,) compounded with other quantities; and that by means of the technical method, we separate the unknown quantity

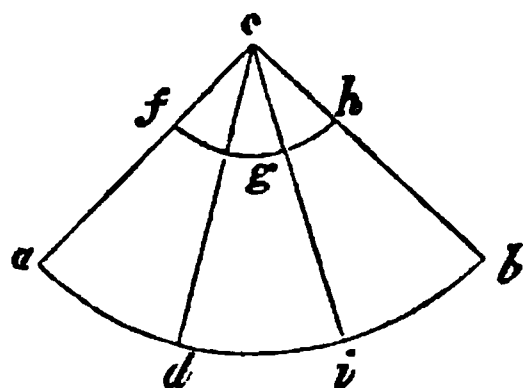
from those with which it is compounded or mixed, and thereby find its value.

It is true, in Art. xxxiv. p. 70, he says, "let him early be made to comprehend the technical distinction of analysis and synthesis." But the distinction is by no means technical. Algebra comprises two methods, viz., the rational method, called analysis; and the technical method, which consists of the rules and contrivances of algebra. The analysis of algebra brings the problem into the state of an equation; the technical method; that is, the rules and contrivances, solve the equation, and give the value of the unknown quantity separate from the rest. In geometry the method of synthesis alone is used; not analysis. Synthesis is the method of logic. It employs one or more syllogisms, according as the proposition advanced is simple or compound. The proposition is demonstrated by showing that the subject is an individual of some class, of which the predicate is known to be true, either by admission as self-evident, such as an axiom, or by some previous demonstration. Dr. Gregory's expression, "the technical distinction of analysis and synthesis," leads to confusion. The "hints," although in many respects valuable, are not conveyed in correct language, and the reasoning is by no means logical or clear. His description of analysis and synthesis is very meagre and loose; it conveys no distinct idea; unsatisfactory as it is, he assures us that "a mathematical demonstration of either kind, proves the connexion between any quantity or magnitude, and the property ascribed to it." Does he mean by this that it proves what is predicated of it? If this be the meaning, it is implied in the word demonstration. But the method of analysis is not used to demonstrate the properties of magnitudes or numbers, but to find the value of an unknown quantity. His observations are therefore beside the subject. In this manner are our teachers instructed.

Again, the Doctor says, (Art. ix. p. 8,) by way of example, that the obvious prospective reference of the 33rd proposition of 6th Euclid, to the measure of an angle in trigonometrical researches, should be explained and enforced. To enable a teacher to practise this recommendation, the Doctor should have stated *how* that proposition can be applied to measuring an angle. There exists indeed at the present moment, a kind of controversy or doubt on this very point, upon which the recorded opinion of Dr. Gregory would have been valuable. The 33rd proposition, 6th Euclid demonstrates, that in equal circles, angles at the centre, are to each other, as the arcs on which they stand. A modern author has applied this proposition to the trisection of any given angle, (see a New Supplement to Euclid's Elements, Proposition 22,) which problem is not to be found in Euclid.

His method of applying Euclid's proposition is as follows:—

a, c, b , being the given angle to be trisected, he describes the arc $a d i b$; he then trisects one of the sides $c a$, in f , (by proposition 15, New Supplement, or 6th Euclid, 9) and then he describes the arc $f g h$. He then proceeds thus :—



“A flexible line or cord may be found equal in length to the arc $f g h$; let such a cord be applied to the arc $a d b$, so that one end of the cord shall coincide with the point a , and that the whole of the cord shall fall within the arc $a d b$; the other end of the cord shall fall within the arc $a d b$, at some point, d .

“Join $d c$; and bisect the angle $b c d$, by the right line or radius $c i$, (1 Euclid, 9); then will the given angle $a c b$, be trisected by the lines or radii $c d, c i$.”

This he demonstrates, First, from proposition XXI., New Supplement, viz. arcs of circles which subtend equal angles at the centre are as the radii of the circles; hence arc $f g h$: arc $a d i b$:: radius $c f$: radius $c a$; but the radii are as 1 to 3; therefore the arcs are as 1 to 3; and, 2ndly (by prop. 6 Eucl. 33), angle $a c d$: angle $a c b$:: arc $a d$: arc $a b$; that is, as 1 to 3. The remainder of the demonstration is obvious.

This demonstration is objected to as not being geometrical. “There is a trisection of the angle made by unbending an arc into a straight line,” says the critic (*Athenæum*, March 20, 1841.) If the author’s method is really objectionable, it is not for the reason here given. The lesser arc, $f g h$, is indeed *measured*, but neither that arc nor the arc $a d i b$, is unbent; that is, straightened. The 33rd proposition of Euclid supposes that the ratio of the arcs is known; for of what use is the proposition that the angles are as the arcs, unless the ratio of the arcs be known? and how can that ratio be known but by measurement, and the measurement better made than by a flexible cord? Are the propositions in Conic Sections to be rejected, because a flexible cord is used in the construction of the figure? The author’s method does not seem to be objected to on the ground of inaccuracy. Without deciding whether his method is strictly geometrical, it is to be regretted that those who object to his demonstration have not given a better.

In a note, page 22, Dr. Gregory observes that “a skilful preceptor will find it important to select for the investigation of his pupils a few of the questions often given at the very commencement of simple equations, and show how they admit of clear solution from simple arithmetical principles. For example, a father is forty years old and his son twelve; in what time will the age of the father be triple that of the son?”

He then proceeds to solve the problem from what he calls "simple arithmetical principles," as follows: "when one number is triple another, the difference of these numbers is manifestly double the less; but whatever be the ages of father and son, the difference of the ages will always remain the same. In the present instance the difference is twenty-eight years, and twenty-eight is double of fourteen; therefore the son must be fourteen years of age, or two years must elapse before their ages be in the specified proportion." He adds, "Here there will be an advantage in *appealing to reason*, rather than calling up a rule." Now the Doctor's reasoning here is very correct; but what principle does it impart? To tell the student that this reasoning is "from simple arithmetical principles" conveys no distinct idea. To call it appealing to reason is not much better. But what is his method but a search for some latent datum or data, implied in the problem itself? It would have been useful to inform the student that his first step towards the solution is to find such an implied datum. It would have given him a clue leading him in the proper direction. "Since in every algebraic problem, admitting of solution, sufficient data are given for the solution, the solution itself is given; with this condition only, that, as these data are for the most part given only by implication, we are first to discover what data are implied."*

On the whole, we had a higher estimate of this author before we saw this his last work. Although as "Hints" they may not be considered as amenable to strict criticism, yet the vagueness of his directions, which very seldom clearly point out what is to be done, and still less how it is to be done, cannot be overlooked. It is obvious that the author had not much investigated the elementary parts, the rationale of his subject. A teacher who adopts his recommendations should do much more than the author points out, and do it differently with regard to the explanation of principles, of which, in general, the author had very indistinct, not to say inaccurate notions. Where he descends to the minutiae of practice, his work is clear and distinct, and the hints are valuable. One of his text-books is Vol. I. of Hutton's Course, which is used in the Royal Military Academy; a work which contains the rules without the principles, the want of which is a great disadvantage to our cadets, compared with the students of *L'Ecole Polytechnique* at Paris, who possess the explanatory treatises of Lacroix and Bourdon.

* New Introduction to the Mathematics, page 207.

ART. XV.—*Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.* By the Author of “*The Women of England*,” &c. London: Fisher and Son.

THE south of France, with its baths, has become a place of resort for strangers, the English, as a matter of course, amongst others; and Mrs. Ellis, who with her husband repaired thither at the close of the year 1839, having experienced inconvenience from not being able to find any book containing sufficient information with regard to the climate, the scenery, and the inhabitants of that salubrious region, has written the present volume, being a detail of impressions made upon her own mind, from the scenes and circumstances around her, during a summer and winter in the Pyrenees, with the view of benefiting others. The texture of the book is necessarily slight, although a writer, with the practice and resources of our authoress, is never at a loss to enliven a dull subject, or to enrich a barren scene with what is instructive as well as entertaining; both of which qualities will be found agreeably combined in the volume before us.

A publication of this sort requires, and admits of, very little criticism; the fairest thing that can be done, either for author or reader, being to cull some of the more interesting passages, or those which contain the most novelty. Some of the statements of facts, as well as the impressions we shall note, will also have respect to a principle of comparison with the Idler's polished passages; the opportunity of having two accomplished women speaking at the same time, of objects and people, in some instances and respects identical, presenting additional claims in behalf of Mrs. Ellis, upon our attention. It will be seen that there is considerable diversity between the matter and the manner of the two; the scope of them was different; the society in which they mingle is not exactly the same; their habits may be differently classed, without any intended disparagement to either; and their religious impressions, we opine, are not closely akin. We do not suppose the Countess to be an *evangelical*.

In reviewing the “*Idler in France*,” we saw that Lady Blessington frequently undertook the office of contrasting England and the English, with France and the French. Mrs. Ellis, as most travellers naturally do, adopts a similar plan, although with less knowledge of our Gallic neighbours, and therefore deals more with appearances than essentials,—with external signs than principles. For example, in travelling from Paris to Bordeaux, and southward, we have several notices of the peculiarities of the *Malle Poste*, as compared with our mail or stage coaches; the national character of each people being very observable, even in these particulars. “*Polite*,” observes Mrs. Ellis, “as we all allow them to be, and celebrated as they justly are for their good taste, the French look every day without a smile, or a wish

for improvement, upon some of the most outlandish machines that ever were constructed for the conveyance of passengers; and which, if they were driven along the streets of London, would unquestionably attract a mob." Sometimes five horses instead of four, tugged along the nondescript vehicle, raw-boned and shaggy, with their tails tied up in bunches. The postilions sometimes sat in the dicky; sometimes on one of the horses, sometimes they wore smart blue jackets ornamented with silver lace, sometimes the short blue frocks of the peasants; and sometimes they had the skins of dogs or calves tied round them. Most of these men were shod with the wooden shoes of the country, turned up at the toe, with a sharp point, and sometimes, also, "with a high sharp heel, with which they trod on the backs of the horses as they clambered up and down." "Still some of our public conveyances would be much improved," says Mrs. Ellis, "if the ease of the traveller of the French diligence was attended to, and also if the driver could lock the hind wheel without descending from his seat, as is the case with our neighbours." Thus there is always some neutralizing or balancing circumstance among rivals.

Throughout the journey southward of Mrs. Ellis, none of those neat and comfortable dwellings so plentiful in England, indicating from their size and exterior that they are the habitation of the smaller gentry, or comfortably conditioned middling people, met the eye. Another thing she remarks upon, is the filthy, forlorn-looking, and incommodious doors and entrances of the houses; and indeed the wretched state of the ground floor, when the first may consist of marble and wood of the finest polish, and everything is costly and arranged according to excellent taste. In many instances, Mrs. Ellis should certainly have supposed that the entrance to a respectable mansion would lead to a place for horses and cattle. The stairs are never washed, at least at Pau, the place of our authoress's principal sojourn in the Pyrenees; and being common to all the families who live on the different floors, are dirty and disgusting in the extreme. "Perhaps," says she, "it will convey the most correct idea of the state of things in the sort of menage I have described, to say that in the items included in fitting up a kitchen, no kind of pail finds a place, no dust cloth, and no apparatus by which the floors can possibly be washed." She was also sadly disappointed in not finding drinkable tea, nor a kettle to boil water for the teapot, nay, nor a servant who understood the virtue of boiling water. "Warm water they will bring you, because it is sufficient for all their purposes; but you must stand over it yourself, and that every time it is required, to see that it actually does boil, or it will be brought to you of the temperature of milk." Again, in the catalogue of free and easy manners, the gentlemen after dinner will fill their mouths with water, and after rinsing them thoroughly, make use of their plates instead of finger glasses. Still

nothing can exceed the whiteness and cleanliness of the whole of their table service, the assiduity with which their plates are changed almost every instant, and the quantity of clean linen and napkins with which not only their tables, but their bedrooms are supplied."

Such are some of the incongruities in "laughing France," upon which Mrs. Ellis bestows observations. "But the climate, the atmosphere!" she exclaims, when at Bordeaux, "what words can describe the almost magical change to us, from that of England! It seemed as if storm and tempest never had been there." And this was at the end of December. Climate, therefore, is put into the scale opposite to comfort, and thus differences are to some extent reduced.

Mrs. Ellis found the whole of the common people of France, southward, to be remarkably good-looking. For example, the features of the Bearnais, both amongst the men and women, are generally well formed; and remarkable for the just proportion of the three divisions which the laws of beauty have assigned to the length of the human countenance. There is, however, amongst the men, especially, a breadth of jaw from ear to ear, which, in addition to the hard sharp lines of the nose and nostrils, gives them an expression that is coarse and almost savage. The young girls, just growing into women, were amongst the prettiest she had seen; much of the charm being attributable to the neatness and appropriateness of the dress worn even by the poorer classes; above all to that which adorns the head, so different from the shabby bonnet or the mock finery which may be often observed among English women of the same rank in life. The head dress is always a coloured handkerchief, adjusted so as to give "a Grecian contour to the head and face, and I suspect, notwithstanding its artless simplicity, that there are degrees of coquetry by which it is arranged, so as best to suit the countenance of the wearer."

The population of Pau is said to amount to 14,000. The town, too, has generally a number of troops stationed in it; yet tranquillity and order for the most part prevail. The prison is rarely tenanted by more than six *detenus*, and these usually for what we would term in England petty larceny. With regard to children, Mrs. E. remarks that in the south of France their number is small compared with England, and still more so if with Ireland. Intemperance appears to be much more rare in Pau than in most parts of this country; but still our authoress has seen too many men intoxicated, but never a woman of whom she had suspicion. The people, however, profaned the sabbath exceedingly by their amusements and merry occupations; while their religious processions, fetes, and masques, appeared altogether to her devoid of interest. She had expected that the tricks of the carnival would have excited merriment; but on the other hand the whole was "a childish and gro-

tesque piece of buffoonery, as entirely without aim, as apparently without effect, for they do not even laugh themselves." With regard to this last-mentioned symptom of enjoyment, and some other oddities or characteristics, we have this account:—

"Indeed I should be at a loss to say what does make the French people laugh. That they smile, and look lively, and good-humoured, may be said of almost all, as well as that they are capable of being thrown, on the instant, and from the slightest possible cause, into a perfect explosion of speech and gesticulation enough to strike an English person dumb for an hour; but the hearty, spirit-stirring laugh, which indicates the having got possession of an excellent joke, and which even before its awakening cause is fully told, infects the bystanders, until it echoes from one to another of the merry group—this laugh, or anything approaching to it, is never heard in France.

"Nor, had the French people really any very acute sense of the ridiculous, could they pass with gravity the heterogeneous scenes which daily meet their view. Of this fact a French diligence in all its glory is perhaps the strongest illustration; but there are also carriages of many other descriptions, postilions, equestrians, costumes and customs, not only different from our own, but so grotesque in themselves, that the wonder is they never excite so much as a smile. Amongst these it may not be inappropriate to mention, that a friend of ours saw at Toulouse, a woman, finely dressed, riding on horseback, in the Bearnais fashion, and preceded by a herald with a trumpet, announcing that she had *English needles* to sell.

"It is but justice to the Bearnaise to add, that their anger is as transient and superficial as their mirth. When they quarrel it is but for the moment, and their accustomed appearance of lively good nature is immediately resumed. As a specimen of the only kind of street broils we ever witnessed, I saw two men one day in the very climax of a passion. One of them, the most exasperated, started up with the countenance of a fury, stooped down in the attitude of gathering up a fist full of strength, and with his hand clenched rushed at the other, as if to strike him a deadly blow. Before his hand reached the face of the offender, however, his fingers expanded like a star fish, and the whole thing went off in air."

According to the ideas of Mrs. Ellis, the religious exhibitions of the French, and those observances which are everywhere intended to be solemn, are devoid of reverence and proper feeling. Their funerals, for instance, especially if it be of a person of the poorer class, is a spectacle rendered melancholy in a sense different from the legitimate meaning of the word; for there is a degree of merry-making on the occasion. "I have seen," she says, "the priest who was about to perform the last act of duty to the dead, walking towards the house of mourning with all the boys of the village about him, one of them carrying the cross, and all chattering and laughing as if on their way to a merry-making. A little while after, I have seen the funeral procession advancing at a brisk pace, half a dozen

careless-looking country fellows, three on each side, swinging the coffin between them, and talking merrily all the way, while a few old women followed with candles in their hands."

We have in these pages notices of the Protestants at Pau, and some other places, that will interest some readers. The same town and its chateau are closely associated with the history of the sovereigns of Navarre. Marguerite de Valois and Jeanne D'Albret are names that are not forgotten in the list. But what confers upon the palace most celebrity is the fact that it was the birthplace and cradle of Henry IV.; the very chamber in which he was born being shown to the stranger. The cradle "consists of one entire tortoise-shell; and not the least remarkable part of its history is the fact that when, during the reign of terror, the furious populace rushed upon the palace, determined to destroy every vestige of royalty, it was secretly conveyed out of their reach, and its place supplied by the generosity of a gentleman of Pau, who, happening to have one of the same kind amongst his collection of curiosities, suffered his own to be sacrificed, and afterwards restored the real treasure."

In the vicinity of Pau, where Henry IV. resided, as the sovereign of Navarre, there appear to be many anecdotes still current concerning him, and many spots identified with his habits and pastimes. His residence there, observes Mrs. Ellis, seems to have been marked by no fact so powerfully as by the hold he obtained upon the affections of his people; his frankness and cheerful bearing being in admirable keeping with their simplicity and temperament. This anecdote is added:—

"In connexion with this edifice (the chateau or palace) and the death of Henry IV. a singular fact is told; that, while other buildings and many lofty trees in the immediate neighbourhood, have been injured or struck down by lightning, the chateau itself was never struck but once, and that was on the memorable day when the king was assassinated."

The following are also interesting particulars connected with Pau, presenting a strange combination of vicissitudes:—

"Amongst other memorials of the great men of whom Pau may justly be allowed to boast, we were accustomed to see the following inscription on a marble tablet fixed into the wall of a house, not many paces from our residence:—

CHARLES JEAN BERNADOTTE,
ROI DE SUEDE,
APPELE AU TRONE
PAR LE VŒU UNANIME DES SUEDOIS,
EST NE DANS CETTE MAISON,
LE 26 JANVIER, 1763.

"This tablet might speak volumes in itself upon the incalculable course of human affairs. For when we think of the comparative obscurity of his

birth, the remoteness of his native place from the scene of his subsequent glory, and the sunny world around the cradle of the infant king, we are led to suppose that few circumstances could have appeared more improbable to those who watched over the Bearnais infant, than that he should ever be placed upon the throne of Sweden.

“The military career of Bernadotte is already a matter of history; but it does not detract from his glory, that with the same prudence and right feeling which uphold his influence on the throne, he continues to extend to the relatives he has left behind him in his native land, such tokens of remembrance as are best calculated to increase their happiness. Instead of drawing them away from the sphere of comfort and respectability to which they have been accustomed, or disturbing the even tenor of their lives by ambitious hopes, too often and too fatally deceived, his benevolence flows back to the place of his birth, through various channels, less ostentatious, it is true, but far more calculated to benefit the friends of his early years.

“Amongst many other circumstances equally illustrative of the unsophisticated good feeling of Bernadotte, we have been told, that he writes every year to the father of a gentleman in Pau, a letter of pure friendship, reminding him of the days when they were boys at the same school together. It need hardly be said, in what esteem are held such tokens of remembrance, from a man of whom Buonaparte used to say, that he had a French head, with the heart of a Roman.

“It is a fact worthy of notice, that of the two kings to whom Pau has given birth, Henry IV. and Bernadotte, one renounced the Protestant faith to obtain the crown of France, lightly observing, that ‘Paris was well worth a mass,’—and the other, two hundred years later, renounced the Roman Catholic religion, and became a Protestant in obtaining the crown of Sweden.

“Distant as Pau is from the capital, and peaceful as the aspect of the surrounding country now appears, it is not difficult to perceive in walking along the streets of this town, that it must have shared in no ordinary degree in the conflicts by which the internal prosperity of France has been so often, and so frightfully destroyed. At the corners of many of the streets you still see one, two, and even three names displaced to make way for others. It needs no farther history to tell to what dates belong the following, which I have selected from many others of the same character: Rue Buonaparte, now Rue Royale, Rue Revolutionnaire, Rue Libre, Rue des Bayonettes, Rue et Place Egalité, &c.

“Nor are such the only traces that remain to tell the bloody history of those times. Many families still remain to lament the victims of barbarity torn from their social circle; and there are some dwelling in comparative obscurity, who before the revolution held a distinguished rank amongst their fellow-citizens. One case of this description has afforded us peculiar interest. It is that of a venerable countess, now occupying a small apartment beside the gateway of a noble mansion, once her hereditary home. In the court-yard of this house several members of her family were executed, and she herself was afterwards sentenced to the pillory, for receiving a letter from her son. But such was the esteem in which she was held,

that while thus exposed, not a single passenger was seen in the street, every shop was closed, and no individual was found to look upon what had been vainly intended as her disgrace.

“Another remarkable illustration of the strength of public feeling is found in the case of Madame Caudan, who suffered the sentence of death during the same eventful times. Such had been the piety and benevolence of this lady, that the poor people of Pau with one accord petitioned for her life; and so powerful was the popular feeling in her favour, that it was impossible to find, amongst the inhabitants of her native place, a man so hardened as to execute the sentence pronounced against her. Under these peculiar circumstances an executioner was brought from Tarbes, but even he was so affected by the description given him of her character, that he preserved from the property upon her person, which fell to him by right, a valuable relic in gold, which he afterwards restored to her afflicted family.”

Pau was the residence of Mrs. Ellis and her husband during the winter and colder months, in that region, of the year; but they appear to have traversed the vicinity assiduously, and even to have penetrated the Pyrenees, on some occasions to a considerable distance, before they took up their abode amongst the mountains, when the weather became hot in the plains. And this was not until May, the spring being late, or at least cold, in the south of France; or, rather, says Mrs. E., there appears to be no spring, but winter and then summer.

A great portion of her volume consists of descriptions of excursions, of scenery on the grandest scale, and of the little incidents which befel them in their rides and clamberings—their entertainment at inns, and intercourse with strangers; so that the volume, to a considerable extent, may be regarded as a guide-book.

With regard to the descriptions of beautiful or stupendous scenery we do not find our impressions to be very lively or distinct, as guided by Mrs. Ellis; and, therefore, we shall not insert any specimens; choosing rather to pick out some passages possessing more character or novelty, and such as may have some practical features. One of these is that the shepherd of the Pyrenees is always accompanied by a peculiar kind of dog, which, although apparently gentle and docile, is not only large and powerful, but the terror of the neighbourhood. But the most singular thing in its history or habits seems to be that, like its master, it always leads, instead of driving, the sheep. “He is brought up entirely amongst them, and sleeps in the same fold.”

One of the disagreeables which our authoress experienced in the south of France, as soon as the sun burst forth after the spring rains, was the croaking of innumerable multitudes of frogs, whose compass of voice was such as almost to defy belief. On one occasion she was invited to partake of a dish of these monsters; but the remembrance of the croaking appears to have been too strong to

allow her to make a meal of the dried legs. Being on the subject of eating and hospitality, let us have a sample of Pyrenean inns:—

“I have seldom been more disappointed, than on reaching this dirty little town, in the midst of so beautiful a valley. The thing one most longs for, after such a journey, is plenty of water for a good refreshing wash. But this is seldom to be met with at the inns in this part of France; and that of Argelez was more than usually deficient. We were shown into an apartment, half sitting and half bed-room, with a floor black and filthy, on which it was loathsome even to tread; and such a mockery of washing apparatus—a little basin, into which one could not plunge more than one hand at once, without sending all the water out; and, as is universally the case in France, no soap. Where to recline for rest was the next consideration; for there were chairs of every shape and kind, except what belonged to cleanliness and comfort: yet with all this, there were such gay and even elegant hangings to the beds and windows, that it was necessary to keep perpetually gazing upwards to escape disgust. How much would one be willing to give, under such circumstances, for a refreshing wholesome cup of tea! This luxury, however, is rarely to be had, and seldom in such weather even a draught of milk in the after part of the day. Trout and eggs are the only palatable things one meets with. The rest is all stewed meat, or vegetables fried in lard; and the former is often covered up with thick sauce of the consistency of treacle, and sometimes I have seen it equally thick, and green.

“For the people at the inn, I must say, they did their best to make us comfortable; and after making a tolerable meal of eggs and trout, we walked out in the cool of the evening—if cool it might be called. By the light of a cloudless moon, we traced a woody path along the side of the hill which rises immediately behind the town; and a beautiful sight it was, to see the mountains, some silvered over with the moon’s soft radiance, and others reposing in the deepest shadow. While my companions sat down at rest, I wandered alone by the side of a chestnut wood; and such was the clearness of the moonlight, and the dryness of the soft still air, that I should scarcely have recollected night was coming on, but for a troop of wild and witch-like women with their mules laden with charcoal, who asked me if I was not afraid.”

Mrs. Ellis correctly observes that there is no system of poor laws in France; and goes on to state, that though it is part of the business of the municipality of towns to provide for the poor, this is not done with regularity; nor are there any fixed means for supplying resources. In periods of distress, a charitable fund is generally afforded. “The very aged and decrepit have a tin badge given them, which is a licence to beg.” In former times, the “blue gowns” of Scotland were similarly privileged. Mrs. Ellis says, that without the licence mentioned, no other mendicants are permitted to ask alms. Yet there must be an exception, we should think, in the valley of Campan, according to the following account:—

“The country people in the Valley of *Cámpan*, are of a very different

order from those of the valley d'Ossau, probably owing to this district having been for a much longer time the resort of strangers. They are almost all beggars, either positively or indirectly; and time being the only thing of no value amongst them, they run after you with nosegays, and all sorts of things, to obtain a sous; while an offer to show you the grotto, is echoed from almost every hill side. I have seen a youth of seventeen, standing all day beside the gate of St. Paul, offering to all who passed by a little rose-bud not bigger than a nut, and I have often been asked to see the grotto after dark in the evening.

"Their direct beggary is annoying, but not impressive. The beggars by profession begin as soon as you are in sight, with a monotonous drawl of set words, all pronounced on one key, and precisely the same to every passer-by. Perhaps it is well for their own interest that they generally ask you to give for the merit of the gift, or the prayers they promise to breathe for you, for certainly there is nothing in themselves to prompt it. How different have I often thought it was from the genuine eloquence of Irish beggary, which makes the heart ache so bitterly, that it would be almost a relief to give one's last sixpence! The begging in France is simply asking for money, while the beggar often looks all the time as comfortable and well fed as yourself. It is true they ask only for one sous, but in the valley of Campan, when you have given them that, they make no scruple to ask you for another. Nor is this only on the public roads. There is scarcely any place so retired, but you hear the pattering of little bare feet behind you, then loud breathing, which diffuses around you the perfume of garlic, and as soon as you look round, the demand is made, and persisted in for a length of time proportioned to the ability of the suppliant to keep pace with you."

Another result of so many strangers visiting the locality in question, and the town of Bagneres, is, that there is an air of greater coquetry amongst the young women than elsewhere in that province of France. Still, "like the inhabitants of half-civilised countries, when they first assume the embellishments of artificial life, there is a discrepancy in their general adornments, as novel as it is amusing to an English observer. I thought, for instance, when I had seen a woman without stockings, her bare feet adorned with neat sandals and smart shoes, that I had witnessed a somewhat extraordinary spectacle; but Mr. Ellis afterwards saw a much smarter person in Bagneres without stockings, while her feet were set off to still greater advantage by white satin slippers."

The English abound in the south of France, and at some of the towns visited by Mrs. Ellis; and she has been told "on good authority," that there are residing in Paris, between fifteen and twenty thousand of them; and while there are in France altogether, including the capital, sixty-thousand; their expenditure exceeding four millions sterling, annually. There must, we think, be some guessing here, especially with respect to expenditure.

The last chapter in the volume treats, among other things, of the

state of agriculture, and the division of property in the Pyrenees ; subjects upon which the writer appears to have bestowed some attention previously. We must let her be heard upon the rural themes mentioned, and other economical habits :—

“ With all my early prejudices in favour of an agricultural life, I had long been in the habit of thinking, that with a genial climate and a fertile soil to facilitate his labours, where the farmer tilled his own ground, and where that ground was divided into fair allotments, where there were none so powerful as to oppress, and none so poor as to suffer,—man must exist in his most natural and happy state. My favourite system was a plausible one. It never occurred to me, until my residence amongst the Pyrenees, to see how the ‘thing worked,’ as the politicians say. Here, however, I beheld it carried out to a degree of perfection, which I had not previously believed to exist in the present state of society. Here the climate, except for occasional storms, is all that the cultivator of the soil can desire, and the soil itself redundant in vegetation. Here the peasant almost invariably cultivates his own land, and has all the means of subsistence and comfort within himself. Nor is there that inequality of property to complain of, which is so frequently the cause of unfair assumption on the one side, and of envy on the other. Here every one has his portion ; but that portion is consequently so small, that many of the farms do not exceed three or four acres, and some are only one. On these little plots of ground, you frequently see all the varieties of maize, grass, wheat, oats, and flax, or the crops by which some of these are immediately succeeded, such as millet and buckwheat ; for no such thing as fallow-ground is to be found in the Pyrenees.

“ Whatever may be the attainments of the French in other respects, they seem never to have learned the true value of time, at least as it is understood in England. The various little portions of ground appropriated as above described, are seldom separated by a fence ; so that when cattle are feeding on the grass, it is necessary they should be tended all the day ; and it is no uncommon thing to see an able man employed in this manner. Indeed, wherever either sheep or cattle feed, in the lanes, on the mountains, or amongst the fields, they are invariably watched. The women, however, make this occupation answer two purposes, for they never go out with their cattle, without spinning or knitting all the time. They even knit when they ride ; and I have seen them walking home from market on a rainy evening with heavy baskets on their arms, knitting all the way.

“ The peasants of the Pyrenees have all which their necessities demand within themselves. They grow their own flax, and one of their most busy occupations is to dress it. They do not steep it in water before beating it, as in England, but spread it on some sloping field or hill side, where it undergoes no other process than what is effected by exposure to the weather. Not only is the flax prepared and woven for their own use, but the wool of the mountain sheep, undyed, is made into jackets, trowsers, and petticoats, as well as into various other articles of clothing. Thus supplied with the most common and necessary kinds of dress, their wants are equally simple as regards their furniture and food. A few brass or copper

vessels, for their milk, are always used by those who make cheeses, as many of the peasants do, not only of the milk of cows, but of that of sheep and goats. For a churn they have a very simple substitute, being no other than a dried sheep's skin. . For keeping wine the skins of kids are frequently used, with the hair inside : and the same article is also converted into a large pocket or knapsack, which the little girls carry at their backs. The skin, when used in this manner, is kept entire, either the head or the tail of the animal being folded over the opening of the knapsack.

“ All implements of husbandry used amongst the Bearnais, are equally simple in their character. The pole of their little carts is often nothing more than the stem of a tree cut off where it has divided into two branches, so that the ends of the two forks connect with the axletree ; and the forks with which their hay is made, are branches or stems of the same description, on a smaller scale. Their ploughing, such as it is, is effected by a sort of double process, requiring four oxen,—two to go before with the coulter, and two others with another implement to turn over the soil. Both these are generally conducted by women. For millet and buckwheat, which succeed immediately to the earliest crops, the soil is merely turned over with a shovel, after which the earth and stubble are burned in heaps, and strewn upon the field. The process of preparing the ground for wheat and oats is simple in the extreme. Both the seed and the manure are strewn upon the land, ploughed in together, then harrowed, and all is finished. The labour of carrying and spreading manure is performed almost exclusively by women, who sometimes carry it on a sort of hurdle into the fields, but more frequently in sacks on their heads. In the valley d'Aspe it is taken to the fields in large woollen sacks placed upon the backs of donkeys.”

The harvest in the Pyrenees is far from resembling ours as respects the manner of operations, indicating badly of the people. No sooner is the grain cut down, than it is tied up in bundles, carried away upon the heads of the owners, and stowed into the innumerable little barns that adorn the landscape ; “ all this despatch being rendered necessary by the dishonesty of the people, which is such that no one leaves his corn in the field, after it is cut, for a single night.” The manner of threshing the corn differs much in the valleys of the Pyrenees. In some it is trampled out by horses ; in others, small light flails are used. Irrigation and the pains with which the peasantry conduct the streams for this purpose, appear to be their highest exploits as agriculturists ; for certainly if the same care, industry, and ingenuity were generally observed, they would not be contented with some of the conditions described by Mrs. Ellis in her further strictures upon the rural economy of the stationary Pyrenean peasantry ; nor would she find herself obliged to confess that access to the reality had chided her enthusiasm, and dispelled some of her dreams about the virtues and the happiness of pastoral and agricultural life when unaccompanied by moral and intellectual improvement.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly*. By the Author of “*Sketches in Ireland*,” &c. London: Longman and Co.

ERRIS and Tyrawly are two of the Western districts of Connaught, and among the wildest of that remarkable part of Ireland. The rugged grandeur, the sublime and picturesque beauty of the scenery in many places, are not more characteristic features, than the superstition and primitive simplicity of the people; as may be readily imagined from the fact that the English tongue is the same as dead to most of them. As a region of riches for the geologist Connaught is pre-eminent, the caves and the indentations of the western coast being particularly distinguished for magnificence: nor does our author overlook the wonders which appeal to a scientific tourist. Still it is by his descriptions of scenes, of social habits,—by retailing local legends, and his apprehension of character,—by the eloquent flow of his style, and its dramatic power, that his volume will command many readers, and give it rank with his former much admired national works. We extract a tale told the author by his guide at the ruins of Moyne Abbey:—

“Not many years ago, there was a set of jolly boys one night drinking and carousing in Killala; and amongst the rest was Peter Cumming, the chapel-clerk. Now, when they were all pretty well I thank you, they all got valiant entirely, and one said he wouldn’t be afeard to do *this*, and another swore he had done, and would again do *that*. ‘I’ll tell ye what I’ll do,’ says Peter; ‘I’ll bet any one a golden guinea, and here it is under my hand on the table, that I’ll go this very hour to Moyne Abbey and bring here a skull out of it in my pocket-handkerchief, and lay it down on this table.’ So all thinking it was an impossible thing—that no man alive would dare to go for to do such a thing—to put an end to Peter’s brag, sure and certain it was only boasting he was, they all said done to the wager; and Peter’s golden guinea was covered in a moment with twenty-one shillings. So Peter, for his courage sake and the money, and besides having the spirits in him, sets off for the Abbey; and troth I don’t envy the scapegrace as he went whistling along, putting out of him the wind, as a body may say, to give the more room for his courage. And now my joker gets near the place: and he sees the tower lifting its tall self and cutting on the blue sky, and one star bright entirely is sparkling like a cat’s green eye, just over yonder pinnacle where the sea-eagle now and then comes and sits (by-the-by there is a story about that). Still Peter’s bravery was not put aback—there was as yet no occasion; all was silent in the air, on the land and out at sea, except now and then the dash of the swelling tide as the easy wave came in, and shattered in foam amongst the shore-pebbles. And now Peter passes the door, which as you see lies continually open; and he has no light to guide him except one or two stars that sent down but a cold, green, good-for-nothing twinkle—the walls and ivy darkening more and more all around. So he turns to the right, and down he goes on his hands and knees, and he makes to the very spot where you and I now stand, creeping on and on; for he knew right well that in

that corner forenenst you, there was, as there is now, a heap of skulls. Yer honour, wasn't the mad fellow morthal brave? Well, he gropes and gropes for a skull; and he has just got a grip of one, and is fumbling in his pocket for the handkerchief to tie it up in, when he hears all at once a slow sickly voice, half groan half growl, as a body may say—just what you'd hear from a dying crathur that was saying his last words, with the rattles in his throat; and this was what was said—'Och, Peter Cumming, you bad boy, what's this you're about? bad luck to ye! what are ye doing with my skull?' With that, up rises Peter, his hands off the ground, but still standing on his two knees; and sure enough he was all of a trimble, and well he might, for, looking towards that very corner now before us, he saw what he had reason to remimber to his dying day; for there stood his own grandfather, Phaarig Cumming, surrounded by a light that came, of a blueish colour, from out of the earth, like what comes in September out of the reeds along the river; and there old Phaarig stood just as he was before the last sickness, in his frieze coteen and his sheepskin breeches, all smooth and greasy, and his bay-wig, and the very tobaccy running down from the two corners of his mouth, and staining all his rough chin. Heaven's rest be with you, Phaarig! but there ye wor, the picthur of what ye looked the week before the death-sickness came on ye. 'Och, then, Pethereen,' says the ghost, for it was nothing else, 'ye unlucky boy, what brings ye here, and what are you doing with my skull? What for would ye have your grandfather stand up at the day of judgment without a head, ye divil-may-care, drunken, irreligious blackguard?' Now all this while that the grandfather was scolding, Peter was a getting up off his knees; and, as the ould fellow kept on abusing without killing him, he takes courage, and he ups and says to the ghost, 'Ah, then, grand-daddy dear, is that yourself? and why are ye walking, and what makes ye unquiet? Maybe it's masses ye want for yer poor sowl; and sure I'm a good warrant to get them sed for ye, for I'm the chapel-clerk, and it will go hard with me if I don't coax his riverance to say a dozen or two for ye, besides always keeping you in his intintions. And now daddy dear, don't be angry,' says Peter, in a voice mighty sweet and coaxing; 'don't, alanna, grudge me the use of yer skull just for one bit of an hour, while I make a guinea out of it; sure it's not every night a poor fellow the likes of me can turn a penny this way. Stay, then, where you are till I come back; I'll be here in no time, and I'll lave the skull, God bless it, just where I found it: and, daddy dear, I'll tell ye what's more, I'll do if it be plasing to you, now that I know for sartin it is part of yourself, and that you can't do without it at the day of judgment, I'll come here to-morrow and put it under the clay, in the very spot where father and mother are buried, and where I myself will be put when I'm buried, glory be to God; and won't that plase you? Do, Heaven's rest attend ye, and don't say against my having an hour's loan of your skull.' With that, Pethereen cast a fond but fearful look towards his grandfather; but *now* he saw nothing, the light was gone, nothing was to be seen but darkness, no sound but the wind sighing through the ivy-leaves. 'Silence gives consint,' says Peter; so, tying up with two knots the skull in his handkerchief, home he comes by the way he went, finds his company still

a drinking, lays down his skull before them, and gets his guinea ; for I'd be glad to know who dare refuse or say he had not won his wager, seeing as how Peter proved his courage, and would stand up before any of them, when he had just been after facing a ghost. It is said Peter was as good as his word, and kept his promise to his grandfather's ghost, for he *did* bring back the skull, and *did* put it decently under the clay ; where it's resting, for aught I know, to this very day. Some people, to be sure, were slow of believing that Peter saw his grandfather's ghost at all, and that it was only a drunkard's boast ; for it's but too thue that Peter, though chapel-clerk, was a great drunkard and a great liar to his dying day. But this is sartain, that a man for a wager brought away by night a skull from this abbey, and brought it back again ; which is what I would not do for all the guineas in Connaught."

ART. XVII.—*A Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects.* By ED. NEWMAN, F. L. S. London: Van Voorst.

THIS is a new and greatly improved edition of Mr. Newman's "Grammar of Entomology," published several years ago. There is a masterly introduction, which first of all describes the more interesting species of insects, their instincts and habits; secondly, he gives practical directions to the entomologist as to outfit and modes of procedure in catching, killing, and preserving specimens; thirdly, we have the physiology of insects with a distinctness and striking effect that will astonish persons who have never thought of such minute inquiries and conformations; and, lastly, a scientific classification of the multitudinous kingdom of insects. There is an explanatory index, which is so full and intelligible as to form an excellent dictionary to the branch of natural history which Mr. Newman has cultivated with such zeal and success; acknowledging his obligations to, and even giving the names of, the authors he has judiciously drawn much of his matter from; but also largely introducing the results of his own personal investigations, and displaying both an independent knowledge and manner throughout. There is great spirit and perspicuity in the descriptions; while the numerous woodcuts, which are fine, receive and return striking lights with respect to the more remarkable points and details of the science. We must find room for one extract which has been the theme of amazement to some of our friends, and which affords a fair specimen of Mr. Newman's style of writing:—

"The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and compel them to labour for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and, as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale-coloured ants, and the slaves, like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black.

"The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female ants are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided; for were the slave-ants created for no other end than to fill the

station of slavery to which they appear to be doomed, still even that office must fail were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed, or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind.

“When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found; these scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others: this vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony, they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement; and the foremost of the invaders rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed, by the negroes on guard; the alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands: and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues; which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the inmost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage: the red ants with their powerful mandibles tear open the sides of the negro ant-hill, and rush into the heart of the citadel; in a few minutes each of the invaders emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valour of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching the nest, the pupæ appears to be treated precisely as their own, and the workers when they emerge perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good-will; they repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ, take the pupæ into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require; in fact, they conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination.”

ART. XVIII.—*Music and Manners in France and Germany.* By HENRY F. CHORLEY. 3 vols. Longman.

MR. CHORLEY announces these volumes as “A series of Travelling Sketches of Arts and Society,” taken in the course of six journeys. He says, he has never “since the days of Hook and Kotzwara, been able to listen to music without speculating upon the circumstances which gave it peculiarity of form and character, or noticing the place as well as the manner of its execution.” It was therefore “not unnatural that a favourite pursuit, indulged in a manner which links it with so many engaging subjects of fancy and observation, should give a predominant colour to my familiar chronicle of Paris, and Berlin, and Dresden.” Again, “It has been my endeavour, besides selecting such passages as should illustrate the present state of

theatrical, orchestral, and chamber music abroad, to dwell upon such points as I conceived least familiar to my masters and fellow-students in the art at home."

Mr. Chorley is evidently an amateur, and deeply imbued with a knowledge of, as well as a taste for, harmony. There is, however, too much technicality and musical lore in his volumes for our critical handling. In these circumstances we shall merely afford our readers two samples of the sorts of rich stuff that is in them, social, literary, and artistic. Let us be seated alongside of him and his friends in Paris. He says,—

"I am recalled to one of the most agreeable mornings of my first visit to Paris—a breakfast given, that M. Niedermayer, then about to produce his 'Stradella,' might afford some idea of his new work to half a dozen of its protectors. London has nothing so pretty as the scene of this meeting: a suite of bachelor apartments in—no matter what *quartier*. Where we furnish, the French decorate; and the host, like Pope's Timon, 'having a taste,' the two little rooms themselves contained matter for a chapter, if the minute and graphic writer of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' chose to describe them. Luxurious chairs, choice pendules, magnificent old china, flowers, the artificial texture of which alone was betrayed by their blooming serenely in corners darker than real camellia or hollyhock would abide, morsels of ruby glass, and Middle-Age jewellery, each with its history, strangely intermixed with insignia of manly occupations—all, if not exquisitely neat, arranged in a graceful disorder;—the eye could not wander among these without, by contrast, calling up some of the smoky, dingy dens, in which the youth of London is contented to dwell: as if manliness lay in discomfort, and good sense and good taste could not be one. It was a skilful touch in Bulwer to make his man of the world, in 'Ernest Maltravers,' when wishing to be spoken of as a steady and rising person, choose a gloomy house with dusty carpets, dingy curtains, a dim dinner-table, and a cook who lavished flour in the oyster-sauce! No such artist purveyed for ——'s establishment. After the exquisite breakfast, the scene became yet more unlike an English morning conversation-piece. The *Maestro* or *Kapellmeister*, (for Niedermayer is German in name as well as in his expression of good-humoured and domestic simplicity,) having been placed at the *piccolo*, he was helped to render the score in duet by the best musician of the party. I may name M. le Prince de la Moskowa, because among his manifold achievements—which one day thrust him into the breach at Constantine, and on another carry him to the top of the most inaccessible mountain of the Pyrenees—he has, in some degree, forfeited the privilege of privacy, by giving an Operetta, 'Le Cent Suisse,' to the Opera Comique. So, too, when I say that the graceful romance, 'Venise est encore au bal,' was sung by the best tenor voice in Europe, I may, without indiscretion, name M. le Prince Belgiojoso, since his beautiful published Italian melodies have made him also known to the public. The rest of the little party sang, some of them very well at sight,—all with an almost artistic interest in their occupation; and as the morning went merrily over, I could not but reflect how long and how closely May Fair might be rummaged, without its offering a gathering in any degree analogous."

Our next finds Mr. Chorley in Berlin, and in the society of one whose

English translation of her own correspondence with Goethe we received some years ago, and which was published as the "Letters of a Child," but who, it appears, was no child in any sense, at the time when they were written:—

"Any true musician who has a touch of the fantastic in his composition—and what true musician has *not*?—will probably take an interest in another of my morning pleasures, greater than he has found in my feeble transcript of Cranach's 'Bath of Youth.' I allude to the hour in which I had the pleasure of listening to the earnest and brilliant conversation of Madame von Arnim;—that friend of so many artists, and whose journals and letters to Goethe have presented the world with the most poetical picture it has yet received of the master-genius of German music,—the rapt and rugged Beethoven. Even were I willing to publish what passed in the confidence of private intercourse, to record that interview in detail would be impossible. Such a rapid and vivacious and ever-changing flow of eloquence I never encountered, even in a woman,—never such a fund of racy language and quaint illustration, or such a child-like and artless nationality. It was like reading a suppressed page of her strange and poetical 'Letters of a Child';—few celebrated persons being so identical on paper and in personal intercourse as the reporter of Beethoven's *raptus* for Goethe's benefit, and the Lady of Berlin. Never, too, did I look upon a more expressive and striking countenance than Madame von Arnim's. There is a touch in it of Mignon and Fenella; a certain gipsy animation and brilliancy beyond the power of Time to destroy. The hazel eyes are still as deep, tender, and searching as when they reminded good Frau von Goethe of the tones of the violoncello. The small and symmetrical figure is as nimble, and the gestures are as impulsive, as in the days when their owner jumped into the Main near Aschaffenburg, on the overturn of her brother-in-law's carriage, to rescue the purse of violets Goethe had thrown to her at a party at Wieland's, among the other treasures of the floating band-boxes. The enthusiasm is still untired which stirred the maiden to take an active interest in the fate of the poor Tyrolese, and enabled the mature woman to master the modeller's difficult and delicate art, for the purpose of designing a monument to the memory of her beloved friend—as the striking design at the head of the English version of the 'Letters of a Child' testifies. A like ardour of perseverance helped Madame von Arnim through the study of a strange language, for the purpose of effecting her unique translation of her own letters: and had the reader heard her once describe all her hopes and fears, the dissuasions of her more experienced friends and the undismayed pertinacity with which she plunged into the chaos of case and person, and idiom, in fulfilment of her purpose,—he would, perhaps, feel with me, that though incorrect and *brusque*, and at times hardly intelligible, is the language called English in which the 'Letters of a Child' are rendered, no other version would do as close a justice to the meaning and to the personality of the authoress. No translation would make the book acceptable to the million. Yet those who would search out the connection between Music and the visible and invisible world, without some examination of which no one can enter into the music of Germany, should not disdain the 'Letters' in question; even supposing him to care nothing for the vivid and breathing

pictures of character, and the adventures, full as good as faëry tales, they contain. There have been few illustrations of the delicate and almost impalpable chain of associations, which connect particular sounds with particular scenes, more exquisite than some of the less known passages."

ART. XIX.—*Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister.* By CATHERINE TAYLOR, vol. II. Murray.

A WORTHY successor of the first volume, which has been universally praised for the variety and kinds of information which it contained, communicated in a very graceful manner. The book, in fact, is just what it ought to be from a young lady writing to a younger sister, pouring out the genuine feelings of her heart, along with such contributions of elegant knowledge, as every pure and enlightened person must desire that all should possess, especially those dearest by the ties of blood and friendship. But then how few are there, young or old, male or female, who traverse Italy, and who attempt to describe the beauties and treasures of the country, that can come up to the reader's expectations,—that without affectation and mawkish sentimentality can speak of what they have seen and felt, merely in respect of personal incident or of landscape scenery! Then, if they play the antiquary, the critic, or venture to give biographical sketches, ten to one but the failure proves offensive, owing to ignorance, presumption, or vitiated taste. These common defects and faults, however, do not attach to Miss Taylor; for she has read with care, observed with judgment, and reflected with patience, yet with an independent discernment. She is modest, yet has the necessary confidence in her own powers; which state of mind must have been strengthened by the encouragement she has already met with. The result of all these qualifications and advantages is, a volume of *real* letters, that can never be read by old or young without satisfaction and without profit. Perhaps a better test cannot be fixed upon for measuring and estimating her talents and acquirements, than when trifles are her theme; for if these slight occasions do not evoke thoughts new or rich, they are never allowed to pass without the exhibition of a playful fancy or a naive humour that has been born with her; the sentiment being always feminine but not feeble. We quote part of her description of St. Mark's in Venice, the subject is sufficiently grave, yet suitably treated:

"From this we were conducted through many smaller rooms, lined with beautiful paintings; and after several doors had been unlocked, we entered a small passage; I did not catch the name that our guide uttered as he opened the door; but on looking out from one of the narrow windows I found that we were standing on a bridge; and I knew at once that this was the famous Ponte dei Sospiri—the Bridge of Sighs. It is divided into three galleries; by one of which the accused was led before his judges; if he ever returned, he passed through the other. Few, however, recrossed it. The fearful tribunal, jealous of its secrets being discovered, seldom permitted those who had appeared before it to escape; 'the justice of St. Mark' was sure to overtake them; and unless condemned for life to the terrible Pozzi, the dungeons built in the thickness of the palace-walls be-

neath the canal, these miserable beings were often strangled on the Bridge of Sighs. Well might its door have been inscribed with Dante's words—

‘Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’ entrate!’

Hope in the mercy, or even in the justice of man, there was none; the guilty and the innocent alike perished, victims of state policy.

“Retracing our steps through these apartments, we now descended to the long corridor which I have before mentioned, and stopped at the small door leading to the Pozzi (wells.) These were the dungeons of the state, and, with the Piombi, (leads,) formed one of the horrible means of torture which the republic was so fertile in inventing. The Piombi were narrow cells at the top of the palace, and immediately under the roof of lead, used as the summer receptacles for state prisoners; and there, confined beneath the roof heated by the burning rays of a Southern sun, breathing the close and suffocating air of these ovens, stung by a thousand insects which the heat generated, did these wretched beings drag on their summer days; while in the winter they were consigned to the dungeons built under the palace below the level of the canal.

“I cannot describe to you the thrill of horror which seized me as we proceeded down the narrow stairs leading to these living sepulchres. Although prepared by all I had previously heard to find them gloomy and terrible, I had formed little idea of what they really were. We penetrated as far as the second story of these dungeons, and were told that, previous to the arrival of the French, another and a ‘deeper hell’ existed beneath; but the Senate, unwilling to betray the existence of these secret recesses to any stranger eye, caused the water of the canal to flow into them, and they remained filled to this day. The cells of the second tier even are below the surface of the water, ranged on each side of the narrow passage through which we passed: these were formerly lined with wood, having no other furniture than a wooden pallet and a counterpane; not a ray of light ever penetrated them, not a breath of pure air visited their infected recesses; one small round hole scarcely a foot in diameter opened on the dark passage without.

“We saw the places for the execution of the prisoners both by strangling and beheading; the block on which the head was laid, and the stone on which the wretched man sat or knelt. The door was pointed out at which the gondola awaited the body, to convey it away for secret sepulture; and that by which those sentenced to be drowned were hurried away by night. The narrow cell too was shown us where the friar shrived the miserable wretch, preparing him for death, while the executioner waited for his victim in the adjoining cell.”

We are told that when the French took possession of Venice, “they revealed to its citizens the existence of these terrible dungeons; and the populace, admitted to behold them for the first time, were so infuriated at the sight, that they set fire to many, burning all that was combustible within them. One prisoner *alone* was found in the cells, an old man of seventy, who had been confined for fourteen years; being brought so suddenly into the light of day, he became quite blind, and survived his release only one year.”

ART. XX.—*Facts Connected with the Treatment of Insanity in St. Luke's Hospital.* By A LADY. London: Effingham Wilson.

THESE Facts are communicated in a variety of papers, ranging over twenty years, addressed to a variety of eminent persons—Lord Brougham, Drs. Dillon, Birkbeck, and Elliotson, and others. The Committee of St. Luke's Hospital has not been overlooked; and there is a document which purports to have been sent to the Times newspaper. But what perhaps promises most, the Lady intimates that she is in correspondence with the Home Secretary, the Marquis of Normanby, who has, she says, “kindly encouraged me to communicate any information I may be able to give on the treatment of Insanity.”

Every sentence which the Lady writes is fraught with eloquent power, and such a moving appeal to the heart as we have seldom read. She is evidently a person of no ordinary mind; we are convinced that she is really a genius. Her name is Sarah Newell: and the best thing we can do for her is to give as much publicity as is in our power to one of her own statements of her case, which she appears to have drawn up with the desire of having it inserted in some periodical. It runs thus:—

“November 4th, 1840.

“During the last twenty years, I have endeavoured by all the means in my power to draw the attention of the public to the injustice that I, as well as many others, have been, and are now, labouring under, from having the stigma of insanity attached to us, because, having been once inmates in a lunatic Asylum, we dare to mention the woful fact. Only those who have been under this ban, can adequately comprehend the effects that such a galling yoke has upon the mind. No allusion to the base tyranny we have been subjected to must be made, or a prejudiced suspicion immediately arises.

“A sense of the great loss of time, with regard to my profession as an artist, and the injurious effects which have, humanly speaking, influenced the events of my life, through the blindness and wilful ignorance which have existed, and do still exist, in reference to insanity, induce me to present my individual case to the kind attention of the intellectual and the humane, but more particularly the Christian public, with the view that some effort may be made to dissipate the darkness and ignorance that prevails so generally on the subject. By a steady perseverance in the duties which have devolved upon me, both of a public, so far as my profession is concerned, and also of a private nature, those obstacles which at first appeared most formidable are completely overcome, and I now feel myself on ground sufficiently good, to appeal to my friends for that sympathy which I may, with propriety, expect from them. Is it consistent with the principles of any one professing moral feelings and sound reason to withhold their patronage from me, because I have been circumstanced as I have? Yet such I am told is really the fact, because I persist in my determination to expose the abuses I am acquainted with. If the causes of my former sufferings were properly investigated, as I hesitate not to say they *ought* to be, especially by physicians, and those who profess to under-

stand the intricacies of mental operations ; the errors of that system, which has been the means, in numberless instances, of uprooting the peace and order of social life, would be clearly seen.

“ At about the age of seventeen, I commenced painting miniature likenesses amongst my friends and acquaintances ; having taken my own likeness without any instruction. My friends, believing that I had a taste for the art, allowed me to have some lessons in miniature painting, with a view to making that department of art my profession. I afterwards made great progress, and took much delight in my pencil ; but the limited means of my dear father, who, nevertheless, was in a respectable line of business, was a great barrier to my advancement. About this time, I became acquainted with a family whose mental acquirements attracted my attention, and greatly excited my intellects. Having made some proficiency in music, I felt sure that I could, with a little exertion, support myself without the aid of my parents ; I therefore showed a more independent spirit than I had ever before evinced ; and conscious of possessing natural talents which had hitherto been unobserved, but called into exercise by the stimulus of my new acquaintances, I manifested an air of independence, which could not be comprehended by those who had heretofore considered me a simple common-place girl.

“ My unobtrusiveness and timidity from childhood had been remarkable ; therefore to speak and act as though I could do both without depending upon another, appeared like insanity. My friends were advised to apply to a medical man, which they did ; and, although he was a physician of some eminence, the treatment he recommended ultimately drove me raving mad, and for six weeks my beloved relatives were plunged into the greatest distress on my account, their affection for me not allowing them to send me from home. In the course of two or three months, I was allowed to resume my usual avocations, and to revisit my friends ; but, before a year expired, my dear parents again thought it requisite to apply once more to a professional man. Having experienced so much inconvenience from my former excitement, they were advised to send me to St. Luke's Hospital ; but, until the admission ticket could be obtained, I was taken to a private asylum, where I received treatment the most barbarous, and was compelled to witness scenes truly heart-rending and appalling, which left an indelible impression upon my mind. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, I was twice confined in a private lunatic asylum, and three times in St. Luke's Hospital ; the first time, between four and five months : the second time, about five months ; and the last time, the whole year ; and then sent out, pronounced to be ‘ an uncured lunatic.’ I can prove that I was taken in with my reason and moral feelings perfectly sound ; and, after being subjected to strait-waistcoats, chains, leg-locks, &c., was discharged unfit to associate with rational persons. At the latter end of 1818, whilst an inmate in a private asylum for the insane, I formed the plan of keeping a copy of every letter I wrote, feeling confident that they would, at a future time, prove interesting documents ; and, until within the last few months, this practice has been continued by me, as well as keeping a daily journal ; the latter has been the means of enabling me to correct those errors of judgment, into which

all persons are liable to fall. Since the commencement of 1819, I have not been confined in a lunatic establishment; but, retaining an acute sense of what I have endured, and a perfect recollection of the scenes I have witnessed in such places, my mental sufferings, arising from a knowledge that others were suffering from the same course of treatment, have at times been intense. God alone can tell what my mind endured after the summer of 1824, for more than two years, owing to that sympathy which I needed, being, through prejudice and ignorance, withheld from me; I then, as on former occasions, fell a victim to those sensitive and benevolent feelings which I was conscious I possessed, and which, I am happy to say, influence my present conduct.

“Straitened circumstances which I have been compelled to submit to, have, no doubt, been advantageous to my welfare, inasmuch as they have induced me to exercise those talents with which the Almighty endowed me: comparative poverty has also shielded me from the influence of those who otherwise might have placed me under the guardianship of the Lord Chancellor, and thus have deprived me of the liberty I am now enjoying, and am most anxious that others who are oppressed as I have been, should also enjoy.”

ART. XXI.—*Fragments from German Prose Writers.* Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. Illustrated with Notes. Murray.

AN exceedingly miscellaneous collection of striking passages, which have captivated Mrs. Austin in the course of her extensive German reading, and which she has translated with her wonted skill and beauty. There has been no attempt at system in the selection, and the fragments look as if they had been gathered in the most desultory way; although the translator's choice has been guided by certain principles, so as to enable her to range at will over the immense field which German literature and the German mind now occupy; in order that she might exhibit their riches, their variety, their picturesque, and their philosophic, beauties. The fragments, she says, have been taken up on account of considerations as various as their character and their subjects. “In some, it was the value of the matter, in others, the beauty of the form, that struck me; in some, the vigorous unaffected good sense, in others, the fantastic or mystical charm. Some recalled familiar trains of thought, which meet one in a foreign literature, like old friends in a far country; others suggested ideas altogether new and strange. My readers must, therefore, apply measures as different as those which I have used, and by no means ascribe to me the intention of recommending every opinion to their unqualified assent, or every passage to their unqualified admiration.”

Mrs. Austin complains of, and ridicules the limited as well as the exaggerated notions current in England, with regard to the character, intentions, and merits of German literature. “In some places it has been represented as all comprised of cloudy philosophy, dull pedantry, or romantic horrors; in others, as deformed, throughout, by whining sentimentality, impurity, and irreligion. That, in the multitudinous offspring of the German press,

some of each of these misshapen productions are to be found, we shall be little inclined to doubt, if we consider the disgusting shape assumed by portions of our own literature: but that a sound-hearted and intelligent country gives birth to nothing else, is as little consistent with probability as it is with truth." In another passage, when speaking of Goethe in particular, she says, some "talk of Werther, that fruitful subject of ridicule, as if Goethe had written nothing else. Others, again, think of him only as the author of Faust, that untranslatable poem which every Englishman translates. But in order to form any idea of Goethe's merits, it is necessary to read his criticisms on literature and art, on men and events."

We must say, however, that the fragments before us are often dreamy, and are generally speculative rather than real; and it is natural to expect Mrs. Austin to sympathize with a style of reverie which she has studied so long. At the same time her illustrative notes, consisting of criticism and biography, are valuable; evincing judgment, ability, and sound taste; being in truth the most useful things in the volume. Some samples, however, will afford the most satisfactory evidence of the nature of the contents; only further premising that Mrs. Austin considers the grand characteristics of the German mind, as seen in its literature, to be earnestness and suggestiveness.

Many of the examples are mere sentences, and collected on account of their sententiousness: although the truth of the thing uttered is not always so clear as is its point. We begin with very short specimens.—

"We are near waking, when we dream that we dream."—*Novalis*.

"Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper."—*Goethe*.

"The illusion of a past golden age is one of the greatest hinderances to the approach of the golden age that should come. If the golden age is past it was not genuine. Gold cannot rust nor decay: it comes out of all admixtures and all decompositions pure and indestructible. If the golden age will not endure, it had better never arise, for it can produce nothing but elegies on its loss."—*A. W. v. Schlegel*.

"There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event or train of events, so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation; instead of Protestantism arose Lutheranism."—*Novalis*.

"There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act,—so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed—that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits and the perfume of all these flowers."—*Jean Paul*.

"I would fain know what music is; I seek it as man seeks eternal wisdom. Yesterday evening I walked late in the moonlight in the beautiful avenue of lime-trees on the banks of the Rhine, and I heard a tapping noise and soft singing. At the door of a cottage, under the blossoming lime-tree, sat a mother with her twin babes; the one lay at her breast, the other in a cradle, which she rocked with her foot, keeping time to her singing. In the very germ then, when the first trace of life scarce begins

to stir, music is the nurse of the soul : it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps ; the tones are the companions of his dreams,—they are the world in which he lives. He has nothing ; the babe, although cradled in his mother's arms, is alone in the spirit ; but tones find entrance into this half-conscious soul, and nourish it as the earth nourishes the life of plants."

—*Bettina.*

From the notes we take a passage respecting Tieck.—

"Tieck's stories appear to me so enchanting, that their small success in England is a riddle I cannot explain upon any hypothesis flattering to the taste of the country. The 'Pictures' and 'The Betrothing' were translated and published in one volume by the Rev. Connop Thirlwall, the present Bishop of St. David's. 'The Old Man of the Mountain,' 'The Love Charm,' and 'Pietro of Albano,' in another, by the Rev. Julius Hare, now Archdeacon of Sussex. Several, if not all, of the tales in the 'Phantasus' are to be found in Mr. Carlyle's 'German Romances.' Yet in spite of these efforts of the most accomplished translators to make Tieck known in England, his popularity is very far from approaching to his merits. These are altogether peculiar. The fantastic grace, the mysterious charm, of his 'Märchen' are unrivalled. They seem written not only about, but *by* fairies, and 'creatures of the element.' He manages to combine a sort of infantine simplicity with the gorgeousness of eastern imagery, or the dimness of gothic superstition. They have the engaging naïveté and the daring invention of the old stories that lived in the hearts and on the lips of the people. Higher praise than this it is not in the power of words to express ; though the unfortunate children of these days are taught to consider them as beneath their notice. I know few writers who more powerfully stir the fancy than Tieck. In this respect he reminds one of Chaucer. His descriptions of nature, like those of our great poet, 'breathe a spring freshness.' All that makes up the charm of a wood, for instance,—its verdure, coolness, fragrance, and dreamy music, seem brought before our very senses by an art which it is extremely difficult to define. The musical element in nature is, indeed, the one which seems to predominate in his soul ; it flows, like the murmuring of water, through all his works. As Goethe's genius manifested itself pre-eminently in the plastic, so does Tieck's in the musical : his words bring sounds to the ear, as Goethe's do form to the eye."

ART. XXII.—*Lectures on the English Poets.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT.
3rd Edition. Edited by his Son.

THERE are additions to this edition, these being selected from other publications ; the "Round Table" supplying some of the criticisms. There is an article which appeared in the "London Magazine," upon the controversy about Pope, between Byron and Bowles, that exhibits the ingenious critic in a strong and characteristic light. We like the manner in which the Son is continuing to treat the memory and merits of the Father. He is thereby promulgating splendid canons, and begetting lofty speculation in the regions of literature and art.

ART. XXIII.—*What to Observe ; or, the Traveller's Remembrancer.* By R. JACKSON. Madden.

DIRECTIONS about *How* or *What to Observe*, can be of little practical service ; that is to say, if such titles be intended to convey the precise nature of a book ; for who is able to beget the power and the habit of perceiving or penetrating the characteristic points of an object and the essentials of a subject ? Such a work as the present, however, and when executed by a new and close observer whose experience and opportunities, independent of his reading and studies, have been uncommonly numerous and diversified, must contain a vast fund of information. We do not say that the volume is not calculated to awaken the spirit of philosophy which may happen to be in a tourist ; and certainly many are capable of receiving and improving the suggestions of Mr. Jackson. Neither can there be any man having a liberal curiosity in his constitution who will not find in the book many topics, and ably handled, that he desires to hear of. In fact, the subjects which our author introduces or touches are infinite, ranging not only over the whole domain of nature, but also of the arts ; speculation as well as facts being plenteously given. No topic, it may be said, is left out, which can concern a traveller or a stay-at-home person ; and therefore the volume is a prodigious storehouse, displaying peculiar talents and habits in the architect. Mr. Jackson is Secretary to the Geographical Society, and hence, no doubt, the contents of the work derive a good deal of their character.

ART. XXIV.—*The Little Wife ; and The Baronet's Daughters.* By MRS. GREY. Saunders and Otley.

SEPARATE tales by the author of "The Prima Donna," and "The Duke," which must promote Mrs. Grey to a station in advance even to that which she has attained, and especially as the painter of real life, and actual experience. She desires to teach and to mend, and is really the moralist for society, in what are called the respectable classes, as well as among the aristocratic circles. There is exceeding grace and feminine delicacy in her manner, which are sometimes carried to an extreme that is enfeebling, —the besetting error, we think, of this lady's tendencies of thought and style. But for the defects and faults to which we have alluded, the "Baronet's Daughter," for instance, would be one of the most faithful and instructive stories of domesticity that we ever read. As it is, the effect is keen and nice upon the sentiments, and cannot but tell forcibly upon minds that would rush, merely for the sake of title and station, heedlessly into unions that have only disgust and sorrow for the reward. But what can we do in the crowded state of our pages, that will convey an adequate idea of the constructed tale, or of the executed specimen of art ? We can merely say that those who take an interest in mirrored life will find and feel, on a perusal of these volumes, truth, spirit, and virtue, engagingly and wholesomely dealt with.

ART. XXV.—*A Collection of English Sonnets.* By R. F. HOUSMAN.

THIS selection goes as far back as the Earl of Surrey, and traverses the intermediate space down to the present time, gathering from the annuals, for example. There can be no doubt of the superiority of the writers, whose works have been resorted to by Mr. Housman; while he appears to have exercised sound critical skill in the choice he has made. The volume contains a mass of rich poetry, although in a style difficult to execute in English. To Sonnetteers it will furnish many hints.

ART. XXVI.—*The Laird of Logan; or, Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humour of Scotland.* Glasgow, Robertson.

WE have had occasion to notice before now the merits of the Laird of Logan. His wit is quite national. Still he is an originalist and wonderfully fertile. The volume contains many excellent things collected from other sources, and which are suitable companions to the Laird's fancies and facetiæ.

ART. XXVII.—*Traditions of Western Germany.* By CAPT. CH. KNOX. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

THE Black Forest, the Nekar, the Rhine, the Moselle, &c., are some of the localities which have yielded legendary lore and superstitious traditions to this publication. But we are not particularly pleased with the collection, or the cast of many of the stories. In the first place, hardly any of them have riveted our attention; none of them have made our hair to bristle. Secondly, many of them have either been recently made or *mended*! They are full of ridiculous anachronisms. True faith is wanting in the narration; there is seldom any unction in the spirit of the credulity supposed.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Round Table.* By WM. HAZLITT. 3rd Edition. Templeman.

THIS "Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners," is just another worthy reprint of the famous critic and essayist's choice productions, most honourable to, and significant of the Father, and manfully agreeable as respects the Son.

ART. XXIX.—*A History of the British Empire in India.* By ED. THORNTON, Esq. Parts I. and II. Allen.

THIS promises to be a spirited and accurate history. It is by an author who has previously written ably on India. It must become a popular narrative.

ART. XXX.—*A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy.* By T. R. JONES, F. Z. S. Van Voorst.

THIS work is illustrated by *three hundred and twenty* engravings, many of them being anatomical. The fact is, that while this handsome volume, which contains a vast quantity of letterpress, must be regarded as a complete and systematic outline of the Natural History of the Animal Kingdom, it at present stands an unrivalled Manual of Comparative Anatomy.

ART. XXXI.—*Memoranda of France, Italy, and Germany.* By EDWIN LEE, Esq., M. R. C. S. Saunders and Otley.

WITH these Memoranda are combined, "Remarks on Climates, Medical Practice, Mineral Waters," &c., embracing a very large range of territory, so as to prove useful to the tourist, but especially conveying important information with regard to Spas, &c. Mr. Lee is a high and well known authority on the subjects indicated of a medical character; and this volume, which requires from us nothing more than a very general notice, will be found to be a valuable manual in the respects mentioned.

ART. XXXII.—*The French School.*—Part I.—*L'Echo de Paris.* By M. LEPAGE. 5th Edition. Effingham Wilson.

"A SELECTION of familiar phrases, which a person would daily hear said around him if he were living among French people; with a vocabulary of all words and idioms used in the work." The demand for this introduction to French conversation is evidence sufficient of its excellence as an easy guide.

ART. XXXIII.—*An Easy Introduction to Chemistry.* By GEORGE SPARKES, late Madras Civil Service. Whittaker.

THE elements of chemical science may be readily acquired by studying this small volume. The experiments are simple, yet striking; and are admirably calculated to illustrate the principles.

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR AUGUST.

Vol. II. (1841.) No. IV.

PAGE

- ART. I.—Calmet's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, as published by the late Mr. Charles Taylor; with the Fragments incorporated. The whole Condensed and Arranged in Alphabetical Order. Revised, with Large Additions. By Edward Robinson 457
- II.—Russia under Nicholas the First. Translated from the German. By Capt. A. C. Stirling 470
- III.—A Narrative of the March and Operations of the Army of the Indus, in 1838-9. By Major W. Hough 479
- IV.—On the Dangerous Classes of the Population in Large Towns, and Measures for their Amelioration. By H. A. Frégner 486
- V.—The Philosophy of Mystery. By W. C. Dendy 496
- VI.—Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home. By Miss Sedgwick 503
- VII.—Hand Book for India and Egypt 513
- VIII.—Criminal Jurisprudence considered in Relation to Mental Organization. By M. B. Sampson 517
- IX.—1. England's Trust, and other Poems. By Lord John Manners. 2. Christ and Antichrist: a Poem, in Seven Cantos. By a Layman 532
- X.—Speech for the Defendant in the Prosecution of the Queen *v.* Moxon, for the Publication of Shelley's Works. By T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant at Law 545
- XI.—The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture; set forth in Two Lectures. By W. Pugin, Architect 552
- XII.—Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals, from the Inauguration of King Edward the Sixth. By W. Till 559
- XIII.—1. A Summer in Western France. By T. Adolphus Trollope, Esq. B.A. Edited by Frances Trollope. 2. A Tour in Austrian Lombardy, the Northern Tyrol, and Bavaria. By John Barrow, Esq. 565
- Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen. By James Bruce 579
- XIV.—The Life of Emanuel Swedenborg, with Some Account of his Writings; together with a Brief Notice of the Rise and Progress of the New Church 586

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
XV.—The True Law of Population	591
XVI.—Knight's Store of Knowledge for all Readers	601
XVII.—Smallwood's Magazine ; July, 1841. No. VII.	608
XVIII.—Lecture on Milton. By A. H. Fry, Esq.	609
XIX.—A History of British Forest Trees. By P. J. Selby, F.R.S.E., &c. Part 1.	609
XX.—The Prince-Duke and the Page. An Historical Novel. Edited by Lady Bulwer	610
XXI.—The Secret Foe. An Historical Novel. By Miss Ellen Pickering	610
XXII.—Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge. No. XVII.	611
XXIII.—Specimens of the British Poets ; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry. By Thomas Campbell	611
XXIV.—A Visitor's Guide to the Watering Places	611
XXV.—Fox's Book of Martyrs, &c.	611
XXVI.—On Stammering and Squinting, and on the Method, for their Removal. By Edwin Lee, M. R. C. S.	612
XXVII.—Moore's Poetical Works. Vol. IX	612
XXVIII.—The Remorse of Orestes, King of Argos, &c., Son of Agamemnon	612

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Calmet's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, as published by the late Mr. Charles Taylor ; with the Fragments incorporated. The whole Condensed and Arranged in Alphabetical Order. Revised, with Large Additions. By EDWARD ROBINSON. Boston.*

MR. ROBINSON, who is Professor Extraordinary of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary, Andover, has, in this American edition, given Calmet, &c. illustrated with maps and engravings on wood, in a royal octavo volume, containing 1003 pages, and presenting some of the features of the Puritan region from which it emanates ; at least if the simplicity of form and of the arrangement of materials be merely regarded. But it is our business to speak at greater length of the book.

Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible has passed through many changes in the successive English editions, several of them indeed with such alterations and enlargements as to entitle them almost to be called new works. Yet such is the popularity of the good father's labours, that his name is still attached to the leading title. And it is right that it should be so ; for whatever may be the renovations introduced by any one, it is enough for him to have his reputation associated with that of the original author, and to leave it to the public to judge whether his merit surpasses that of the framer of the work, or whether it is only secondary.

Calmet's Historical and Critical Dictionary of the Bible was first printed in Paris, 1722-1728, in four volumes folio. It was translated into English by D'Oyly and Colson, and published in 1732, in five volumes folio. Within a few years after its publication in France, we are told, in the advertisement to the London edition of 1797, it was translated and printed in Latin, in Dutch, in Italian, in Spanish, and in other languages. But there was not a second English edition till 1797. This was published under the direction of the late Mr. Charles Taylor.

The plan of Calmet was very comprehensive, so that, in his opinion, his Dictionary might be considered as a library for those

in meaner circumstances, and a very useful repertory for all others who would read the Scriptures with advantage. He was a diligent and careful compiler, and presented a work fraught with the learning of the times, and still affording a memorial of his industry and learning. His references were made to the Latin Vulgate version of the Bible, as he was in duty bound to make them; being a good Catholic; and his work contained much legendary lore, as well of the Jewish Rabbins as of the Romish Church. Taylor, in his English edition, 1797, adapted the references and citations generally to the common English version. He curtailed some of the long Scripture narratives, which he thought unnecessary to Protestants, and omitted those things which Protestants reject. His additions he placed chiefly in a supplementary volume called "Fragments." A second edition of Taylor's Calmet was printed in 1800-1803, and afterwards a third, from which the American edition of 1812-16 was copied. The fourth London edition appeared in 1823; the fifth in 1830, after the death of Mr. Taylor.

With regard to the merits of Taylor's Calmet, we believe that any one who has used the work, and is tolerably versed in Oriental learning, will not distrust Professor Robinson's decisive judgment concerning that gentleman's fitness as an editor of a dictionary of the Bible, and the value of his additions to Calmet. The Professor says, "Acquainted with oriental philology only through the meagre system of Masclef and Parkhurst; as an expounder of etymologies, outstripping even the extravagance of the latter; and as a theorist in the ancient history of nations, overstepping the limits which even Bryant had felt himself constrained to observe; Mr. Taylor's remarks on these and many collateral subjects, may be characterised as being in general fanciful, very often rash, and sometimes involving even apparent absurdity. His chief and undoubted merit consists in diligently bringing together from a variety of sources, facts and extracts which serve to illustrate the antiquities, manners and customs, and geography of oriental nations."

Such being at least Professor Robinson's opinion, and seeing that the Dictionary with the supplemental volumes formed too great a mass of matter for common and convenient use, it was the device of the English editor of the fifth quarto edition, so to abridge the work, and so to incorporate the fragments with the dictionary, as to include all that is most valuable in one volume. In order to accomplish this, he says that he adopted the following means: "First, a large portion has been rewritten in a style of greater condensation, yet without dropping even a single particle of valuable matter. And secondly, such matter (and none but such) has been expunged, as could not be deemed indispensable to the biblical student, or to the general reader." It is also stated that he has inserted "a large quantity of additional matter, derived from

those ever-teeming sources of illustration which the labours of modern writers have laid open for public use." He considers himself entitled to speak in the confident tone that he does, from his previous familiar acquaintance with Calmet's work, by superintending the fifth edition. We now quote Professor Robinson relative to the abridgment. The editor's plan, he says, "appears to have been to leave out all articles not directly illustrative of the Scriptures, and also many of the prolix and trivial discussions of the Fragments; omitting, however, nothing which it would be of any importance to retain. This plan appears to have been acted upon throughout, but with some exceptions, and, as it would seem, in great haste. I am not aware, at least, that anything has been omitted which it would have been in any degree advisable to have retained." Then, with regard to his own performance, the Professor speaks in these terms:—

"The retrenchments which I have ventured to make, have been chiefly in respect to such critical, etymological, and mythological discussions of Mr. Taylor, as the English editor had retained. Believing that a much better system of Hebrew philology is beginning to be prevalent in our country, and also a more sober and correct view of Biblical interpretation in general, I felt unwilling to sanction the circulation among us of any such crude and fanciful speculations as could only tend to direct the mind of the Biblical student from the right way; I have, therefore, not hesitated to strike out everything of this kind, which seemed to me positively wrong and of injurious tendency; although enough still remains to confirm to the sober-minded student the correctness of the preceding remarks."

We do not pretend to have closely examined the English abridged edition of Calmet, so as to be able to vouch for the correctness of the American editor's belief that nothing is omitted which should have been retained. But if the omissions were dictated by even a common share of good judgment, the Professor is safe in his opinion; for we can adduce, to the full content of any inquirer, a great mass of crude or fanciful materials, which are retained by the English editor, and which have only partly been rejected by Professor Robinson, who, it seems, did not consider himself at liberty to extend his expurgations to some of the articles so far as his own good judgment would have required him to do, if he had felt permitted to exercise it freely. He intimates that he was trammelled by his obligations as an editor, and that many things are suffered to remain which he should never have introduced.

One example occurs under the word Ark. The English editor retains a prolix dissertation of Taylor, which the latter added to Calmet, in which he attempted to describe with more accuracy than had ever been done before the form and appearance of the ark. He first describes and illustrates its structure by certain variations

from that of an oriental house, and by an extension of the name, so as to "change its character from that of a house for standing, to that of a house for floating." Then he fancies that *Dionysius*, or the *Indian Bacchus*, is a personification of Noah; "and assumes that the *cista mystica*, or sacred allegorical chest, anciently carried in the Dionysiac processions, commemorates the instrument of the preservation" of a family from the deluge. Next follow illustrations from the "Antiquities of Herculaneum;" the first picture representing ceremonies in honour of Bacchus. "A woman is carrying on her shoulder a square box, having a projecting roof, and at the end a door." This is thought by Taylor to be the nearest approach to the form of Noah's ark:—"it cannot be a mere box for ordinary uses, as the difficulty of putting things in and taking things out through so narrow an aperture, sufficiently demonstrates." Another illustration, taken from the same work, is "part of an ancient picture representing Orestes and Pylades, brought for the purpose of being sacrificed to the altar of *Diana Taurica*; but recognized by his sister *Iphigenia*, one of Diana's votaries; behind Iphigenia are two attendants, one holding a sprig, bason, &c., the other occupied about a trunk, which recalls very strongly the form of the *thebet* (Thebah, i. e. ark); it is longer than it is broad, and is supported at the corners by strong posts; it has a projecting roof, rounded at the top; and thereby agreeing with the Arabian house above." A third illustration is drawn from a medal preserved in the cabinet of the king of France, which was "scrutinized by the late Abbé Barthelemy, and pronounced authentic." Mr. Robinson has admitted this illustration with the accompanying remarks; "they are of some value to a curious antiquary; but in regard to any light which they may be supposed to throw upon the subject for which they are introduced, they might very well be spared." The English editor expresses himself thus:—"Supposing these arguments to be conclusive on the form of the ark, Mr. Taylor proceeds to suggest that the *cista mystica*, the memorial of the ark, has not always this house-like or temple-like form. Ordinary baskets of any shape, he remarks, would answer the purpose, and such were usually employed; "but it will not escape observation how nearly basket-work imitated the construction of the ark, by its upright stems and its crossing withs." This is accompanied by a pictured illustration of a model, "in which the serpent, the *good demon*, is represented as entering the ark or coming out of it."

These citations may serve as one specimen among many which encumber the English abridged edition of Taylor's Calmet. Abundant and valuable materials are within reach, far exceeding what can be used, for filling up such a work to the full measure of a convenient manual; and we should have been more pleased with Professor Robinson if he had retrenched with a more unsparing

hand than he has done. We shall now, however, speak chiefly of what he has added to the English edition, and mention the omissions only incidentally.

He thus speaks of his editorial labours, in respect of what he has added:—"In the place of these retrenchments, and to a much greater amount, I have made such additions as seemed to be desirable, from all the sources within my reach. The whole range of German labour in the department of Biblical literature appears to have been almost unknown to the English editors. I have drawn copiously from it. The works of modern oriental travellers have also been extensively used."

Without regard to any classification of articles, such as geographical, historical, critical, &c., we proceed to give some account of the additions made to a few of them by Professor Robinson, taking them in their alphabetical order.

"Assyria." In the first place, instead of a jumble of etymological trifling, and a confused heap of geographical and historical facts and conjectures, with which the English editor commences, the Professor gives, in a few lines, a probably true account of the derivation of the name of the empire, and closes the article with a neat epitome of its history, from Rosenmüller's Biblical Geography, and Genesius's Commentary upon Isaiah xxxix., and his Thesaurus of the Hebrew language. As a passing testimony of what is due to the American editor, we subjoin, in a few words, the proofs of wasteful expenditure of labour extending through a page and a half of the English edition, the whole of which is omitted in the American.

Assyria, *ashur*, is first made a compound signifying fire-lights, that is, "lights of fire," denoting the region where the early beams of the sun appeared to those travelling westward, &c. Chaldee, *Ai Zur*, land of the bull; which is not inconsistent with the Hebrew etymology, since, "the bull, among the ancients, was the symbol of radiating fire or light." The compound may also signify "fire regulators," or "lords of fire." The plural form may refer to Apollo, with his male companion, the moon. Again, "'Seira,' says Hesychius, 'means a bee, or the house of a bee;' and it may refer to the first swarm of mankind, which from Al Seira spread throughout the earth." Once more, "Herodotus says, 'The Thracians affirm that all the places beyond the Ister (Danube) are possessed wholly by bees;' at which he wonders: but if we understand a people, as we well know those countries were very populous, the wonder ceases." Yes, and in a similar way may all wonders be made to cease, except those of etymology and wild conjecture. But enough of this article, though we have not exhausted the absurdities of the English editor, nor followed them out in detail.

"Baptism for the dead." This passage is obscure to us in conse-

quence of our ignorance of ancient customs. The Christian fathers were not agreed in their interpretation of it. Mr. Robinson has availed himself of "manuscript notes (made by himself, we presume) of lectures delivered" on the epistle to the Corinthians, which contains the passage concerning *baptism for the dead*, "by the learned and pious Professor Neander, of Berlin." He has rested the judgments which he passes on the testimony of the fathers upon Neander's authority:—

"The most ancient interpretation of the passage follows the simple and literal meaning of the words (of the original): *to be baptized, for, instead of, the dead*. In this it is assumed, that, at the time when Paul wrote, many Christians had conceived superstitious notions in respect to the efficacy of the external rite of baptism; they supposed that those catechumens and others who died without baptism, were exposed to certain damnation; and therefore they had adopted a vicarious mode, by which they might still receive the benefit of the rite, viz. the relatives or friends of such deceased persons were baptized in their stead."

For the reasoning upon this interpretation; and for the other interpretations of the passage, we can only refer to the Dictionary.

"Canticles." A considerable addition is made in the American edition, to the long article under this head contained in the English edition. Professor Robinson informs us that his additions are taken chiefly "from an able Essay upon the Song of Songs, by Professor Hengstenberg." The different modes of interpretation are arranged under three classes:

"(1.) One class of interpreters regard the book as founded on the relation of Jehovah to the Jewish people, and they find in every figure a reference to some particular event in Jewish history," &c. "(2.) According to a second mode of interpretation, Christ is the principal subject of the Canticles. This mode assumes two forms; in both Christ is assumed as the Lover or Bridegroom; but the Beloved, or the Bride, is in one the whole Christian church, and in the other each individual Christian soul. Many have sought to combine these two modifications." "(3.) A third class of interpreters suppose the book to contain throughout a description of earthly love. This view has sprung up and gained admittance chiefly since the middle of the eighteenth century. From that time onward it obtained very general currency, and was supported in a great variety of modifications," &c.

Professor Robinson adopts with Hengstenberg the allegorical interpretation.

"The objection," he says, "and the only one commonly urged against it, viz. the great want of coincidence among those who have followed this method, must be laid, not to the account of the book itself, but of its interpreters. It has arisen from the fact, that mistaking the figurative character of the Old Testament, and having themselves no poetic feeling,

they have, without any fixed principles, attempted to explain every single figure, and have found in every one an allusion to some real circumstance either of history or of the internal spiritual life. This method stands in direct opposition to the whole character of the Canticles, in which there is so much of ornament and mere costume. One must not expect to find something corresponding to each single figure in this book; but he must first unite all the single figures into one grand image, and then the corresponding reality will be easily found."

In answer to the question, whether the relation of Jehovah to his people, described in this book, pertains to the "Jewish, or to the Christian church, or to the souls of individuals," the following answer is given:—

"In general, the very grounds which lead us to adopt the allegorical interpretation of the book, compel us also to assume the relation of Jehovah to the Jewish people as the subject of the representation. The question whether in this book the relation of Christ to his church is the subject of description, must, therefore, receive a *negative* answer, if it be meant thereby to imply, that the book of Canticles has no special reference to the times of the Old Testament, or that it must be torn away from all historical connexions, and regarded solely as describing prophetically, the love of Christ to his church under the new dispensation. But, on the other hand, we must answer the question *affirmatively*, in so far as Jehovah, whose love to the people of the old covenant is described, is also no other than Christ, who, in all times, has revealed to mankind the glory of God, and offered himself a sacrifice for them, in order to establish the new covenant," &c.

This conclusion departs from *interpretation to doctrine* rather too broadly for the avowal that "the plan of the work is neither doctrinal nor devotional."

Professor Robinson has retained a prolix analysis of the Canticles, and a sort of running commentary upon the book, which he found in the English edition, and with which he has not felt authorized to meddle: an analysis and commentary which are anything rather than spiritual. Taken altogether, the article is to us very discordant and unsatisfactory; and, though there are several matters of inquiry concerning the book, which are interesting and curious, it certainly is not entitled to fill, as it does, one thirty-eighth part of the Dictionary.

"Egypt." To the account of this country, so prominent in the Scriptural relations of the affairs of the Hebrew nation, Professor Robinson has added a very good summary, pertaining chiefly to its geography and history.

"Exodus." Under this head, as applied to the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, the American editor has introduced copious additions. Much valuable matter is brought together from the travels of Burckhardt, Niebuhr, Ruppell, &c., giving striking geo-

graphical views of the supposed place at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea at Suez, and of the successive journeyings to Marah, to Elim, and to Sinai; and particularly from Sinai to Kadesh. "To this general description of the whole country between Mount Sinai and Palestine," says the Professor, "we have here devoted the more attention, because the information has nowhere else been brought together, and because it all tends to illustrate the journeyings of the Israelites after leaving Sinai." He proceeds to point out the stations between those two places, and to reconcile, as far as may be, the different accounts in Numbers and Deuteronomy. We refer our readers to these passages, as containing a well condensed view of a difficult but an exceedingly interesting subject.

"Gospel." Half the account of what is contained on the subject, in the American edition, is from Professor Robinson; and his moiety appears to us by far the better portion. He gives a very brief statement of the hypotheses of the ablest modern biblical critics, concerning the resemblances and the differences between the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. We subjoin his concluding remarks:—

"On the whole, we must give up the hope of finding any definite theory, which will entirely account for the close resemblance of the three first Gospels, and at the same time solve the opposite difficulties. We can only in general, make the supposition, that the evangelists wrote down the *traditionary* account (so to speak) which they had retained of the actions and words of Jesus. In their teaching and preaching, they must necessarily often have had occasion to relate the actions, and repeat the discourses of their Lord and Master; these relations and repetitions would naturally assume, at length, a definite shape, and were, no doubt, written down and copied among the Christian converts. But such writings thus coming into circulation, could not have the sanction of apostolical authority; and, therefore, it would be very natural that the apostles themselves, or those who were intimately connected with them, should at length give a more full and complete account of all these things. It is to such previous writings, and to such a state of things that Luke alludes, ch. i. 1. In this way the writers would naturally follow the same train as in their oral discourses, and might, perhaps, occasionally make use of writings already extant. Thus far only can we safely go."

"Language." With this may be coupled "Letters." These two articles in the American edition are chiefly from Professor Robinson. They are indeed very superficially made up in the English edition; in the American they are too learned for the general reader, but afford useful summaries for the biblical student. We do not wonder that the American editor, a well-known philologist, should be unwilling to let the meagre articles pass in his revised edition, or that he should not gladly avail himself of the opportunity to turn to practical advantage a branch of learning which he

has ardently cultivated. He enters at some length into the history of the Hebrew language and its kindred dialects, of which it is manifest that the English editor possessed but an inconsiderable knowledge. The Professor concludes his dissertation on the oriental or Shemitish languages with a sketch of their fate in latter ages, down to the present time, as subjects of study; and with a due tribute to the great German scholars who have introduced a new era of Hebrew philology, to the splendour of which the learned Gesenius has contributed most largely. Perhaps the only objection to the Professor's remarks concerning language and letters is, that while the ordinary reader will be unable to follow him, to the biblical student they are not sufficiently full; so that it might have been better had he merely referred to the sources of the instruction he has sought to convey.

“Locust.” The Dictionary contains a very good account of this insect, which is such a great scourge in the East. Professor Robinson has added some descriptions of their appearance and devastations, from Niebuhr and Burckhardt.

“Burckhardt first fell in with locusts in the Haouran, not far from Bozra: ‘It was at Naeme that I saw, for the first time, a swarm of locusts. They so completely covered the surface of the ground, that my horse killed numbers of them at every step; whilst I had the greatest difficulty in keeping from my face those that rose up and flew about. This species is called, in Syria, *Djerad Nedjdyat*, or flying locusts, being thus distinguished from the other species, called *Djerad Dsahhaf*, or devouring locusts. The former have a yellow body, a grey breast, and wings of a dirty white, with grey spots. The latter, I was told, have a whitish grey body and white wings. The Nedjdyat are much less dreaded than the others, because they feed only on the leaves of trees and vegetables, sparing the wheat and barley. The Dsahhaf, on the contrary, devour whatever vegetation they meet with, and are the terror of the husbandman; the Nedjdyat attack only the produce of the gardens, or the wild herbs of the desert. I was told, however, that the offspring of the Nedjdyat, produced in Syria, partake of the voracity of the Dsahhaf, and like them prey upon the crops of grain. The natural enemy of the locust is the bird Sememar, which is of the size of a swallow, and devours vast numbers of them. It is even said that the locusts take flight at the cry of the bird. But if the whole feathered tribe of the districts visited by locusts were to unite their efforts, it would avail little, so immense are the numbers of these dreaded insects.’”

In regard to the use of locusts as food in the East, there has been some incredulity among people of the Western hemisphere. The American editor gives the following account of this matter from Niebuhr:—

“It is no more inconceivable to Europeans, that the Arabs should eat locusts with relish, than it is incredible to the Arabs, who have had no intercourse with Christians, that the latter should regard oysters, lobsters,

&c. as delicacies. Nevertheless, one is just as certain as the other. Locusts are brought to market on strings, in all the cities of Arabia, from Babel-mandeb to Bassorah. On Mount Sumara I saw an Arab who had collected a whole sackfull of them. They are prepared in different ways. An Arab in Egypt, of whom we requested that he would immediately eat locusts in our presence, threw them upon the glowing coals; and after he supposed they were roasted enough, he took them by the legs and head, and devoured the remainder at one mouthful. The Arabs in the kingdom of Morocco boil the locusts, and then dry them on the roofs of their houses. One sees there large basket-fulls of them in the markets. I have myself never tried to eat locusts."

Burckhardt says they are never served up as a dish, but every one takes a handful of them when hungry. After these statements, Professor Robinson says, there can be no difficulty in admitting locusts to have been the food of John the Baptist.

If it were not for devoting too much room to one subject, we might cite many remarkable facts of the migrations of locusts, of their devastations, and of the vain efforts of man to destroy them in sufficient numbers to effect any sensible diminution, or so to arrest their progress, as to rescue the fruits of the earth from the destruction they bring.

"Versions of the Scriptures." This article, the whole of which belongs to the American editor, is confined to the ancient versions. It is a valuable addition to the Dictionary, both the subject and the treatment being worthy of the biblical student's earnest attention, although the view must be necessarily compendious.

"Virgin." After a criticism concerning the meaning of the original words in Hebrew and Greek, which are translated Virgin, Professor Robinson omits, as he well may, a strange exposition, found in the English edition of the Dictionary, of the prophecy in Isaiah respecting the birth of a child, whose name shall be called *Immanuel*; and, after a few additional remarks respecting the meaning of the Hebrew word rendered Virgin, he proceeds to give his own view of the prophecy:—

"The passage is in Isaiah vii. 14—16. Ahaz having refused to ask a sign by which he may be assured of deliverance from the kings of Syria and Israel, the prophet exclaims: 'Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that (until) he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings.'"

Professor Robinson does not hold to a double sense of the prophecy, and therefore its fulfilment is to be looked for either in Ahaz, or in the Messiah, not in both.

"The Messianic exposition has been that of the church at large, in all ages, down to the middle of the eighteenth century; except that some have connected with it a double sense, making it refer both to the Messiah and to an event in the time of Ahaz, for which there seems no rational grounds."

After giving the views of those who regard the prophecy as fulfilled in the time of Ahaz, he adds as follows:—

"Those who adopt this mode of exposition understand, of course, the citation of this passage by Matthew to be merely by way of illustration, or as an allusion to a fact or circumstance of former history. * * * It must indeed be admitted that were the quotation in Matthew not extant, there would probably be nothing to suggest that this passage in Isaiah could have any reference to the Messiah. But on the other hand, it is very difficult to avoid the conclusion, that the evangelist intended here to cite this passage as a direct prophecy. 'Now, *all this was done*, that it might be fulfilled,' &c. Matt. i. 22. intimating that all the circumstances previous to the birth of Christ had a direct reference to this passage in Isaiah, and that this passage was directly prophetic of these circumstances."

Still Professor Robinson acknowledges that there are difficulties on the supposition that the passage is prophetic of the Messiah, when taken in connexion with the context.

"Winds." For the whole article under this head, we are indebted to the American editor, whose principal object it is to give some account of the East-wind of the Scriptures, which is represented as blasting or drying up the fruits, &c.

"This is a sultry and oppressive wind, blowing from the south-east, and prevailing only in the hot and dry month of summer. Coming from the vast Arabian desert, it seems to increase the heat and drought of the season, and produces universal languor. The Rev. E. Smith, American Missionary in the East, who experienced its effects at Beyroot, describes it as possessing the same qualities and characteristics as the sirocco, which he had felt at Malta, except that the sirocco, in passing over the sea, acquires great dampness."

If we understand the Professor rightly, he does not disagree with those interpreters who identify the east-wind of the Scriptures with the simoom of the Arabians. He thinks that the stories told of its suffocating and poisonous qualities, often producing sudden death, and cutting off the whole or a large portion of a caravan, are greatly exaggerated; and that Bruce, R. K. Porter, Chardin, &c., and even Niebuhr, have, at least, been much imposed upon, and have taken up frightful stories with too easy credulity. It is true that some of the travellers state that these winds fail to occur, with their destructive qualities, sometimes for several successive seasons; which makes it somewhat difficult to disprove the commonly received accounts.

The first witness adduced against former travellers is Burckhardt, who lived and travelled from 1810 to 1817 inclusive, in Syria, Arabia, and the countries between these, in Egypt, Nubia, Soudan, &c. in all the countries indeed in which, according to the foregoing accounts, the simoom is said to be prevalent. The Professor proceeds,—

“He was, moreover, thoroughly acquainted with the language, and travelled everywhere as a native, which of course gave him far greater facilities of obtaining information, than fall to the lot of other Europeans. His good judgment and extreme accuracy are everywhere apparent, and are also vouched for by all subsequent travellers. In describing his journey across the great Nubian desert, in 1814, the same which Mr. Bruce crossed, he gives the results of all his observations upon the simoom.”

We present the following summary, which is abridged from Professor Robinson's quotations of Burckhardt.

He encountered this wind, March 22, 1814, and inquired of his companions, according to his custom, whether they had often experienced the simoom, or south-east wind. They answered in the affirmative; but had never known it prove fatal. It dries up the water in the skins, and thus endangers the traveller's safety. He had often been exposed to the hot winds in the Syrian and Arabian deserts, in Upper Egypt and Nubia; the hottest of which was at Suakin (on the Nubian coast of the Red Sea), but felt no inconvenience from its greatest fury. “I am perfectly convinced,” he says, “that all the stories which travellers, or the inhabitants of the towns of Egypt and Syria, relate of the simoom of the desert, are greatly exaggerated; and I never could hear of a single well authenticated instance of its having proved mortal either to man or beast.” The Bedouins, he says, often frighten the townspeople with stories of men, and even whole caravans, perishing by the wind; but they impose only upon those who are ignorant of the desert. “I never observed,” he continues, “that the simoom blows close to the ground, as commonly supposed, but always observed the whole of the atmosphere appear as if in a state of combustion; the dust and sand are carried high into the air, which assumes a reddish, or bluish, or yellowish tint, according to the nature of the ground from which the dust arises. The yellow, however, always, more or less, predominates.” When a whirlwind accompanies the simoom, which seldom exceeds a quarter of an hour, the heat is increased. In one instance of this kind the thermometer rose to 121° in the shade. Burckhardt does not discredit the accounts of whirlwinds of sand, but doubts whether they endanger the safety of travellers.

Mr. Rüppell, of Frankfort, another traveller in the East, to whose statements Professor Robinson gives full credence, confirms

the accounts of Burckhardt, and describes certain effects of the wind, which are too remarkable to be passed over. On the 21st of May, 1822, about twenty-two miles from Cairo, he and his companions were overtaken by the violent south wind. In all the parts of their bodies exposed to the wind, they felt, besides the heat, a sensation of pain resembling the pricking of needles, attended with a peculiar sound. M. Rüppell ascertained that it was not occasioned by the little stones that were driven against them by the tempest, as he had at first supposed, but that it was the effect of some invisible physical power which he could compare only to the passing off of a stream of electric fluid. We give the remainder of this account in the author's own words, as we find them quoted by Professor Robinson.

"I began to observe more closely the phenomena around me. I noticed, that our hair became more or less erect; and that the prickling pain in the skin was especially perceptible in the joints, and the extremities, just as if I had been exposed to an electric shock upon an isolated stool. In order to convince myself entirely, that this feeling did not arise from the strokes of stones or sand, I stretched a sheet of paper, and held it against the wind. The smallest stone or grain of sand, and even the dust itself would have been distinctly perceptible to the ear or eye; but nothing of this took place. The surface of the paper remained unchanged and noiseless. I now stretched out my arm, and the prickling pain was immediately increased at the extremities of my fingers. These observations led me very strongly to conjecture, that the violent wind known in Egypt by the name Camsin, is either accompanied by a large quantity of the electric fluid, or else that this is occasioned by the dry sand of the desert. Hence the thick clouds of dust which accompany the wind, consisting of isolated atoms of sand, which for days darken the sun in a cloudless sky. In this way one could perhaps explain how this wind might, through its electrical properties, sometimes prove fatal to caravans, as has been related by some travellers. I must, however, here remark, that in the countries through which I have travelled, I have never heard the least hint of such an accident. At any rate, the supposition that such a calamity might be occasioned by the caravan's being buried under the sand, is most ridiculous."

M. Rüppell, as it appears by a note to this passage, afterwards confirmed his opinion of the existence of electricity in these winds, by experiments at Dongola; and found it to exist both positive and negative. As the wind died away, the electricity decreased.

We have only one remark to offer respecting the article on Winds, wholly introduced by the Professor, that while very interesting within the domain of Physics, it goes in the Dictionary to a disproportionate and unnecessary length, we think, as connected with the east-wind of the Scriptures. However, in the latter part of the Dictionary the additions of the American editor are not so great in amount as in the first two thirds or three quarters of the work. He

might find it increasing under his supervision to too great a size, though he does not say so. "Philosophy" for example: nothing is added to what is contained in the English edition under this head; and the contents are of very trifling value. But it should come in, if introduced at all, for a larger share of attention, as affecting or illustrating the warnings, allusions, and doctrinal instructions of the New Testament. "Prophet" and "Prophecy" receive by no means a due proportion of attention.

"Sabbath." To this subject, as well as to the preceding, nothing is added by Professor Robinson. It required to be much improved. For example, the probability of the observance of the Sabbath by the Patriarchs, though the author of the book of Genesis is silent upon the subject, we think, might be placed on much stronger ground than it is left by the English editor.

But taking the whole of this American edition into consideration, we feel ourselves bound to admit that it goes far to fulfil the expectations held out by the Professor in the preface to it; and we think that what we have quoted, abridged, and stated, will support our verdict; trusting, at the same time, that although the work was published some years ago, and although no doubt many copies have found their way to this country, yet that the present article may be the means of causing a still larger importation.

ART. II.—*Russia under Nicholas the First. Translated from the German.*

By CAPT. A. C. STERLING. London: Murray.

RUSSIA of late years has occupied an extraordinary degree of British attention, and a great variety of accounts have been published concerning the condition, the government, the power, and the prospects of the empire; or, in other words, the policy and the character of Nicholas the First. With regard to his domestic character, he has been generally represented as a model and all beautiful; the manner in which he bears himself as a husband and a parent having been largely quoted to hide or to neutralise all his sins and despotic measures as a sovereign. But, without attempting to penetrate the imperial palaces when he has to be seen with his wife and children alone, or believing that courtiers or distinguished strangers can have the fullest opportunities of reading the man there, let us at once endeavour to view him as a monarch, and as public acts exhibit him; and then, perhaps, we shall be enabled to come to a decision for ourselves whether to place him among the wisest, or the most short-sighted;—whether among paternal kings, or cold-blooded and cruel despots: and this can only be done with any hope of satisfaction by viewing him, not as beheld or represented in St. Petersburg, but as the ruler of more than fifty

millions, thinly spread over millions of square miles of territory, part in Europe and part in Asia; his subjects consisting of a variety of races; whose native languages, laws, institutions, and manners, have frequently nothing in common among them.

At first sight, and when it is understood that the whole of the government of the Russian empire centres in Nicholas, and that the union and practical adherence of the heterogeneous mass,—the civilization and sympathies of the component parts being widely different,—are conditions maintained principally by his personal activity and vigilance, by his inspections and progresses through his immense empire,—these visitations reaching remote provinces,—the conclusion naturally will be, that he is wonderfully gifted, physically and mentally, and that justice, humanity, and the most enlightened principles are his guides,—that the happiness and improvement of the nations under his rule are things essentially secured so long as he lives.

On a closer scrutiny, however, of his government and numerous acts in state-policy, it will be discovered that he is neither a great man nor a good sovereign; that Russia is retrograding under him, and her integrity more and more menaced; that his ambition is vile; and, in short, that he has no generous feeling in his nature; that it is impossible that he can beget love or permanent loyalty.

The character of Nicholas has been strikingly and justly contrasted with that of Alexander, his immediate predecessor. Alexander's ambition was to secure the love and confidence of his subjects; Nicholas scorns all such ideas, and is determined to rule through fear, having much of the ferocity in his nature and sternness in his bearing which characterized his brother Constantine. Yet he is said to be inferior to that monster, in that he never repents or repairs the terrible wrongs he perpetrates, while the other sometimes did both. Besides, this remarkable difference has been exhibited by the two,—it was against individuals that Constantine would vent his sudden fury; whereas it is against races and entire nations that the present emperor systematically displays his hatred and despotic wrath. It is said that Nicholas was never known to cancel or even to mitigate the sentence of a court-martial, but that he has frequently aggravated the penalty.

Again, Alexander tolerated the religious creeds of the various nations subject to him. Nicholas has shown, by a series and a system of measures, that he has not only no respect for liberty of conscience in spiritual matters, but that he is determined to force all to profess the faith which he pretends to cherish. But worst of all in the black catalogue, is his undisguised detestation of the Poles, even to the uprooting of the very name, the extinction of their language, and the extermination of the people as a distinct race.

Alexander, on the contrary, flattered, at least, the Poles with professions of anxiety to preserve their nationality.

Liberty and liberalism, indeed, are the grand objects of the present autocrat's hatred and barbarous fury; and perhaps the manner in which he has displayed his dislike of those whom Alexander most trusted and loved, may in part have arisen from his scorn of that emperor's comparative lenity and enlarged sentiments. It is even said that his own son, the presumptive heir, is in a measure despised by him, on account of his more gentle nature; and that the young man has been nick-named "Old Grandmother" by the father. His passion is the army; and its severest discipline his admiration. Nay, a forbearing and kind-hearted commander he cannot endure, soon sending him about his business.

One of the leading principles of Nicholas's government is to infuse into the whole of the empire a pure Russian nationality; not with the view of elevating its literature and arts to a distinct rank, to rival those of the most civilized nations of Europe, so much as to cut off as far as possible all intercourse with neighbouring states, and thus have his ignorant subjects at his beck, to march upon the rest of Europe, and bring the world under one sway. How else can we account for an ukase that decrees the sequestration of any nobleman's estates, who sojourns beyond a certain period in a foreign country? The policy of Peter the Great was different from this; for his ambition was uniformly to introduce the civilization of western Europe among his subjects; and to Germany the Russian empire has been vastly indebted. Even Alexander did much to introduce into his kingdom the industry and improvements of more enlightened countries. But let us here quote a passage from the volume before us in order to illustrate the policy that now prevails:—

"The German names began under Nicholas to disappear from the army. It was definitively ordered, that, after 1840, no foreigner should be either captain or mate of a Russian merchant-vessel. This encouragement of nationality did not indeed go the length of despising all foreign aid and foreign intellect, where they might conduce to the expansion of the material and moral energies of the people; but the foreigners employed were required to submit themselves more than formerly to Russian habits; and intercourse with other countries was much obstructed, where it was not necessary for the attainment of some obvious advantage. That this was the case is seen from the enactment of new laws and prohibitions, and also from the more strict enforcement of the old ones. Accordingly, permission to reside abroad was readily granted to merchants and to pupils of the academies, or to engineer officers, while the immigration of foreign artizans, who were indispensable, was greatly favoured; on the other hand, the employment of foreign masters, or governesses, was prevented as much as possible."

The ambitious schemes of Nicholas are widely and cunningly contrived. First, the total subjection of all religious creeds to the established church of the empire promises to operate speedily towards the creation of a national spirit; seeing that the excessive amount of tradition and superstition, and the consequent number of formalities of the Greek church, constitute a broad and strong line of demarcation between Russia and Western Europe. A corrupted system of education, too, has been introduced, abolishing the colleges and schools founded by Alexander; and, contemporaneous or connected with these changes and measures, statesmen, priests, and authors are found venal and numerous enough to proclaim the excellent fruits of autocracy, and to attribute to despotism the enormous territorial aggrandizement of Russia. The Czar is preached up as the viceroy of the Almighty on earth. The future is pictured in the most brilliant and imposing colours, "With these and such like notions," observes a contemporary reviewer, "are entwined visions of a final fusion of all the different nations composing the empire into Russians; of the re-conquest of the Slavonian provinces which still belong to Austria and Prussia; and of domineering over the rest of mankind through the mighty influence of the Slavonian tongue."

The early realization of these splendid dreams seems to be as vain as those of the Muscovite concerning British India (see Major Hough's representations, to be found in another paper of this month's Review). Amicable measures have already failed, which were intended to produce the much-desired fusion; for Russia has not the power, we firmly believe, even if she had the will, of introducing such reciprocal rights and advantages among the heterogeneous nations constituting the empire, as would gradually produce mutual interests and attachment. But what is she to expect from the forcible and the foul means which she has had recourse to, towards Poland, for example? Then what a warning to every other Slavonian race must the fate of the people of that country for ever proclaim!

It would be easy to collect an array of cruelties perpetrated upon the Poles by Nicholas or his minions, of the most revolting and never-to-be forgotten kind. But we shall not dwell upon the fearful catalogue, only stating one or two facts that are indicative of many others, and which belong to the more refined school of tyranny and baseness.

It will readily be believed that the orthodoxy of Nicholas, or the total subjection of all religious creeds to the established church of the empire, is a state manoeuvre, having for its object, not merely the creation of one national feeling, but the subjugation of the national mind to mere observances, and idolatrous superstitions, which Catholics, as well as Protestants, conscientiously

despise and resist. What better evidence can there be needed of the emperor's degrading and hand-and-foot binding designs than the arts used by him, even to personal tampering with the Polish clergy who adhered to Romanism, when he last visited Warsaw, in the course of his everlasting personal inspections, his perpetual travelling over his vast dominions with the view of uniting the Polish Catholic church with that of Russia; we ask what better than when having hitherto failed, his uniform method is to appoint the most worthless and abject of the clergy to the highest offices in their church? Can the design be any other than, by depriving the people of instruction and of excellent examples, to facilitate their conversion to the Greek church, and thereby extinguish their proper nationality, so as to become absorbed in that of the empire?

Couple the diabolical methods mentioned, with the fact that the schools which have been left in Poland are now purposely made the seminaries for not only acquiring the *proper* notions with regard to the beauties and excellences of autocracy, but where military rank and display are represented as the prime objects of ambition and of education; while profligacy to a revolting extent is so winked at, as to show that there is no desire to discourage it. Add to these statements the following paragraphs quoted from the "*British and Foreign Review*," which continues with much ability, and manifestly minute information, to proclaim the vices and enormities of Russian rule:—

"According to their national logic, the emperor's tools seem to think that if all populations can but be compelled to speak Russian, disobedience, rebellion, and ungodly heresy, will disappear from the country, and that Poles, Germans, Baskirs, Tartars, and Calmucks, will present one unbroken front, like a line of grenadiers, understand the commands of the Czar, observe fasts, and bow with him to the mother of God. It is not, therefore, considered sufficient that it is studied at the schools; but functionaries are sent even as far as Wiatka and Perna to acquire it at its purest source, and are required to make it the language of the domestic hearth and household. For Russianizing females, institutions are established, not only under the eye of the empress, known by the appellation of 'Seminaries for the education of the nobility,' but also in remote conquered provinces, where they are superintended by the governor. Schools, on the same plan and for the same purpose, expressly designed for Polish girls, are established at Bialystock and Kieff; it is in contemplation to have one at Pulawy, a lately confiscated estate of Prince Czartoryski.

At an early age children easily forget their native language; and, if in future years they should be blessed with offspring, these will speak Russian, and know nothing of their ancestors. Many parents prefer retaining their daughters at home, and giving them only such education as they can themselves impart, to exposing them to the contamination of Russian doctrines and their teachers. In '*The Progress of Russia in the East*,' we find a picture of the universal grievance in the complaint of a

Georgian noble, that ‘Soldiers of a different creed to his own are billeted in his house, and the privacy of his family violated. * * * That even the Georgian and Armenian Christians have reason to complain of the rigour with which a strict compliance with Russian habits is exacted, and are mortified to find that in adhering to their national customs in the dress and conduct of their wives and daughters, they give umbrage to their superiors; and that, to make themselves acceptable to the government, it was necessary to deck their females in the frippery of Moscow milliners, and to have them taught to waltz with the Russian officers.’

“Still more revolting are such things where European manners prevail, as in Poland, where the wives and daughters of Poles, invited to a ball at the governor’s, have not the alternative of refusing; where at the seminaries young ladies of Polish families are compelled to recite Russian poetry in the presence of Russian generals and their officers; where the emperor himself assists at such insulting exhibitions, and in return for the amusement he derives from them, corrupts the modesty of innocence with baubles from St. Petersburg. These girls, especially if rich, whilst yet at school, are often selected as wives for his favourites; and even married women, whose husbands become political exiles, are encouraged to violate their matrimonial vows and remarry with Russians.”

We may here observe that in the same paper from which we have borrowed the above paragraphs, a very different picture is given of the court manners of Russia, and of the emperor’s conjugal treatment of the empress, to that which the Marquis of Londonderry and others have repeated after a visit to St. Petersburg. In one passage these words occur relative to Nicholas—he is “brutal both to men and women. His courtesy to the empress seems intended only for outward show, as he is known to be both imperious and harsh in private; and if the example of licentiousness which he sets be followed, his court runs great risk of becoming as profligate as that of Catherine II.” Whether, then, would our readers declare him to be “inferior to no man in the world in truth, in honour, and in justice,” to use the words of a British prime minister at a public dinner; or adopt O’Connell’s opinion and language in the House of Commons, who pronounced him to be “a miscreant?”

We must now turn for a few minutes to notice the volume before us, and to cite some passages from it, the translator thinking it worthy of the labour he has bestowed on it, in order that his countrymen might obtain a popular view of a government which has excited so much interest and speculation among them for some years back.

“Russia under Nicholas the First,” although rather superficial and opinionative, is a readable book, conveying views that are often in unison with those which we have already indicated. With this very slight announcement we proceed to give the samples.

First, then, let us have a specimen of the German author’s specu-

lations and hearsays about the political feelings and relations subsisting between England and Russia; certain occurrences in the East being the theme:—

“ These occurrences meanwhile have brought to light the important fact that Russia and England are plotting against one another in the interior of Asia; that in the north and the south, a host of Asiatic tribes, with occupant and claimants of their thrones, are inclined, now to Russia, and now to British India, according to varying circumstances and the changing caprices of these despots. Some further glimpses into Asiatic affairs were obtained at the end of 1838, and the beginning of 1839, from the diplomatic correspondence between Russia and England which was laid before the British Parliament. To the complaints of England as to the supposed intrigues in Russia in Iran and Afghanistan, and particularly in Cabul, Count Nesselrode, the Russian Minister, declared, that his master looked on the notion of threatening India as an idle dream; that Russia was rather desirous of reconciling England and Iran, than of exciting them against one another; that she was pursuing throughout Middle Asia the most inoffensive policy, and only sought to rival England in the paths of peace and industry. Russia then spoke of the necessary independence of the Middle Asiatic States, ‘ because the two great powers, in order to continue friends, should not come near one another, nor be brought into collision in the centre of Asia.’ The same correspondence shows that Count Simonitsch assisted the Schah of Iran with money for his enterprise against Herat, and that he had concluded and signed formal treaties with the Afghans, but which the Emperor had refused to ratify. Count Nesselrode, moreover, acknowledged to the British Minister at Petersburg, that Simonitsch had acted in such a manner as to give England just cause of complaint against him. He was, in consequence, relieved at Teheran by Colonel Duhamel; and as, in addition to this, the Russian agent in Kandahar had been recalled at the request of England, Lord Palmerston expressed his thanks for these concessions in a note of 4th April 1839.”

But according to some portions of this extract, if faith is to be put in Russian diplomatic assurances, there was no plotting on the part of the Muscovite cabinet at all. This draws the remark from us, that nothing is more convenient on the discovery of a plot, and the failure of anxiously contrived schemes, than for the head of the establishment to deny all knowledge of, and participation in, them, and to throw the blame on his servants. Does any person really credit the assertions noticed by the German author, coming as they do from parties the system of whose government has ever been that of bribery, espionage, and faithlessness?—whose policy abroad is to promote the interests of the empire by the most refined arts, and consummate cunning; while at home barbarism is the engine and the object?

Having alluded to the domestic barbarism of Russia, an interesting inquiry would be to endeavour to ascertain what progress the mass of the people has made, forward or backward, with regard to

mind, and also physical as well as social condition, since the accession of Nicholas. If the views we have endeavoured to convey of his policy and principles be just, we fear the account would be disheartening. But there are no documents in existence that can be trusted to, whereby to come to any statistical accuracy on these points. What reliance can be placed on the official returns? We now quote something which bears upon the questions we refer to:—

“As the strict system of centralization by which Russia is ruled permits no lively public feeling to be awakened, except at the pleasure of the Government, it necessarily follows that the knowledge of whatever is done through the whole country flows into the same channel. By casting one’s eye over the yearly official returns, a better idea may be gained of the domestic activity and development throughout Russia, than the same documents would supply in other countries: these data may then be compared with similar ones in civilized states. The Russian Government has considered it a grand object of late years to raise material prosperity to the highest pitch. The official estimates make a great parade of the start which production has taken; but there can be no doubt that in Russia agriculture, manufactures, and trade are all at a very low ebb, and will bear no comparison in their most improved state with the growth of the same branches of production in more western countries. The condition of the peasants is not materially altered. In 1836 practical schools for agriculture and trade were opened, and in five Imperial universities the Government founded agricultural lectureships. These measures were, however, by no means intended to raise the intelligence of the labouring classes above a certain point. On the contrary, a remarkable edict of the 21st May 1837, requires stricter attention to the previous laws, which restrained the serfs to an education in the inferior district and parochial schools, but forbade their admission to the practical schools, or to those of the higher sciences, because this would be a dangerous mixture of different classes, and would produce a too glaring contrast between their civic rights and intellectual powers.”

It may well excite wonder how an empire of the prodigious size of Russia, and with its many millions of serfs (above forty millions, it is calculated) can be kept together and under control, virtually by one man, or, at least, one centralized system. But the marvel vanishes considerably when one bears in mind that the population is thinly sown, and that while there is no community of feeling, no combination of interests, throughout the whole, there is a very complete military system and an immense army to enforce it. The flower of the male population may in fact be said to consist of soldiers, every effort being used to infuse an ardour for arms; at the same time the most imposing displays of the government forces being continually presented to the people. Hear our author:—

“The system of terror maintained by severe corporal punishment, is not the only moving power of this enormous machine; it has also been attempted to awaken the proud feeling of soldiership, to breathe a soul into

the giant body ; so that the instinct of obedience may ripen into an enthusiastic principle of action. The military spectacles and the festivals connected with them, which Russia conducts at an extravagant outlay, and on the grandest scale, serve for this purpose, as well as to impress Europe by the aspect of such an overwhelming power. These military displays began in 1835 at Kalish, where a body of Prussian troops figured along with the Russian masses. It is credible, as has been affirmed by eye witnesses, that this apparent cordiality only made the difference more sensible which existed between the intelligence and feelings of the two nations, and that the sympathies of the rulers did not extend to their troops. In the same year the emperor mustered at Orel more than two hundred and seventy-two squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen batteries of horse-artillery. In 1837 he collected near Wossnesensk (where most of the cavalry of the line is quartered) a mass of forty thousand horsemen, in three hundred and fifty squadrons, with one hundred and sixty-four pieces of horse-artillery. Among these there were twenty-four squadrons and three batteries, composed of boys from twelve to seventeen years old, from the military colonies. To these youths were united twenty-eight battalions of veterans, of twenty or more years' service. Two thousand musicians and five thousand singers from the colonies executed choruses. Many states of Europe were represented in the camp, but neither the French nor the English ambassador appeared. A more curious sight was the great military and religious festival, in honour of the battle of Borodino, at the end of August and the beginning of September, 1839. An army of one hundred and twenty thousand men was brought into position at the three principal reviews. On the 7th September, the roar of seven hundred and ninety-guns announced the consecration of the monument which was erected on the field of battle. But even this game of war was not without victims, for one hundred and forty men were killed or wounded during the manœuvre. Besides these extraordinary concentrations, every May a review of from forty to sixty thousand guards takes place in the Champ de Mars, at Petersburg. Such is the scale of Russian field-days ! But it can scarcely be persisted in, without awakening a passion for war, which will sooner or later seek to gratify itself."

Yes, these field-days may hereafter prove more serious than "playing at soldiers." In the meanwhile they are the source of great internal weakness ; for although the population is enormous, taken in the aggregate, there is comparatively little productive industry, which after being heavily taxed, only yields, we believe, about eleven millions sterling of disposable revenue ; that is, after paying the interest of the national debt. What is Russia to England in respect of revenue and available sources for supplying the sinews of war ? But we have done for the present.

ART. III.—*A Narrative of the March and Operations of the Army of the Indus, in 1838-9.* By MAJOR W. HOUGH. Allen and Co.

THE expedition to Afghanistan in the years 1838-9, has been the theme of several works noticed in our pages ; all of them written by persons who belonged in some capacity to the army of the Indus, and were engaged, more or less, in the march and operations which terminated so gloriously for the British. In these circumstances, it may be deemed superfluous for the gallant Major to come so late into the literary field on this subject, especially as his Narrative is not calculated to interest the general reader so deeply as a less professional writer might easily have done, or as a more gifted and skilful describer would certainly have accomplished. Properly speaking, there is no amusement, nothing light and charming in the volume ; all is essentially dry, or severe and hard. But, while all this is true, the work has important features about it, which none of those possessed to which reference has been made ; and which none of their authors, we suspect, were in a condition to bestow ; these features requiring a considerable space of time for their collection, as well as previous knowledge and habits which few military men are likely to be in command of in equal degrees with the Major.

In two ways the narrative is remarkable, and, we may add, novel. First of all, it is distinguishable on account of the fulness and the precision of its military details—its facts in the departments of despatches, general orders, muster-rolls, and engineering or surveying details—so as to present a large body of documents of strictly a military character. Geographical and statistical information is also in this way communicated that will be of great value, in any future campaign, in the countries penetrated by the late army of the Indus. Characteristic also is the cast of the Major's eye, and his use of what falls under his observation. Even the general reader will be able to discover from all these in a combined shape and sense, that not only have the British in India put themselves in possession of mighty advantages as regards the navigation of the Indus, by the expedition in question ; but have it within their power to improve and fence the highway towards, through, and beyond Afghanistan, so as completely to prevent an overland invasion of our eastern empire.

A second striking feature in our author's volume is the insight which it lends, borne out by ample and clear illustrations, into the economy of an army in motion, as well as in action, or on service. For example, the best method to cross bridges, to contend with steep passes, and to conciliate a hostile population, may be gathered from these pages. Again, the nature of the diseases arising from

heat, want of food, and, still worse, of water, may be apprehended from parts of the present pages; while the effects of strict and systematic discipline, of inspiring troops with confidence in the principles and abilities of their superiors, and of acting fairly or feelingly in the distribution of money, when food may be distressingly scarce, are points which are made strikingly manifest by Major Hough's selection and treatment of particulars. In both of the senses, therefore, taken notice of, we regard his book as one having special claims upon the study of the military profession, and even as exhibiting strange and arresting subjects to the mind of any reflecting reader.

It necessarily follows that the doctrines indicated in the Major's book should principally concern our Indian empire, and the exigencies which may occur on that boundary of it which the most formidable rival of our supremacy in the east would, in the case of invasion, assail. It will, therefore, gratify our readers when they hear that, after a number of details with regard to climate, to the natural productions, the surface of the countries penetrated by the army of the Indus, and as tested by its severe experience, Russia would have to encounter insurmountable difficulties, if the autocrat attempted to march and carry out operations from an opposite direction to that which the expedition to Afghanistan took. Any person who will peruse the Major's details about comparatively short distances, with the number of horses and camels which perished in the course of a few days, not to speak of men, will obtain an impressive idea with regard to getting an army to India. Again, if there, what would be the condition of the troops by the time they reached the banks of the Indus? Any such army, to have the most distant hopes of success, must start with vastly larger numbers and encumbrances than those which composed the expedition whose march and operations are the subject of the pages before us. Not more than 150 miles from the Indus, a portion of the marching establishment, viz., the non-combatants, were put upon half rations and half money, according to the following order:—

“There being a difficulty in bringing on supplies from the rear, the Comsst. Dept. for the present, to issue half-rations to men of the mustered establishments; paying compensation in money in lieu of the other half: this order not to affect the troops.”

Now, we may be sure that neither the Russian paymasters nor commissaries would be so well provided with the sinews of war, or the necessaries of life, as were the British troops on the occasion mentioned; and certainly they would not be so considerately treated. But as it was, the case was trying enough, and at an early period too, to combatants as well as to *nons*:—

"The people of the 'Mustered Establishments' had been on half-rations since the 8th March last, or for the preceding forty-eight days. The Cavy. and H. A. horses had been put on half-rations since the 24th March; so that they had been on reduced rations with scanty forage for thirty-two days. The troops and camp-followers had been on half-rations since the 29th March, and had now been twenty-eight days on these rations, without having much opportunity to purchase grain or obtain any vegetables as a substitute.

"The Cavy. and H. A. horses had no grain since the 30th March; so that for the last twenty-six days they were subsisted on such green forage as might be procurable, and often on very bad grass."

The more we have read of the Major's narrative, we have felt that there was the more strength in the Khan of Khelat's question and observation, when he said, "You have brought an army into the country, but how do you mean to take it out? Your men will be starved, or poisoned by the water." Just think of the condition of an army in the circumstances to be now described:—

"When the Cavalry (Bengal) came up, not finding water immediately, the Brigadier asked for and obtained leave to go in advance to seek for some. We had marched twelve, and he marched ten miles further, before he found water at the Doree River, which lay to the left of our road. They procured plenty of water and forage, but not till both men and horses had suffered dreadfully; fifty or sixty horses fell down on the road and died. The Lancers were obliged to dismount, and to goad on their horses with their lances. * * *

"Those who were present describe the scene as most appalling. The moment the horses saw the water, they made a sudden rush into the river as if mad: both men and horses drank till they nearly burst themselves. Officers declare that their tongues cleaved to the roofs of their mouths; the water was very brackish, which induced them to drink the more. The river was three feet deep, and more in some places; and was five or six miles off the proper road. Many dogs and other animals died. No officer present ever witnessed such a scene of distress."

Now, if troops in this condition had been attacked by an organized enemy, who had taken up a position—or, say, by a mere handful of men—at such a place as the Pass of Kojuk, which is 7,500 feet high, what must have been the fate of any host?

"The Cavalry Brigade and H. A. (horse artillery) were ordered to march to-day at one *p. m.* Thus there were two batteries, and six regiments with their baggage, to move through the Pass, and make a march of eleven miles included in one day's operation! The camel-battery was overtaken by camels and baggage. The Pass only admitted of one camel passing at a time. The ascent was so steep that some did not like to ride up; nor, for the like reason, to ride down the descent, for this was

more difficult still ; some camels fell, and stopped the rest behind. This state of things caused the march of the cavalry and H. A. to be countermanded ; but it was too late, their baggage was in the Pass ; and it was clear, as it turned out, that it would take the whole day to cross and pass down the H. A. guns and troops already in the Pass ; for each gun, each tumbril, waggon, &c. was to be separately *handed* down by manual labour. Orders were given to turn back the camels, and make them go by a different route—that by the left. This augmented the confusion ; and the whole became one accumulated mass of troops, guns, and baggage. The ammunition-waggons came into the camp. Troops were ordered back to protect the baggage for the night. The whole of the Commissariat stores were in the Pass.”

It took a week to carry the artillery through this narrow, rugged, and steep defile ; and not without serious loss.

“The Park of Arty. over the Kojuk pass to-day. There were 27,400 rounds of musket ammunition and fourteen barrels of gunpowder lost in the Pass, and destroyed to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands ; and an immense quantity of baggage, and a great number of camels, tents, &c. The men of the 1st Bengal European Regiment were great sufferers ; much of the sickness in the corps is attributed to the very great exertions the men underwent in this Pass.”

It must appear strange to any one not fully acquainted with Dost Mohamed's pecuniary wants, the oppression which he produced by excessive taxation of the people over whom he ruled, the exasperating extent of his levies, the distrust which found scope against him among the chiefs of the nation, and other local or temporary particulars, that he did not vigorously, and with combined forces, according to the suggestions of time and place, harass and assail the British. Perhaps he was much misled by sinister reports and false representations. The following short passage, at any rate, indicates that there was want of confidence when he came to be driven to extremities ; and reciprocally, too, when it was most ominous and disheartening :—

“Dost Mohamed, it is reported, had assembled his chiefs, and had declared his conviction that Ghuznee had fallen through treachery. He then asked them as to their intentions, and begged those who did not intend to support him to withdraw at once. They all replied, that they were true to his cause, and would support him against the British ; but could not help suspecting an intention on his part to desert them. They said, ‘ Let us ask you, if you will stick by us ? ’ ”

On the other hand, not to speak of the triumphant achievements of the British, their policy in an enemy's country, and, we may be sure, their progress in public opinion, together with the weight of their gold, were operating with the power of a host of circumstances among the disaffected and disunited ; so that it was only

predatory stragglers that hung upon the skirts of our army. Indeed, the people of Cabool cordially welcomed the British, putting the utmost confidence in them. We have spoken of the policy of our troops to the population of the enemy's country; and here is a general order which conveys a good idea of its nature :—

“ Requiring the troops and followers to be ‘ careful not to interfere with or insult the prejudices of the people of the country through which the army is about to advance.’

“ The mosques not to be entered by any one not of the faith of those by whom they have been erected.

“ The poles and flags by the way-sides are considered sacred by the people, being emblematical of the grave of a pilgrim ; these are on no account to be removed.

“ The surwans and others are to be directed to abstain from cutting fruit-trees for forage for their cattle, or for other purposes ; and signal example will be made on the spot of any one who may be detected in the act of committing this offence.

“ Caution to European and Native soldiers from interfering, when in the bazaars or villages, with the women of the country ; quarrels and loss of life will attend a disregard of this warning.

“ The substance of the above order to be particularly explained to the troops, and proclaimed by *tom-tom* throughout the different bazaars and lines of the camp.”

If these were the strict and positive regulations with respect to the property and the prejudices of a hostile people, not less judicious and severe were the orders when passing through the territories of allies :—

“ While passing through the Punjab and protected Sikh States, all are required to abstain from killing pea-fowl, the neelghy, or the domestic pigeons, or from offending in any way the prejudices of the Sikhs ; and the D. C. G. will prohibit, in the strictest manner, the slaughtering of cattle.

“ Major-General Thackwell and Brigadier Persse will use every means in their power in restraining camp-followers from injuring or trespassing on the cultivation ; and parties under the Provost-Marshal and his assistants must be early on the new ground daily, to place safeguards in the villages and over the corn-fields.

“ The Provosts are enjoined to deal strictly with those they may find trespassing, or committing any act of oppression.

“ Officers commanding must remind their men that the army is passing through the territory of an ally ; and that as the soldiers of that prince, from not possessing the same degree of discipline of which the British army can boast, may be more ready to enter into quarrels, and to make use of offensive expressions, it will be the duty of all to keep a guard on their temper, and to be careful not to allow themselves to be forced into collision with those whom the Government requires that they shall look upon as friends.”

We believe the system of Russian war is very different from all this; and therefore we can in part conceive that while the northern Autocrat's attempt upon Khiva proved a failure, how that of the expedition to Afghanistan was brilliantly successful; although the march was much longer, and the natural obstacles much greater. And here we shall quote the Major's view of the result, and as respects the prospects of the Muscovite against India. He says,—

“The result of the expedition will prove, that the difficulties of the invasion of India are far greater than have been supposed. The British Army had the resources of the country at its command, or it never could have replaced a great portion of the 33,000 animals which died, &c. during the campaign. This an invading army from Persia could not reckon on. The friends of Shah Shoojah brought cattle to us. Were a Persian army now to invade Affghanistan, the camels, &c. would be driven away. We had two convoys of grain sent to our army from our provinces; but, had we not, through the Shah's possession of Candahar, obtained grain from the city (having only two or three days' supplies on our arrival) and the coming crops of grain, we must have been starved! The quantity of grain required for our *small* army, and the great number of cattle required for its transport, prove that the feeding an army, in a country where the people only grow enough grain for their own support, is one of great difficulty. We nearly starved the inhabitants of Candahar. The greater the force sent to invade India, the more would the difficulties multiply. * * * The cavalry portion of an invading army would prove the most uncertain of reaching India, as every cavalry soldier requires for himself and horse six or seven times as much grain as the infantry soldier. I say grain, for the sheep would, as well as the cattle of the country, be driven out of reach. The British Government could collect on the Indus a much larger force than the invading one could bring to it, a considerable portion of which would be European Infantry. The native regiments in the Company's army, with European officers, are superior to any troops in Asia, European excepted. The artillery of India is equal to any in the world perhaps, as the guns are chiefly manned by Europeans, and we could produce on the Indus three times the number of guns any invading force could transport to the banks of that river.”

While hearty testimony, by a singularly competent authority, is thus borne to the army that may at any time be collected on the Indus, we feel assured that Major Hough's volume will prove of service as a stimulant and as a guide to the officers in any other expedition that may have to contend with or chastise any other Asiatic power, or European, which may menace the British in India.

We have not deemed it necessary to follow our author into the details of the re-establishment of Shah Shoojah, or of the stormings which preceded that event, and the transactions which accompanied

or have followed its accomplishment. But an anecdote may be introduced, having characteristic features, belonging to the affair at Ghuznee:—

“Hyder Khan, the Governor, when he heard our first firing from the ‘false attack,’ went to that quarter; but when he learnt that the British troops were entering the fort, he galloped back to the gateway, where he met some of the Europeans. He had a bayonet run through his kummerbund, (waist-band,) and one of his attendants had a shot through his turban. At this moment his horse reared, and he was almost falling; if he had, his life was gone. He recovered himself, and dashed away up to the citadel. He saw the place was lost; and he resolved to give himself up to the first British officer he saw, fearing the men would kill him. Captains A. W. Taylor and G. A. Macgregor passing by, he sent to tell them that he was in the citadel, and ready to give himself up on his life being spared.

“Hyder Khan, the Governor, who is only now about twenty-one years old, did not understand the probable effect which the explosion would produce: his chief gunner, a native of Hindostan, knew that there would be no use for his services any longer, and he escaped from the fort. He afterwards came in to us, and said, having served in forts attacked by the British in India, that ‘as soon as I heard the explosion, I knew the gate was blown open, and that you would storm the fort and take it without *ca lade*; and I thought it time to be off.’”

Here are a few more general statements connected with the art of war:—

“The great object in crossing a bridge, is to avoid crowding on it, so as to have the whole of the road-way covered at once.

“Infantry, if in a very close compact order, weigh more than the same space occupied by cavalry; as the spaces between the horses being greater than between men, the weight of the cavalry is proportionably less. It is even said that if a given extent of bridge be occupied by a gun, horses, &c., they bear with less weight on it than a close column of infantry. In many cases, cavalry dismount if the bridge has a weak road-way or the boats are not strong. Cavalry, therefore, should pass over by single files; as, if the stream be strong and rushes with violence against the boats, the horses are apt to be frightened. Infantry should generally pass over by threes, or by small sections, with proper intervals between. Camels, &c. should pass over singly; and if unsteady, their loads must be taken off. If horses are unsteady, and likely to fight, by going two abreast confusion will be created.”

ART. IV.—*On the Dangerous Classes of the Population in Large Towns, and the Measures for their Amelioration.* By H. A. FRÉGNÉ. 2 vols. Paris.

WE defer the observations which the present subject suggests to the latter part of the paper, and after we have introduced a few extracts, which we have found well translated in the *Athenæum*. The following passage will indicate to our readers the scope and nature of that subject:—"Penal laws have for their exclusive object the repression of acts prejudicial to the collective interests of the community for which they are framed, or the particular interest of the individuals of which it is composed. Where there is neither substantive offence nor damage to another, the penal action does not lie; and here is the boundary line which separates the domain of the civil law from that of the moral. Yet, although the legislator has only made provision for those acts which the codes of nations have stigmatized as crimes, it is, nevertheless, true that such acts are the offspring of that relaxation or deprivation of morals which those codes do not reach, and that the condition of those morals is, in reality, the generating cause of crime or of virtue. This observation proves how anxious an able and prudent statesman will be for the moral improvement of the country which he is called on to govern. In fact, in proportion as the manners of a people are in conformity with wholesome maxims as to what is good and honest, will be the facility of ruling it. The morals of a nation, when they are well regulated, being generally more severe in their requirements than its laws in their presumptions, it follows that the former contribute, by their influence, more than any other cause, to the good order of society, of which they are at once the firmest pillar and the richest ornament."

This is a subject which opens a wide field for fine speculation and curious illustration; and M. Frégner has treated it with very considerable ability and moral discernment. He first endeavours to discover the amount and character of the viciousness which exists in large towns, Paris especially, and the share which particular classes furnish to that amount, and what is the nature of their specific contributions. And, secondly, we have the remedies and modes of prevention pointed out and discussed. Our extracts shall concern classes chiefly which are peculiar to France, or rather to its great centralized representative city. The *Chiffoniers* are decidedly of this description, and here is our author's account of the tribe:—

"The extension which has, during the last thirty years, been communicated to trade, in Paris, has given to the calling of the chiffonier a certain importance—occupying though he does the lowest step on the ladder of industry. Men, women, or children, can readily exercise this calling,

which requires no apprenticeship, and whose instruments are as simple as its processes. A hooked stick, a pannier, and a lantern, constitute the entire stock in trade of the chiffonier. In order to gain, according to the season of the year, from 25 to 40 sous a day, the adult has generally to make three rounds, two by day and one by night. Of these, the two first are made from five in the morning till nine, and from eleven till three in the afternoon,—and the third in the evening, from five till eleven, and sometimes till midnight. In the intervals between his circuits, he sorts the produce, which he calls his *merchandise*, and sells it to the general dealer, or the chiffonier-broker. Many of the latter keep lodging-houses for the ambulatory chiffoniers, who have no fixed domicile,—reserving the *rez-de-chaussee* (ground-floor) as a magazine for the objects of their commerce. The pannier of the chiffonier is not merely the receptacle for the articles of his traffic,—it is likewise the depository of his food. From the mass of filth in which he deals, he selects whatever he can turn to his own use—roots for his soup—broken bits of bread—fruits—and generally whatever appears to be eatable. A curious subject of observation and study is that sorting, as well as the remarks with which it is seasoned when the dealer is in good humour,—which he generally is when his basket is full. The chiffoniers inhabit the faubourgs—more particularly the quarters Saint-Jacques and Saint-Marceau, where the brokers have their establishments. If you traverse the Rue de l'Oursine and other streets of these faubourgs particularly inhabited by the chiffoniers, at their hours of returning from their circuits, you may judge of the nature of the elements which compose their merchandise. Squatted beside his basket, the chiffonier will exhibit to you, with a grin, a huge beef bone, which has its value, as well as other articles no less costly; and while he heaps up his piles upon the pavement, will tell you that his trade is ruined by competition—that the kitchen-maids have lost all sense of humanity, turning all things to their own account, especially bones and broken glass, the valuable articles of the chiffonier's industry. There are moments of good fortune and rejoicing even in the humble condition of this outcast;—such as, when searching with his crook some yet untouched heap of rubbish, he catches the sparkle of a spoon, or a silver fork, flung carelessly away, in the mass, by an unlucky cook. Such rich discoveries are less rare than might be supposed; and he who profits thereby celebrates them by a copious repast at the barrier, whither he repairs, with joyous friends, in a hackney-coach—the coachman not being the least contented of the party. It were to be wished that all chiffoniers would adopt the habit of sifting their harvests in the open air, at any rate during fine weather. This, however, is, unfortunately, not the case. Most of those who live as families, with their own furniture, have but one room. There they deposit the unclean produce of their researches, and there they sort them, in the midst, and with the aid, of their children. The floor is covered over with dirty rags, fragments of animal matter, glass, paper, &c. They are crowded in all corners of the room, and underneath the bed,—so that it is impossible to enter without being almost stifled by an odour which habit alone makes endurable. To increase still further the miasma that exhales from this impure booty, most of the chiffoniers keep a great dog,

and sometimes two, in their chambers, which they take with them in their nocturnal rounds. Amongst the number of those who live in lodging houses, there are many who, from economy, sleep in the fields during the fine season. The daily gain of the chiffonier reaches from fifteen to twenty sous, and that of the children is about ten. Of the latter there are many who desert the paternal roof at the most tender age, and take to rag-gathering for their subsistence. Their life is wholly nomadic, and almost savage. They are remarkable for their daring and the brutality of their manners. At the expiration of a few years, they have become so entirely strangers to their families, that they have forgotten their fathers' names and abodes, remembering only their own Christian names. The chiffoniers, like all other trades, have their own shades and peculiarities of vice, which must not be overlooked. They are accustomed, like the working classes in general, to frequent the cabarets and places where strong liquors are sold. Like the others, and more than all the others, they affect an ostentatious expenditure in these places. Brandy has for the old, the females in particular, an attraction which is rivalled by no other; and not always content with *vin ordinaire*, they call for mulled wine, and take great offence if it be deficient either in sugar or the aroma of the lemon. The keepers of the cabarets are not the persons least annoyed by this improvidence and sensuality—the rather that these drinkers have not always money enough for the full discharge of their account.”

The following constitutes another peculiarity of Parisian life,—they may be called copying clerks:—

“The offices, or sheds, of these public writers are for the most part established in the public paths. There are about 150 of them at Paris; and the number of the clerks whom they employ may be estimated at about 600. Their shops or *bureaux* are scattered throughout the populous quarters of the capital. They abound principally in the interior of the Palais de Justice, its dependencies and its approaches. They are fed by the overflow of the writings of advocates, notaries, &c., independently of the labour of drawing up letters and papers of various kinds, which present but a secondary source of emolument. These writers give to the persons whom they employ two-thirds of the price paid for the job, retaining to themselves the remaining third as their profit. The employés attached to a writing office are classed by numbers, so that the four or five first on the list are almost sure of having daily work, when the office itself is one in good practice. Their pay ranges from eight to fifteen francs a week; but the more skilful amongst them, those in particular who excel in autography, can make as much as forty francs in the same time. Among them are persons of every description, driven from their occupations for idleness or breach of trust,—schoolmasters without pupils, subaltern officers dismissed from their regiments, sons of respectable families disowned by their relations because of their disorders and the depravity of their habits, liberated convicts,—in a word, persons more or less literate, of all conditions, and composing the refuse and outcasts of society. Side by side with these, it is painful to behold young men of irreproachable characters and cultivated minds, whom want of fortune or employment, and at times unforeseen mis-

fortunes, have reduced to this occupation for subsistence. Amongst them are also to be seen respectable fathers of families. These latter classes are much sought after by the owners of these offices, and as much as possible are kept apart from the others. That separation, unfortunately very difficult, on account of the ordinary dimensions of these places, is solicited by all the respectable portion of these copyists,—less even from a sense of delicacy and morality, than to avoid contact with men whose vicinity is rendered disgusting by their frightful state of filthiness.

The leading vices of the depraved class of these writers are drunkenness, gluttony, gaming, and idleness. The more idle and corrupt amongst them live alternately by jobs and rapine. From this vicious class came Lacenaire,—celebrated alike for his crimes and his excesses. The habits of this miscreant *bel-esprit*, were those of a heartless and lawless Epicurean. One of the writers by whom he was most employed has described them to me. His principal propensities were gaming and good cheer; and what he failed to waste in the former, he consumed in the gratification of his gluttony—rich meats, and the early delicacies of the season, he must needs have. He spent from eight to ten francs on his breakfast or dinner. He was a passionate lover of coffee, of which he took five or six cups a day. Forgery and robbery purveyed for his appetites, his fancies, and his passion for play. At times he would return to labour; but towards the close of his criminal career, he had devoted himself body and soul to theft and murder. Before he had wholly broken with society, that is, while he was, still, an occasional worker in the offices of the public writers, he was in request for the neatness of his hand-writing and his rapidity. Sometimes, tempted by large pay, he would undertake the copying of a considerable piece of writing, and not quit it for four-and-twenty, or even eight-and-forty hours, excepting for his meals; and then, having finished his job, he would throw away at play, or devour in a breakfast, the fruit of his tedious labour. Lacenaire was not a clerk, in the proper sense of that word; to regular occupation he had a repugnance. He assumed the pen only at intervals, and in moments of distress—necessarily frequent with men of his character. Amongst the class of employés of whom we speak, it is not unusual to meet with individuals who join to the love of good cheer, habits of the most revolting obscenity. Their attire resembles that of no other man, for its filth and raggedness. The tatters of beggary offer, no doubt, a repulsive spectacle; but the disgust inspired by the appearance of the wretched is often redeemed by the humble sadness of their look and the beseeching tone of the voice. The repugnance awakened by the aspect of the writing clerk, foul in his garments, and at the same time fantastic in his appetites, has something insurmountable about it, like the sentiment experienced at the spectacle of an unclean object. It is worthy of observation, that the most skilful clerks belong to this category of dirty dram-drinkers. An old seaman was mentioned to me, gifted with a remarkable talent for autography; who, in the very depth of winter, wore no shirt, hiding his nakedness by fastening his waistcoat over his breast with a pin. This half-clothed individual, whose nudity was accompanied by a state of filthiness quite disgusting, would frequently spend five or six francs for his dinner. These men inhabit the lowest class of lodging-houses, sleeping

on mattresses filled with vermin, at four sous the night. The indolent amongst this class of persons present a subject of study equally curious and instructive. Nothing can make these persons work but the apprehension of dying with hunger. Labour and punishment (that is, actual chastisement) are to them one and the same thing. How many are there of these wretched copyists, who, well able, by moderate labour, to earn from twenty to thirty sous a day, content themselves with getting through just so much as will entitle them to six or eight. With them, to do nothing is supreme felicity. Careless about their nourishment, they breakfast on dry bread and water; and at the dinner hour, they repair to the lowest class of cookshop, where they procure a dish at the price of four sous. For two or three sous they obtain a hole to sleep in. The clothes of these wretched beings are threadbare, and so foul as to be infectious. If a pair of shoes has become indispensable, they repair to some office, where they earn two or three francs, with which they purchase a miserable covering, already half-worn out, for their feet. The same with the other portions of their garments which will hold together no longer. The writing-contractors, though despising these brutalized and enervated beings, nevertheless avoid quarrelling with them, because in cases of extraordinary pressure of business they cannot do without them. Such is the sloth and indifference of these men, that, when such occasions do arise, the former are compelled to have recourse to the most pressing entreaties to procure their assistance. Can it be matter of surprise that such men attract to themselves, by a secret affinity, the malefactors of society, and are, in the same way, attracted towards them? Is it astonishing that they come, at length, to seek an increase to their meagre gains in the resource of fraudulent practices?

Surely we have not in "the Great Metropolis" a class to match the one now to be described:—

"Notwithstanding, however, that the malefactor-population of great cities (and this is true of all the capitals of the civilized world, as well as Paris) is covetous rather than sanguinary, it is not to be concealed that there exist, in the heart of Paris, beings whose brutality and depravity have indurated and made ferocious their hearts; who prowl through society, risking all for all, and ready to dye their hands in blood, at the first cry, or sign of resistance, on the part of the unhappy beings whom they plunder. This sanguinary disposition,—which the robbers of Paris refuse to attribute to any other than rustic and savage malefactors recently arrived from the provinces,—is, nevertheless, as conspicuously displayed by certain individuals, strangers to the manners of the country, and born of the filth of large towns. These latter abandon themselves to murder less from cruelty than bravado. They are cut-throats, ready, at all moments, for the consummation of any fearful deed. With a satanic laugh, they sport with the lives of their fellows, and affect to abate the price of their assassinations, that they may ape disinterestedness in crime. This cold-blooded and systematic disposition towards murder is the very height of ruffianism. It has never exhibited itself but in a few men, gangrened by vice, or by that anti-social propagandism which is organized in prisons—a propagandism which has its teachers, its traditions, and—will it be believed?—its honours.

These bandits are dreaded even by their own accomplices ; for, generally speaking, even the most vicious natures shrink from a murder committed, in cold blood, on the person of an unoffending man whom they had marked for robbery. We have known malefactors, whom the sword of justice has since reached, ostentatiously affect to scale the house of their victim, by night, pipe in mouth, after having passed the day in making the dreadful preparations for their crime, amid copious Bacchic libations and ferocious mirth. Others are mentioned, who, having, by the issue of false bills of exchange, payable at their own dwellings, found means to bring themselves into communication with the receiving clerks of rich banking-houses, employed themselves in whetting, on the floor of their chamber, while waiting for the arrival of him whom they had planned to plunder, the instrument with which they were to strike their victim. Calmness and daring in the work of murder are the characteristics of these wretched men. To such an extent have they carried these fearful qualities, that there have been those amongst them who, by their own confession, have not trembled to pass at the theatre the evening of that day on which they had committed the double crime of theft and assassination. Others, on the day following, have arranged a party of pleasure, and then, at table, have alluded, by horrid jests, and in the language peculiar to their craft, to the dreadful circumstances of the murder of yesterday."

Our two remaining extracts belong to the department of remedies, and are suggestive :—

"Amongst the many ministers who have held office during the last twenty-three years, there are few who, amidst the cares and agitations of political life, have reflected that social authority was instituted, not merely for the repression of *acts*, but for the direction also of the national *will*. Though the heads of families and the priest be the natural and privileged depositaries of that power, it cannot be doubted that the public authority being the legal dispenser of rewards and punishments, it is a portion of its duty to see that the popular dispositions are wholesome and tending towards good. The necessity of such care on its part once acknowledged, the effects of that surveillance can only manifest themselves by rewards or punishments. Hitherto, the former of these has been employed only with political views, or for the protection of material interests, as exhibited in the prizes distributed by governments at the Exhibitions of Manufacturing Products. But moral interests have been abandoned to themselves. No stimulus or recompense has been applied to these. A sort of false delicacy, or rather deplorable pruriency, seems to have fascinated the public, the press, and the authorities themselves,—so that, instead of enlarging upon acts of devotedness and virtue, they scarcely venture to notice the few instances of distinctions conferred upon their authors. The age might be said to have arrived at the extreme of Christian humility, if it were not too clear that, under this apparent refinement of modesty and delicacy, there lies a chilling egotism, or a secret dislike to hear the praises of a disinterestedness and active charity which the majority have not resolution to practise themselves. It should be the part of the government, to revive in the hearts of the people, the enthusiasm for virtue, by regularly publish-

ing, in the journals under its control, all acts which honour humanity, and which it has judged worthy of public acknowledgment. The distinction conferred on such acts should be as public as the acts themselves. Hitherto the government has been lavish in its *decorations* to courage, talent, political influence, and civil services : let it bestow its decorations, also, upon goodness—that goodness which extends itself abroad, and whose liberalities, distributed with judgment and justice, convey to the laborious classes a portion of those comforts which lighten the burthen of life, and which the existing arrangements of civilization dole out to them with a parsimony so cruel. God forbid that I should be the encourager of ostentation and parade in matters on which secrecy and silent sympathy shed such a grace ! To no man is the modesty in which the benevolent man loves to wrap his good deeds more beautiful than to me. Still, the gratitude of the parties served, and the public feeling of what is honestly due to such men, may surely proclaim the benefit without doing violence to the feelings of the benefactor. Beware, lest out of the shrinking modesty and too great delicacy of the true philanthropist, the charlatan make his profit ; lest, by omitting to reward the simple and virtuous man who hides his deeds, you make charity a traffic in the hands of the interested and designing !”

Again, and belonging to the means which M. Frégier recommends as a branch of his educational system :—

“ The singing classes have a relation to the amusements of the people ; and for this reason it is, perhaps, that they have been judged less favourably than those courses of instruction which had reference to objects purely utilitarian. It has been said that they are not in harmony with the condition of those for whom they are designed. The objection is not a conclusive one ; for the most brilliant airs of our operas are daily hawked about our streets and sung in our highways. These airs, caught flying, if we may so express ourselves, by the workmen, are repeated by them in their workshops and garrets. Why forbid them access to the punctuated music and accentuated harmonies of scientific composition, when you cannot prevent their seizing, and rendering often with great taste, by their musical instinct alone, the airs which float through the works of our greatest masters ? The municipal administration, depend on it, is walking in a wise direction—and let us offer no obstacle ! It may not, as yet, have fully satisfied itself as to the utility of the moral and civil effects which will result from the funds granted for the establishment of these music classes ; for, unhappily, there is, even amongst the enlightened, a disposition to believe that the people are not susceptible of the charm of noble or refined amusements, or of emotions which are purely intellectual. Yet it is a fact in evidence, that such amusements have an irresistible attraction for them. I am anxious to point out this error, and call attention to the facts which attest it, because it is most mischievous. In truth, our rulers and political economists have reflected too little on the moral bearing of public amusements—on those especially adapted to the labouring classes. Yet, amusement of some kind is a necessity of all ages and all conditions. The poorer a man is, and the more he is the slave of toil, the more needful it is that he should find diversion and refreshment of some kind for

his weary spirit, and the more important that he should find it in enjoyments which are not sensual, and which, while they soothe his senses, refine them. The human heart is naturally so unquiet, morose, and jealous a thing—so apt to make self the centre of all its thoughts and sentiments, that the happiest man is he who can most frequently find the means of escaping from his own narrow personality, to fix his attention on something which is not himself. Interest him in the recital of some noble action, excite him by verses or songs which give expression to lofty sentiments or paint the beautiful features of natural scenery, and you will see him rejoicing in his own emotions, mastered and melted by the omnipotence of the arts. Music, the most seductive and purest of them all, is calculated more than all to exercise a sway over the popular heart, raising therein sensations alternately glowing and refined. The historical monuments of antiquity universally attest the influence of this art as a means of civilization. Why, then, should we reject a means so powerful, at a moment when the springs of morals are so weakened amongst us? Governments which seek to secure the affections of the masses will do well to attract their confidence by procuring for them, as far as the power lies in *their* hands, work, education, and amusement. Let the industrious poor, when assailed by the solicitations of the factories, be able to reply,—‘We, too, have our share in the distribution of the social enjoyments; that share is adapted to our simple tastes and proportioned to our scanty leisure. With it we are content; and, far from striking at a social condition of things in which we hold an honourable place, we are ready to defend it against every species of attack.’ For myself, I feel satisfied that the administration has rightly apprehended the wants of the people; it has justly felt that the labourer must have some diversion from his labour. His leisure hours it has sought to fill up in a manner which should be agreeable while it was useful; and, in that design, it has created this great and admirable system of scholastic institutions, appropriated to different sexes and various ages,—and of which the musical one is, in my opinion, neither the least brilliant nor the least moral. I am firmly persuaded that the singing-schools are worthy of all favour, and fit objects of the munificence of the municipal councils.”

In many educational establishments on the Continent, music and chanting constitute a prominent branch. The fact is that music is not only a means of affording pleasurable emotions, but a language adapted to the expression of the most lively and varied sentiments of our nature. Singing, it has been justly observed, which combines melody with the power of language, is one of the most forcible means of communicating our own inward feelings, and of acting upon the feelings of others. Indeed singing, while naturally delightful to us, may be made the cause of much good or much evil, according to its style and object. “It is capable,” says the director of the Normal school of the Canton de Vaud, “of following up the impulse of the noblest feelings of our heart; of exciting within us gentle, profound, and religious emotions; of soothing our griefs and

troubles, and filling us with a generous ardour for the performance of our duties ; but it may also debilitate and degrade the mind, exercise a seductive influence over the imagination, and mislead it into many errors. Of how much importance is it then, that if taught it should be in a manner most wholesome to the feelings and morals, and by so directing it as to seize on the best principles of human nature.

The same person goes on to say, in a publication formerly noticed in the *Monthly Review*, concerning the establishment with which he is connected, that lessons on the principles of music are given to the pupils to such an extent, and with such explanations, as very often to enable them to teach the important study themselves. Gradual exercises accompany and explain the theory, either given to each pupil separately, or by making them sing in parts. The pupils generally make greater progress, he says, in the science of music than in the art of singing ; for that art, he remarks, is very difficult in a country where the ear is not accustomed from infancy to harmonious national airs. Then the taste for music is not given to all, and of those who do possess it, some have it in a defective degree. Still, education will do much to supply the want, and tend to modulate and regulate the voice of the singer, so that almost any one may appear to enter into the spirit of the language of music. This gentleman continues, and says that much good appears to be done in the schools he directs by the study and practice in question. "It tends to form the taste, to soften the character, and give more life to the thoughts of the pupils ; whilst by uniting them more intimately together, and affording an agreeable recreation from severer studies, it gives them a cheerful tone." "I often hear them," he adds, "of an evening, after their tasks are over, or between their lessons, sing in chorus ; and this harmony reaching me where I am at work, so far from interrupting me, seems to assist to make my study light. I remember when this was not the case, and therefore there must be improvement." From this account, as well as from Frégier's notices of the French municipal administration, it will be seen that our continental neighbours are bestirring themselves in a salutary direction in one great and refined department of national education.

And while on this subject, although somewhat incidentally introduced by us, we have pleasure in being able to invite attention to the progress that is being made under the auspices of the Committee of Council, intrusted with the distribution of the money granted by the British Parliament for the purposes of education. We at present particularly refer to the late publication of "*Wilhelm's Method of Teaching Singing, adapted to English Use*." By John Hullah," at the instance of the committee. When recently on the subject of vocal instruction to the people, we noticed Mr.

Hullah's plan, its excellence, and his fitness for the office to which he had been appointed. At that time his rapid success was, to the astonishment of many, exemplified at Exeter Hall; and now we have a work which begins at the beginning of the science as well as art of music; assuming, in fact, that not only pupil but teacher is entirely ignorant of both; so that a child may be taught by the work how to read from notes, just as he would learn to become familiar with print, and thus become a good sight-singer. And when the day arrives that numbers of the rising generation have been enabled, through the means that are now digested, and are in the course of being perfected—and as guided by the excellent progressive lessons in this publication—to appreciate and make use of the noble English compositions that are in existence, but which are all but forgotten and buried—then England will become a vocal nation, and the social habits of the people will realize the happy condition, we are convinced, contemplated by M. Frégier, and every enlightened philanthropist.

But "the Dangerous Classes of Large Towns" furnish a vast number of facts, and are, as the subject is treated by the author of the extracts before us, rendered suggestive of a great variety of lessons, bearing upon every branch of moral and political science. And this statement will be seen to have ample grounds to support it, when it is observed that M. Frégier does not confine his classes to those constituted by persons whom penal laws can alone reach, but embraces those also of whom such laws take no cognizance in civilized communities, and yet are the foster-spheres of crime. What, then, are the moral and political means that can be practically applied to stem the tide of vice, and also to resist or neutralize that relaxation of principle whence vice has its votaries and crime its supply? Have systems of philosophy, have state religions, been effectual remedies? This cannot be said either of France or of England, nor of any other nation. Is there, therefore, nothing for governments, for legislators, to do, but to look on in despair, and let society take its fill—its full swing?

M. Frégier would not counsel such an inactive attitude on the part of governments; but his suggestions would also require the co-operation of the elevated in rank, of capitalists, and of large employers, along with an enlarged and anxiously contrived system of education; in short, the simultaneous efforts and expressions of sympathy for all classes as would consolidate and charm society at large. If all such interests and influences were to unite, the want of employment, the consequent want of the necessities of life, and the sure concomitants, idleness, temptation, and crime, would be comparatively unknown; so that whatever might be the phase of society when such remedies were heartily applied—whatever its features of vice and corruption—legislation, government, and phi-

lanthropy would be able to lend their aid to religion, and to change the face of the moral and political spheres in any city.

To us, M. Frégier appears to have looked widely around him, and to have closely examined details. He seems also to have his eye generally upon practical measures, and to pay much respect to facts. Perhaps his views may be regarded as too lofty, his principles as exacting too much, or rather as being of a nature not to obtain recognition. But surely the excellence of what is advocated ought not to furnish a reason for its rejection, but, on the contrary, that it should be more strenuously urged. From what we have seen of his work, we are satisfied that it is calculated to effect good for large towns, were it but by stimulating inquiry into the condition of the poor, the abandoned, and the depraved classes. Assuredly his facts and his suggestions are of arresting import.

ART. V.—*The Philosophy of Mystery.* By W. C. DENDY. London: Longman and Co.

It may be thought to sound like a contradiction in terms to apply the term Philosophy or Science to unravelling that which is mysterious; that is, to explaining the kind of connexion which exists between the material and the spiritual—the natural and the supernatural. Nevertheless, that there is a connexion between these worlds will not be doubted by any one who entertains the ordinary notions about the relationship which soul bears to body, and who places the qualities of these subjects of contemplation under distinct heads. To be sure it is just as true that many affect to despise whatever belief transcends their reasoning powers, or which they cannot describe, with equal distinctness, as any thing which has material form (and thus prove themselves to be as self-conceited as they are likely to be found disingenuous should their faith be put to the test); as it is notorious that monstrous abuses have been practised upon human credulity, and that some of the most disastrous opinions are superstitions and have obtained currency. However, neither facts nor faith will be overturned by such extravagances; nor do we fail to recognise it to be not merely a fair field for philosophy to speculate concerning the boundaries of each world, but we think analogical reasoning may instructively, and, we are certain, entertainingly, be brought to bear on the theme.

Without resorting to the pages of Revelation, or to religious dispensations, which have been confirmed by many miracles, frequently presenting beings wonderfully different from any to whom our earthly state has given birth, we believe that most people are convinced that what is generally understood by the terms *supernatural agencies* have interfered with the affairs of this our earthly condition—nay, that they themselves have been the objects of unseen

intercourse ; that we live in a world where the immortal soul has sometimes real communings with spirits commissioned by the Great Spirit to warn and to inspire. There are more things in the course of God's providence towards man and the material universe, just as there is in heaven, than every one's philosophy has dreamt of. The great difficulty is how to dream or to philosophize relative to what is so abstruse, so ideal, so indistinctly perceived, and, we may add, so generally imperfectly, or with such exaggerations, made the subject of report. In cases of the kind, perfect belief does not cast out fear, but increases it ; so that the only person who could be competent to speak with certainty in reality becomes a bad witness. The consequence is that the sober inquirer is left to the guidance of such metaphysicians and collectors of reports as Mr. Dendy, who, whatever may be the fidelity displayed in the way of anecdotes, are very apt to indulge in inferences that are unsound and unwarranted ; probably proceeding upon some false principle, such as that a morbid condition of the body must account for every supernatural idea, or that there is, *à priori*, a satisfactory objection to the belief in spiritual communications with man in his flesh and blood condition. It is always difficult to apprehend the exact philosophy of any subject : must not the case be much more perplexed when that subject is mystery itself ? nor has Mr. Dendy succeeded so as to put us in a clearer position than we were before ; having rather, on the other hand, frequently bewildered us, appearing, in fact, not to have felt confident in the course he was steering, or seen distinctly his own way. The work, however, is elegantly written, although the attempt to account for the superstitions of the uneducated and the nervous will, we suspect, find few converts. The facts are numerous and often very curious, although sometimes threadbare, and on other occasions far from well authenticated. We have only further to mention, that the matter is thrown into the form of dialogue, the anecdotes being dexterously enough introduced into the arguments of the different parties, who entertain various ideas and practical conclusions.

We first of all quote our author's method of explaining, according to intelligible principles, the causes of, or the belief in, ghosts :—

“ On this scroll I have sketched an arrangement of phantoms or ghosts, in two grand classes.

Ghosts of the Mind's Eye, or Phantasma.

Illusive perception, or ocular spectra.	}	Conversion of natural objects into phantoms.
Illusive conception, or spectral illusion.		
	}	Creation of phantoms.

Ghosts of the Eye, or Optical Illusion.

Atmospheric.

{ Refraction.
Reflection.

Gases.

Lenses and mirrors.

Disease of the eye.

“ In the first class there is no real or palpable object ; or, if there be, it is not what it appears ; the illusion is but the reality of romance, depending altogether on excited or disordered conditions of the mind : the source, therefore, either of bright or gloomy phantoms, as the mood may be. On this scroll I have recorded those *moods of mind*, which, excited by memory or association, or influenced by such casualties as solitude, moonlight, darkness, or localities of interest, or the poring over tales of horror at midnight, may be considered the *predisposing causes* of illusion. Such are—

Temperament — Credulity,
Enthusiasm,
Superstition,
Timidity,
Imagination,
Poetic frenzy,
Excitement — Sympathy,
Exalted joy,
Deep grief,
Love,
Hatred,
Protracted anxiety,
Delirium of fever,
Delirium of alcohol,
Delirium of narcotics,
Exhaustion,
Disease of the brain,

“ The second class, which are spectres or ghosts of the eye, may be scientifically explained by the laws which govern the *material world*. These are the only substantial ghosts which I can grant to my friend. The objects themselves exist, and are exactly as they appear. The philosopher regards them as interesting exceptions to general rules, from *peculiar* combinations of *natural* causes. The unlearned will term them preternatural *phenomena*, simply because they are of uncommon occurrence. But which among the works of divine creation is not a phenomenon ?”

Now Mr. Dendy holds that it is not difficult to discriminate between the causes mentioned ; saying that their nature may be proved by simple experiment.

“ *Optical illusion* will be *doubled*,” he says, “ by a straining or altering of the axis of the eyes ; and by turning round, as they are removed from the axis of vision, they will disappear. So, indeed, will those of the second

class, which are *real* objects converted into phantoms by mental excitement or disorder. But in the purely *metaphysical* ghost or phantom, the change of position or locality will not essentially dispel the illusion (the spectrum following, as it were, the motion of the eye): because it exists in the mind itself, either as a faint or transient idea, or a mere outline, fading perhaps in a brighter light, or as the more permanent and confirmed impression of insanity (unchanged even by 'brilliant glare'), or from the day-dream of the castle-builder, to the deep and dreadful delusion of the maniac."

From the character of the subject, as well as from the mode of treatment pursued by our author, a large portion of his pages consists of anecdotes, all more or less striking, some of them romantic, and not a few that are startling. We extract specimens. The first that comes to hand carries us into antiquity.

"The demon, or the guardian angel of Socrates, was also a prophetic mentor—not only to the sage himself, but even to his companions in his presence; and the slighting of its counsel often brought regret to those who were the subjects of its warning.

"In the minds of Xenophon and Plato its influence was devoutly believed, and from the hive of the Attic bee I steal this honied morsel:— 'One Timarchus, a noble Athenian, being at dinner in company with Socrates, he rose up to go away, which Socrates observing, bade him sit down again, for, said he, the demon has just now given me the accustomed sign. Some little time after, Timarchus offered again to be gone, and Socrates once more stopped him, saying, he had the same sign repeated to him. At length, when Socrates was earnest in discourse, and did not mind him, Timarchus stole away; and, in a few minutes after, committed a murder, for which, being carried to execution, his last words were, 'That he had come to that untimely end for not obeying the demon of Socrates.'"

Our next is of a kind to set the hair of the credulous on end:—

"This is the story of Otto, a Bavarian gentleman, of passionate nature, mourning for his wife. On one of his visits to her tomb, a mournful voice, which murmured, 'A blessed evening, Sir!' came o'er his ear; and while his eyes fell on the form of a young chorister, he placed a letter in his hands and vanished. His wonder was extreme, while he read this mysterious despatch, which was addressed 'To my dear husband, who sorrows for his wife,' and signed, 'This, with a warm hand, from the living Bertha,' and appointing an interview in the public walk. Thither, on a beautiful evening, sped the Bavarian, and there, among the crowd, sat a lady covered by a veil. With a trembling voice he whispered 'Bertha,' when she arose, and, with her warm and living arm on his, returned to his once desolate home. There were odd thoughts, surmises, and wonderings, passing among the friends of Otto, and suspicions of a mock funeral and a solemn cheat; but all subsided as time stole over, and their wedded life was without a cloud: until a paroxysm of his rage one fatal day was vented on the

lady, who cried, 'This is me! what if the world knew all!'—with this broken sentence she vanished from the room. In her chamber, whither the search led, erect, as it were gazing on the fire, her form stood; but when they looked on it in front, there was a headless hood, and the clothes were standing as if enveloping a form, but no body was there! Need I say, that a thrill of horror crept through all at the mystery, and a fear at the approach of Otto, who, though deeply penitent, was deserted by all but a graceless reprobate, his companion, and his almoner to many a stranger, who knew not the unhallowed source of bounty?"

Somewhat similar will be the effect of the following on the imagination of the superstitious:—

"There was a proud and wealthy prince in Gwyneth, when the beautiful isle was under the rule of the Cymri. At his palace gate a voice was once heard echoing among the mountains these words: 'Edivar a ddau'—Repentance will come. The prince demanded 'When?' and in the rolling thunder the voice was again heard, 'At the third generation.' Nothing daunted, the wicked lord lived on, committing plunder and all evil excesses, and laughing to scorn the holy hymns in the churches. A son and heir was born to him, and there was a gorgeous assemblage in the hall of beautiful ladies and high-born nobles, to celebrate the festival of his birth. It was midnight, when in the ear of an old harper, a shrill voice whispered, 'Edivar, Edivar;' and a little bird hovered over him, and flew out of the palace in the pale moonshine: and the harper and the little bird went together into the mountains. The bird flitted before him in the centre of the moon's disc, and warbled its mournful cry of 'Edivar' so plaintively, that the old man thought of the shriek of his little child Gwenhwyvar, as she sunk beneath the waters of Glaslyn. On the top of the mountain he sank down with weariness, and the little bird was not with him; all was silent, save the cataract, and the sheep-bells on the mountain side. In alarm at the wild solitude around him, he turned towards the castle, but its lordly towers had vanished, and in the place of its woods and turrets there was a waste of rolling waters—with his lone harp floating on their surface."

Again:—

"From *Walton's Lives* I select the following fragment; it is a vision of Dr. Donne, the metaphysician, whose wife died after the birth of a dead child. 'Sir Robert (Drury) returned about an hour afterwards. He found his friend in a state of ecstasy, and so altered in his countenance, that he could not look upon him without amazement. The doctor was not able for some time to answer the question, what had befallen him; but, after a long and perplexed pause, at last said, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I last saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this have I seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert answered, 'Sure, Sir, you have slept since I went out, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' Donne replied, 'I cannot be more sure that I now live,

than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that, at her second appearing, she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished.' "

We select the following instances of real illusion :—

" In 1834, Marie Pau was admitted into the hospital at Bordeaux, her left hand and arm covered with deep and bleeding gashes, its tendons projecting, and the bones broken. She had, in her sleep, gone into a loft to cut wood with a hedging bill. Thinking she was cutting the wood, she had hacked her fore-arm and hand, until she fainted away, and fell bathed in her blood. She had felt no pain, but merely had a sensation as if the parts were pricked with pins."

" But from Marcus Donatus we read the following case of still more melancholy interest; another illustration of your question, dear Castaly :—

" " Vicentinus believed himself too large to pass one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physician that he should be dragged through this aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but, as he was forced along, Vicentinus screamed out in agony, that his limbs were fractured, and the flesh torn from his bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died.' "

Many have been the delusions of monomania, and not the least extravagant are described in the passage we now copy out.

" The Reverend Simon Brown died with the conviction that his *rational soul* was annihilated by a special fiat of the Divine will; and a patient in the Friends' 'Retreat,' at York, thought he had no soul, heart, or lungs.—Such illusions are sometimes excited by wounds of the brain. A soldier of the field of Austerlitz was struck with a delirious conviction that he was but an ill-made model of his former self. 'You ask how Père Lambert is,' (he would say;) 'he is dead, killed at Austerlitz; *that* you now see is a mere machine, made in his likeness.' He would then often lapse into a state of catalepsy insensible to every stimulus. Dr. Mead tells us of an Oxford student, who ordered the *passing bell* to be rung for him, and *went himself* to the belfry to instruct the ringers. He returned to his bed only to die. A Bourbon prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes long since departed. There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: 'If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me.'—Bishop Warburton tells us of a man who thought himself a *goose pie*; and Dr. Ferriday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had *swallowed the devil*. So indeed thought Luther. As in Hudibras,

Did not the devil appear to Martin
Luther in Germany for certain?

In Paris there lived a man who thought he had with others been guillotined, and when Napoleon was emperor, their heads were all restored, but in *the scramble he got the wrong one.*"

Napoleon himself, it is well known, was the victim of superstition and strange notions about destiny. Indeed the chapter of coincidences in his history was calculated to make a deep impression upon his mind, as may be gathered from the paragraph we now quote.

“In the eventful life of Napoleon, the number 18 was associated with so many important events, that you will scarce deny something more than casualty. Such were, the engagement from which he assumed the consulate : that of Torlina on the river Beresina : the battles of Leipsic and of Waterloo ; which were all fought on the 18th of the month. On that day also his corpse was landed on St. Helena : and on the 18th also the Belle Poule sailed with his remains for France.”

Every now and then, and within the precincts or vicinity of London, we hear of supernatural appearances or sounds. But the other day Windsor was driven from its propriety by a visitation of the latter description ; but we shall close with something of the former kind.

“Some years ago the town of Reading was thus bewildered. On the loaves were seen the most mysterious signs. On one, a skeleton's head and cross-bones ; on another, the word ‘resurgam ;’ on another, a date of death was marked in deep impressions. The loaves of course were, by some mysterious influence, the vehicles of solemn warning from the Deity. The baker was *churchwarden* of St. Giles's ; his oven needed flooring, and, winking at the sacrilege, he stole the flat inscribed tombstones from the churchyard, and therewith floored his oven. From the inscriptions of these stones the loaves took their mystic impressions.”

We have now only to append to our concluding extract that the organization of man's senses, the predominating indulgence of some particular passion, nay, that the superstitious education and habits of which many are the victims,—even the whole array of described delusions—do not appear to us to account for the spiritual phenomena that have been sometimes witnessed by persons of unquestioned truth ; that the materialism which in these days prevails is not unmixed gain to philosophy or morals ; and that while after the completion of the canon of Scripture and of the revealed code we do not seem to have grounds for trusting to dreams and angelic visitations for the communication of the Divinity's mind, yet that it would be too much for any man to pronounce all Heaven's dealings with his immortal creatures to be confined to the avenues of ordinary sense, or to assert that God is limited in his modes and kinds of suggestion according to human notions of occasion, propriety, and necessity.

ART. VI.—*Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home.* By Miss
SEDGWICK. 2 vols. London: Moxon.

THE author of "Hope Leslie," and other works, which are full of nature and moral instruction, breathing, too, a perfectly national character, stands at the head of American female writers, and has a well-earned English reputation. It was a happy thought of hers to come to the parent country, and to visit the continent of the Old World; and not less so, although a matter of course, to describe the impressions she received whilst amongst us. These impressions are given with uncommon simplicity and communicative plainness; and yet they are of the kindest sort, having also a quaint and characteristic elegance about them that is as fresh as it is pointed.

It is a hackneyed observation to say that it is good for any people to see themselves in the mirror of strangers. But there are none that picture the English who are so peculiarly situated for this office as our American brethren and offspring; the very degrees of relationship existing between the two nations producing niceties of feeling, and begetting occasions for observation, which no other foreigners can understand or detect. No doubt this relationship has given rise to many jealousies and prejudices, the majority of tourists from the one country to the other having indulged in dislikes and misrepresentations. The present writer, however, furnishes a delightful exception to this practice, and ought to become a model hereafter. There is not a bitter representation in her book, although she is as unreserved as the most garrulous of her predecessors. There are even very few preconceived errors, and hardly any but the most natural and amiable predilections. Nay, these predilections and expectations, in as far as England is concerned, are those of filial affection for a parent of whom the daughter has been led to cherish the fondest and most reverential feelings, but whom she had never seen, or actually known, except in the representations of the most gifted and the most admiring. Therefore it was that, "when I touched English ground, I could have fallen on my knees and kissed it; but a wharf is not quite the *locale* for such a demonstration, and spectators operate like strait jackets upon enthusiasm; so I contented myself with a mental salutation of the home of our fathers, the native land of one of our dearest friends, and the birth-place of 'the bright, the immortal names' that we have venerated from our youth upward."

It was at Portsmouth, on the 4th of June, 1839, that the party landed, where "every thing looks novel and foreign to us; the quaint forms of the old, sad-coloured houses; the arched, antique gateways, the royal busts niched in an old wall; the very dark colouring of the foliage, and the mossy stumps of the trees. We

seem to have passed from the fresh bright youth to the old age of the world. The forms and colouring of the people are different from ours. They are stouter, more erect, and more sanguine."

These two short passages, which we have thrown into our larger type, will already have prepared our readers for highly agreeable Letters, and the variety of impressions which an experienced thinker, observer, and writer, is sure to note; while the raciness of the manner, and the graphic ease with which everything is communicated, double the charm of the book.

Nothing seems to have escaped the notice of Miss Sedgwick on her first landing; nothing that did not afford an occasion for contrasting and comparing. "We ate," she says, "with Dalgetty appetites our first English dinner; soup, salmon, mutton-chops, and everything the best of its kind, and served as in a private gentleman's house; and, alas! with an elegance and accuracy found in few gentlemen's houses in our country. We have plenty of gentlemen, but gentlemen's servants are with us rare birds." After a longer acquaintance with Old England, and many opportunities of studying life, of the higher, as well as of the literary circles, she thus speaks:—"Society here is quieter than ours certainly; this is perhaps the result of the different materials of which it is composed. Our New York evening parties, you know, are made up of about seventy-five parts boys and girls, the other twenty-five being their papas and mammas, and other ripe men and women. The spirits of a mass of young people, even if they be essentially well bred, will explode in sound; thence the general din of voices and shouts of laughter at our parties." Again,— "Without exaggeration, I believe that the viands for a rich merchant's dinner party, in New York, would suffice for any half-dozen tables I have seen here; and I am not sure that the supper table at S.'s ball, just before I left New York, would not have supplied the evening parties of a London season. The young men there drank more champagne than I have seen in London. May we not hope that in three or four seasons we may adopt these refinements of civilization?"

We have been ranging through the first volume, in order to render prominent a few of Miss Sedgwick's contrasts; and will introduce an instance or two more. At one place, she tells us, "A troop of children (twelve we counted) ran out to open the gate of the churchyard for us. It is quite a new sight to us to see children getting their living in this way. We have little to show, and the traveller must grope his way as well as he can to that little. These children with us would have been at school, or at the plough, looking to a college education in their perspective, or a 'farm in the West;' something better than a few chance pennies from a traveller." Here is more matter for English reflection:—

"Nothing, I presume, of the kind, in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you that, after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobby-horse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence, what would they—what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men (for such are selected)—attached to a coach; one coachman and three footmen, two, of course, perfect supernumeraries? We 'moralize the spectacle,' too: observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half-a-dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries; some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving with a militia general's hat, feathers and all, with three footmen, one seated beside him, and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands. There must be something 'rotten in the state,' when God's creatures, 'possible angels,' as our friend Doctor T. calls all human kind, look up to a station behind a lord's coach as a privileged place."

Miss Sedgwick says that a striking feature of English society to an American, is the great number of single women; that in her country few of the sex live far beyond their minority unmarried; that in England they have a more independent existence. "The objects of art are on every side of them, exciting their minds through their sensations, and filling them with images of beauty." "On the whole, it seems to me there is not a more loveable or lovely woman than the American matron, stedfast in her conjugal duties, devoted to the progress of her children and the happiness of her household; nor a more powerful creature than the Englishwoman in the full strength and development of her character."

In an immense assembly at L—— (Lansdowne) House, the *tout ensemble* struck her as being very superior in physical condition and beauty to a similar assembly in America, where, although the "*girl*, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her first freshness than the English, but the Englishwoman in her ripeness and full development far surpasses ours."

Then with regard to dress:—

"I do not comprehend what our English friends, who come among us, mean by their comments on the extravagance of dress in America. I have seen more velvet and costly lace in one hour in Kensington Gardens than I ever saw in New York; and it would take all the diamonds in the United States to dress a duchess for an evening at L—— House. You may say that lace and diamonds are transmitted luxuries, heir-looms (a species of inheritance we know little about); still you must take into the

account the immense excess of their wealth over ours, before you can have a notion of the disparity between us. The women here up to five-and-forty (and splendid women many of them are up to that age) dress with taste—fitness; after that, abominably. Women to seventy, and Heaven knows how much longer, leave their necks and arms bare; not here and there one, ‘blinded, deluded, and misguided,’ but whole assemblies of fat women—and, *O tempora! O mores!*—and lean. Such parchment necks as I have seen bedizened with diamonds, and arms bared, that seemed only fit to hold the scissors of destiny, or to stir the caldron of Macbeth’s witches. — dresses in azure satins and rose coloured silks, and bares her arms as if they were as round and dimpled as a cherub’s, though they are mere bunches of sinews, that seem only kept together by that nice anatomical contrivance of the wristband, on which Paley expatiates. This *post-mortem* demonstration is, perhaps, after all, an act of penance for past vanities; or perhaps it is a benevolent admonition to the young and fair, that to this favour they must come at last! Who knows?”

We must now retrace our steps and go back to Portsmouth, whence, in the course of two or three strides, we shall alight upon particulars in the shape of individuals and objects, instead of the more general characteristics that have hitherto been the subject of our extracts; nor does Miss Sedgwick hesitate to conduct her readers,—although we have not discovered in any instance offensively,—to the very firesides of persons who patronised her, or to whom she had letters of introduction. When she describes scenes and sights she frequently waxeth enthusiastic, rising into poetry. On other occasions her criticisms are original. Well then, at Portsmouth, who was the individual to whom the fair traveller was most indebted for attentions? Why, Captain Basil Hall, who has had the misfortune to rouse, by his anti-republican writings, and anti-Americanisms, Yankee ire to the very highest pitch. The following are interesting particulars, which but for his services Miss S. probably might never have had an opportunity to communicate.

“Captain H. left us no time for dawdling. He has been a lion-hunter, and understands the art of lion-showing, and what I think rather the nicest part of the arts, what *not* to show. Off we set towards the sally port. On the way we dropped into a Gothic church (a pretty episode enough) of the twelfth century. Captain H. pointed out a monument to Buckingham, Charles the First’s favourite, who, as you may remember, was killed by Felton at Portsmouth. We were to go first to the Victory, which is now kept here, ‘a kind of toy,’ as one of our seamen of the St. James said, but which, in fact, is something more than that—a receiving and drilling ship. We found a boat awaiting us, put (of course by Captain Hall’s intervention) at our disposal by the commander of the Victory. It was manned with a dozen youngsters in the Victory’s uniform, a white knit woollen blouse, with the word Victory in Maria-Louise blue on the breast. They were stout, ruddy lads. The Victory, you know, is the ship in which

Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, and died in winning it. Captain H. led us to the quarter-deck, and showed us a brass plate, inserted in the floor, inscribed with these words, 'Here Nelson fell!' This was a thrilling sight to those of us who remembered when Nelson was held as the type of all gallantry, fighting for liberty against the world. R. was obliged to turn away till he could command his emotions, and I thought of the time when we were all children together at home, and I saw him running breathless up the lane, tossing his hat into the air, and shouting, 'Nelson! Victory!' Truly, 'the child is father to the man.' We were received very courteously by the commander, Captain S., who invited us into an apartment which, save the ceiling was a little lower, had the aspect of a shore drawing-room: there were sofas, show-books, flowers, piano, and a prettier garniture than these—a young bride, reminding us, with her pale, delicate face and French millinery, of our fair young countrywomen—quite un-English. The Victory is Captain S.'s home, and the lady was his daughter. We then went into the cockpit, and groped our way to the dark, narrow state-room (a midshipman's) where Nelson was carried after he was shot down. Captain H. pointed to the beam where his head lay when he died. There a heroic spirit had passed away, and left a halo in this dark, dismal place. Place and circumstance are never less important to a man than when he is dying, and yet it was a striking contrast (and the world is full of such), the man dying in this wretched, dark, stifling hole, when his name was resounding through all the palaces of Europe, and making our young hearts leap in the New World. Shall I tell you what remembrance touched me most as I stood there? not his gallant deeds, for they are written in blood, and many a vulgar spirit has achieved such; but the exquisite tenderness gleaming forth in his last words, 'Kiss me, Hardy!' These touched the chord of universal humanity. Our next step was from the poetic-romantic to the actual, from the Victory to the biscuit-bakery, a place where biscuits are made for naval stores by steam. A policeman started out upon us 'like a spider,' as Captain H. very descriptively said, and announced that all ingress to the art and mystery of steam-baking was forbidden to foreigners; and we were turning away acquiescingly, for the most curious of our party had two or three years ago seen the process in full blast in one of our Western States, but Captain Hall would not be so easily baffled. He was vexed that an old rule, fallen into general discredit, should be applied to a biscuit-bakery and 'such branches of learning;' so he went to find the admiral, but he was not at his quarters; and no dispensation being to be had, he declared the biscuits 'all sour.' Very sweet we thought them the next morning, when we received an *amende* most honourable in the shape of a note from Admiral Fleming, 'regretting the disappointment Miss S. met with at the bakehouse, of which Captain Hall had informed him' (I can imagine in what animated terms), 'and which he would have prevented had he known her wishes,' and concluded with saying, that having heard from Captain Hall of our intention of visiting the Isle of Wight, he had the pleasure of offering his yacht for our conveyance. Now, this was surely the true spirit of courtesy; and when this spirit is infused into international manners we may be called Christian nations, and not till then."

Miss Sedgwick has a great deal to tell in praise of the gallant Captain, who not only showed her the utmost courtesy at Portsmouth, but at Southampton and the Isle of Wight, besides being the means of introducing her and her friends to some of the most eminent of the land. But we only afford one more specimen of her gratitude and hearty testimony to his honour.

“ You will smile at all our letters running upon this theme of Captain H., and you may perchance fancy that our preconceived opinion of this gentleman is rather bribed by personal kindness than rectified. But remember that we had no claim upon his kindness. It is not our personal benefits (though, Heaven knows, we are most grateful for them) that I am anxious to impress upon you, but to give you the advantage of our point of sight of a character that some of our people have misunderstood, and some misrepresented. I have no such crusading notions as that I could set a whole nation's opinion right, but I should hope to affect yours, and perhaps half-a-dozen others. Captain H. has a mind wide awake, ever curious and active. These qualities have been of infinite service to him as a traveller, and to his charmed readers as well; but it is easy to see how, among strangers, they might betray him into some little extravagances. Then he is a seaman and a Briton, and liable, on both scores, to unphilosophic judgments. With the faults that proceed from an excess of activity, we, of all people, should be most patient; and certainly we might have forgiven some mistaken opinions in conformity to preconceived patterns, instead of imputing them to political prostitution. We might, indeed, had we been wise, have found many of his criticisms just and salutary, and thanked him for them, and have delighted in his frankness, his sagacity, and his vein of very pleasant humour; but, alas! our Saxon blood is always uppermost, and we go on cherishing our infallibility, and, like a snappish cook, had much rather spoil our own pie than have a foreign finger in it. It is an old trick of the English bull-dog to bark at his neighbour's door; but let him do so, if he will caress you at his own.”

Winchester Cathedral is the subject of our next:—

“ What think you of our New World eyes seeing the sarcophagi containing the bones of the old Saxon kings—the Ethelreds and Ethelwolfs, and of Canute the Dane: the tombs of William Rufus and of William of Wickham; the chair in which bloody Mary sat at her nuptial ceremony; besides unnumbered monuments and chapels built by kings and bishops; to say nothing of some of the best art of our own time, sculpture by Flaxman and Chantrey? Their details were lost upon us in the effect of the great whole; the long-drawn aisles, the windows with their exquisite colouring, the lofty vault, the carved stones, the pillars and arches—those beautiful Gothic arches. We had some compensation for the unconsciousness of a lifetime, of the power of architecture, in our overwhelming emotions. They cannot be repeated. We cannot see a cathedral twice for the first time, that is very clear! I was not prepared for the sensations to be excited by visiting these old places of the Old World. There is nothing in our land to aid the imperfect lights of history. Here it seems suddenly.

verified. Its long-buried dead, or rather its dim spectres, appear with all the freshness of actual life. A miracle is wrought on poetry and painting. While they represented what we had never seen, they were but shadows to us; a kind of magic mirrors, showing false images; now they seem a Divine form, for the perpetual preservation of the beautiful creations of Nature and Art. It happened that while we were in Winchester Cathedral, service was performed there. I cannot tell how I might have been affected if it had been a more hearty service. There were the officials, the clergyman and clerk, a choir of boys, and, for the audience, half-a-dozen men, three or four women, octogenarians, or verging on the extreme of human life, and ourselves. I confess that the temple, and not He who sanctifies it, filled my mind. My eyes were wandering over the arches, the carvings, the Saxon caskets, &c. &c."

St. Paul's Cathedral sadly disappointed her, and she abuses the structure roundly. We shall now, however, conclude with notices of some of the living lions, and without going beyond the first volume or passing over to the continent. The travellers on proceeding towards town paid a visit to Miss Mitford, near Reading. Says our author,—

"I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my 'unknown friend.' Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual *dénouement* of a mere epistolary acquaintance. Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and 'very good English, too,') professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the 'cleverest women in England,' and 'the Doctor' (her father) an 'earty old boy.' And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, 'Now you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?' and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings (H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss M. became aware who M. was, she said, 'What! the sister of — pass my door?—that must never be;' so M., nothing loath, joined us. Miss M. is truly 'a little body,' and dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have a broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale grey, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow; a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness and affectionateness, that we had been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them. She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect *bouquet* of flowers. 'I must show you my geraniums while it is light,' she said, 'for I love them next to my

father.' And they were, indeed, treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites ; but she does not love others less that she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs and vines ; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses ; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how taste and industry, and an earnest love and study of the art of gardenculture, might triumph over small space and small means. Miss M——'s house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest of our village of S—— ; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours ; she keeps two men-servants (one a gardener), two or three maid-servants, and two horses. In this very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started on vantage-ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be."

We must find room for a passage regarding another gifted lady, &c.

"I believe, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home ; the best point of view for all best women. She lives on Hampstead Hill, a few miles from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly and agreeable person. Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for we women always like to know how one another look and dress,—Miss Baillie has a well preserved-appearance ; her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowing expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure—what we call lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and graceful ; not the large-boned, muscular frame of most English women. She wears her own grey hair ; a general fashion, by-the-way, here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate ; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets fitting the beau ideal of an old lady ; an ideal she might inspire if it has no pre-existence. You would, of course, expect her to be, as she is, free from pedantry and all modes of affectation ; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country ; in short, forgetting everything but that

you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might (would that all female writers could!) take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows. We lunched with Miss Baillie. Mr. Tytler the historian and his sister were present. Lord Woodhouselee, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father. Joanna Baillie appears to us, from Scott's letters to her, to have been his favourite friend; and the conversation among so many personally familiar with him, naturally turned upon him, and many a pleasant anecdote was told, many a thrilling word quoted. It was pleasant to hear these friends of Scott and Mackenzie talk of them as familiarly as we speak of W., B., and other household friends. They all agreed in describing Mackenzie as a jovial, hearty sort of person, without any indication in his manners and conversation of the exquisite sentiment he infused into his writings. One of the party remembered his coming home one day in great glee from a cockfight, and his wife saying to him, 'Oh, Harry, Harry, you put all your feelings on paper!'

Hitherto we have indulged in nothing save general eulogy, and quoting as largely as well as favourably as we could do. But even Miss Sedgwick is not proof against falling into error. But she can afford to have her mistakes scanned closely, and her oddities made the occasion of a smile—of a sneer they never can be.

Most of her mistakes or errors arise from over-hasty conclusions, and, perhaps, the extravagant self-reliance of a clever person, who is duly sensible of the admiration which her writings have commanded. The precipitancy with which she passes opinions before having been many days in our old country would call for reproof, were it not that the honesty of her purpose, the healthiness of her mode, and the fidelity with which she gives her first impressions, must make us bear good-humouredly with faults and rash conclusions. We have marked a few instances. The first seems to indicate that the traveller looked through some exaggerating medium, or spoke from sudden impulses and random examples. She says, speaking of the English labouring classes, "they are never shabby or uncleanly;" and immediately after declares, "I do not remember, in five weeks in England, with my eyes pretty wide open, ever to have seen a ragged or dirty dress;" qualifying her observation, however, thus far, "we have not, you know, been into the manufacturing districts, nor into the dark lanes and holes of London, where poverty hides itself." We can dispense with such flattery.

But where the hasty conclusion involves a contradiction, the error is more blameable. We think such an inconsistency occurs in this short passage:—"I have not seen in England a slovenly-looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth were neatly dressed." But then what are the terms of the next paragraph? "I greeted, *en passant*,

a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me that she paid for half of a little tenement, and a bit of a garden, ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on the pleasant country, 'Ah,' she said, 'we can't live on a pleasant country!' I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, of the struggling for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here."

But our Cockneys will have less patience with the following Trollopeian judgment passed of the "high civilization" of England, and taken from a Richmond steamer—the party had been visiting Hampton and Richmond:—"We sent away our carriage, and came home in a steamer, which was crowded when we got on board. At first we looked around in the most self-complacent manner, expecting, with our American notions, that seats would be offered on every side, as they would assuredly have been to all us woman-kind in one of our own steamers. Not a foot stirred. Some of us were positively unable to stand, and for those Mr. P. made an appeal to some men, who refused without hesitation, appearing to think that our expectations were impertinent. We were too far gone to be fastidious; so we adopted the backwoods' expedient, and *squatted* upon what unoccupied territory we could find. If such personal selfishness and discourtesy is the result of a high civilization, I am glad we have not yet attained it." Now, if Miss Sedgwick was so fortunate, "with her eyes pretty wide open," as never to have seen rags or dirt in London, she ought to have been told, in the course of her inquisitiveness, that such offensive things really did exist, and plentifully enough; often, too, as the unavoidable result "of the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here;" just as she should have been informed that the passengers who crowd a Richmond steamer, of a hot summer's afternoon, although handsomely or richly decked, are likely to furnish as much vulgarity and discourtesy to strangers as any equal number would do, crammed together and gathered from the most uncivilized class in all England.

But it seems that the contents of the "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home" were frequently taken from hearsay, and sometimes, if not from hoaxing lips, yet from persons whose ignorance Miss Sedgwick should immediately have corrected. How otherwise can we account for this rich piece of news? "When the Queen is at Windsor, she walks every Sunday on this terrace, where she is *liable to be jostled by the meanest of her subjects*."

But, after all, these and similar crudities do not essentially affect a series of letters that are full of a characteristic heartiness and earnest temperament. Miss Sedgwick is ever faithful to herself, and sincerely desires to do ample justice to all. If frequent be her

kindly strictures of what is purely English, not less significant are the hints which she volunteers for the benefit of America. Above all, we are delighted on account of the thoroughly fresh, vigorous, and inborn transatlantic air she has with her. She is truly a child of the New World; and although possessing a sufficiency of veneration for the Old, she cannot belie her dear and highly-favoured fatherland.

We ought to state more distinctly, before closing the first volume, than we have yet done, that it carries the reader out of England, and into Germany, as well as Switzerland. We do not follow.

ART. VII.—*Hand Book for India and Egypt.* London: Allen.

THE author of this book travelled from Calcutta to England by way of the River Ganges, the north-west of Hindostan, the Himalayas, the rivers Sutledge and Indus, Bombay and Egypt. He touched at the three Presidencies in his route; the expense of his tour was £320; and he accomplished it in little more than four months. The work also contains hints for the guidance of travellers, by other over-land routes than the author took, to the three Presidencies.

The character of the publication is that of a guide-book, containing not only what the author experienced, found to be most convenient, and would recommend to other persons similarly situated, together with a variety of useful information collected or compiled from others, but it partakes of the nature of a book of travels, describing what made an impression upon the writer's mind in the course of his flight, and executed with considerable literary skill, so as to lend an interest to the whole beyond a dry notation of distances, modes of conveyance, kinds of accommodation, and such like matters, that may be thrown into the form of tables; which, however, are elaborately given in one part of the volume. The appendix, in fact, forms the larger portion of the whole, and probably suggested the title.

The book offers a number of suggestions relative to several routes. For example, if you wish to proceed to India, *via* the Cape, its directions appear to be practically sound. Should you on the homeward journey have a desire to pay a visit to Thebes, descend the Nile, &c., you learn at what port to land in the Red Sea, and have particulars concerning crossing the desert. Again, information is afforded about steamers, when and where they run, the demand or opening which there is for additions to their number, the waters they may traverse, and so forth; for as yet the residents in India do not appear at all to appreciate the facilities which may

thus be afforded to them and to commerce by this gigantic means. It required the enterprise of people at home to accomplish that which has been already achieved in this way; and, as it would seem, the same source of activity will be needed to carry out the contemplated extension. The Company, however, must be exempted, in a great measure, from the charge of neglect and apathy on this head. In the meanwhile, there is a prospect of steamers being in a short time established to run between all the Presidencies.

Still, is it not strange, considering the eagerness for accommodation, and the means that are adopted to obtain it, that we read respecting the sailing and the freight of Calcutta steamers on the Ganges as follows?—"On an average, one is despatched every fortnight, announcements being made a week or ten days previously of the day fixed for the departure. Parties desirous to send packages by them are at the same time requested to register the extent of room they need, the established freight being one rupee and eight annas (three shillings) per cubit foot. On the appointed day, in the event of its being found that the demand exceeds the means of supply (and it is extremely rare when it does not so), the whole of the tonnage to be disposed of to the public is put up for sale to the highest bidders, in quantities of ten, twenty, and fifty feet, and it frequently realizes six rupees per foot, seldom less than three; parties thus paying from six to twelve times more for the conveyance of goods a few hundred miles, than the ordinary cost of a voyage from London to Calcutta, a distance of fifteen thousand." Now surely here is room for the speculation of capitalists; nor can we suppose otherwise than that steam at no very distant day will be a mighty instrument of civilization, and of mercantile intercourse on the banks of the Ganges.

Nevertheless steam-power has accomplished wonders even with regard to India; and hence the most remarkable circumstance connected with the present book. Think of the author's route, the places at which he touched or sojourned for some days, and of the time in which the whole was performed; performed too with an ease and a safety which our forefathers could not have reckoned upon when they happened to undertake a journey throughout the length of the island of Great Britain. Steamboats and palanquins are almost the only things required in the way of vehicles, and in each a man may sleep nearly as luxuriously as at home; or if he has an eye to scenery and variety, he will, if he adopts our author's route, have these to his heart's content, including modes of life, and every thing which can be wished for between extreme points of the globe; even some of the wonders of the world. Just imagine the variety of pleasures, of scenes from the most lovely to the most stupendous in the universe, that Simla, which has been

aptly called, to compare small things with great, the Cheltenham of the Himalayas.

But we need not dilate on the subject, because the reader who wishes to have a particular detail of the route alluded to will naturally have recourse to the Hand-Book itself. We shall therefore now cite a few short passages. And first, concerning the only regularly constructed road in India, as we learn, that can be called of considerable importance. Its length is said to be eighty miles, and has been but lately formed for military purposes.

“The composition of this road is principally a peculiar limestone, called conker; which, after being laid down for some time, well cemented by the application of water, and beaten together, becomes a solid mass of extreme strength: it is the only soil against which the soles of a native’s feet are not proof; who, to avoid this newly-made road, will willingly wade through water or toil through mud and jungle, remarking that it is only fit for horses to move on, who are shod with iron. Convicts are for the most part employed in making it, sometimes in gangs of above a hundred; who work with all the regularity of a regiment of soldiers manœuvring, letting their battering-rams fall at the same moment, with a noise like thunder. European and native superintendents are placed over them. The road is one unvaried flat, and generally in a direct line, miles and miles before one being always in view. The cultivation of maize is universal. In the rainy season the sides of the road are mostly under water; and it is melancholy to witness the devastations caused by the torrents which every now and then occur. Chasms of fifty or a hundred feet in length, forming deep ravines, occasionally stop the passenger, and compel him to make a considerable détour before attaining a perfect portion of the main road; whilst of the many bridges in its line, some are found cast down as if by the shock of an earthquake, and masses of brickwork of apparently imperishable strength equally levelled by the powers of the flood. These damages are too often allowed to remain a long time unrepaired; which is scarcely pardonable, considering the importance of a perfect communication and the cheapness of labour in India. Massive milestones from the Ghunar quarries are in use along the road; and it strikes an Englishman as unusual to see 600, 700, and 800 marked on them, in reference to the distance from Calcutta.”

Extremity, sagacity, and the want of a solid road:—

“On the banks of the river there are many quicksands; and during this expedition a somewhat distressing scene happened. An elephant incautiously came within the vortex of one; first one foot sank, then another; and in endeavouring to extricate himself, matters became worse; no portion of either of his legs was at last visible, and the bystanders had given up the poor animal as lost: being, fortunately, unusually powerful, he three several times, with what appeared to all supernatural strength, drew a foot from the closely-clinging earth, placing it where, by sounding with his trunk, he found most solidity; not until the third time did the ground

bear his pressure, when he gradually released himself. During the whole period of his troubles his cries were exceedingly dolorous, and might have been heard a couple of miles: his grunt, when they were at an end, was equally indicative of satisfaction. The internal application of a bottle of strong spirits soon dissipated his trembling and restored his equanimity. Many unfortunate elephants are lost in these treacherous sands, when large quantities of grass or branches of trees are not at hand to form an available support for them. After a certain time the poor beast becomes powerless; and the owner can then only look with sorrow at the gradual disappearance of his noble animal, and lament the pecuniary loss he thereby suffers, for all human aid is futile. They have been known to be twelve hours before entirely sinking."

In another part of the Review an account is given of the mortality of camels at particular periods of the Afghanistan expedition. Here is a more comprehensive statement, furnishing one striking illustration of the devastation wrought by war:—

"While on this subject, it may not be altogether out of place to allude to the present scarcity in this part of India of the camel; which is in its way as useful and valuable an animal as the other. In consequence of this, the regiments moving upwards, and the commissariat generally, are put to serious inconvenience by the limited means of conveyance available. The English reader will hardly be surprised at this scarcity, when he hears that, from the commencement of the Afghanistan campaign in 1838, to the present time (October 1840), the number killed, stolen, and strayed, is somewhat beyond fifty-five thousand. The average value of each may be taken at eighty rupees; which makes this single item of war expenditure above forty-five lacs of rupees, or four hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

The gigantic grass of the jungle:—

"The greater part is covered with jungle or reed-grass; and it will perhaps be scarcely credited that many of the blades reach to the enormous height of twenty-five feet. Unless the author had himself witnessed this fact, he would have hesitated to believe such a statement; but he can vouch for its truth, as he happened to be engaged tiger-shooting, and while standing in the howdah of a very tall elephant, the grass in question towered many feet above his head. Of a party consisting of thirty elephants, four times that number of attendants, and several horses, all formed in close line, the whole were occasionally completely concealed from the view of each other by this overwhelming jungle."

Useful information for tyros:—

"To the old stager such a caution is not requisite; but it may be needful to recommend the tyro invariably, before commencing a fresh journey, to have the contents of his palanquin removed and replaced. Those vehicles being too bulky to be brought within the house, their stations are generally in the open verandahs; and snakes not unfrequently creep into

them for warmth : from a neglect of this precaution, more than one traveller has been awakened shortly after placing his head on his pillow, by the hissing of a deadly cobra di capella partly beneath it."

The author's fulness of matter, as well as his manner, from the beginning to the end of his journey, may in some measure be judged of from these examples.

ART. VIII.—*Criminal Jurisprudence considered in Relation to Mental Organization.* By M. B. SAMPSON. London : Highley.

THE subject of these six Letters will be admitted by all to be of the very first importance, and the treatment of it by Mr. Sampson presents a suitable gravity and earnestness. The pamphlet, indeed, exhibits great ability and the fruits of deep reflection upon the paramount theme. The reasoning is close and weighty, possessing also the sort of eloquence of which it is properly susceptible ; and as the conclusions at which he arrives are of a practical and comprehensive character, similar, too, to what we have ourselves advocated, we shall give as full an account of his arguments and system, either by abstract or extract, as our limits will permit.

We have confined the statement of our general coincidence with Mr. Sampson to his conclusions ; for, with regard to some of his premises, or, in other words, his philosophy of human nature, his theory of mental organization, we are not prepared to yield entire acquiescence ; though at the same time we think his practical conclusions may in the main be approved of, without the acquiescence mentioned. No doubt our author looks upon the principles he lays down as the only grounds upon which the results at which he arrives can be built, and that the practical part must fall with the theoretical,—that is, the Phrenological. Without, however, entering upon the merits of that so-called science, which have been so often elaborately discussed, he will permit us to state that we do not see exactly with his eyes,—that we do not discover any such very close and necessary connexion between his earlier and later letters as he, of course, perceives. Having thus in general terms explained ourselves, it will now be our business to give as much publicity as is in our power to Mr. Sampson's views, deeming them, taken altogether, worthy of unusual attention, even when the subject is one which has lately occupied the public mind in an unprecedented manner. Philanthropists, philosophers, and legislators, are all alive to it ; writers of every description and party are constantly reiterating their sentiments about it ; the great questions which it involves are destined to be agitated, perhaps, with still keener powers than ever before ; nor can the present publication fail to lead on

enlightened inquirers,—ay, and to convince not a few, with regard to the most serious points, who at present resist or hesitate.

The first Letter, after noticing the existence of a number of conflicting theories relative to the treatment of criminals, proceeds to give us the author's views respecting the mental organization of man in connexion with the subject of social responsibility; presenting what he considers not only to be a concise definition of the nature and bounds of that responsibility, but one that is wider and more embracing than any that has yet been propounded. He thus commences,—

“It is now acknowledged as an unquestionable truth, that all the manifestations of the mind, including the feelings and the passions, are dependant upon the formation and state of health of its material instrument the brain; and that all derangements of this organ arise from causes analogous to those which produce derangement of any other organ of our physical frame. The question then arises, why do we not treat irregularities of the mind in the same way as we treat all other physical disorders, viz. by confining ourselves solely to an attempt to cure the patient; and why do we talk of punishment when we are considering a case of morbid action of the brain, any more than when we are considering a case of morbid action of the heart, the lungs, or any other organ?

“The difference has arisen from the confused notions which have been universally entertained regarding the social responsibility of man, all tending to the belief that there exists a middle ground, not to be doubted, yet never to be defined, where responsibility ends and irresponsibility begins. Presumptuous as it may appear, I cannot help questioning the soundness of this belief.

“It will be admitted, that if a man could be found in whom *all* the qualities of mind and body were healthfully constituted and harmoniously developed, we should then behold a being who would realize, humanly speaking, our ideas of perfection. That all men fall far short of this standard, is a truth which religion and experience alike confirm; but some approach more nearly to it than others; and the question that we have to consider in estimating the qualities of our fellow men, is not whether any one exists whose mind and body are thus perfectly sane, but what is the relative degree of his divergence from the perfect type which we have supposed. The tendency to evil, which, more or less, is the characteristic of all men, indicates in each the amount of this divergence from that harmonious balance of the mental powers in which alone true soundness of mind can consist. False impressions, ungovernable desires, deficiencies of intellect or feeling—in short, all that makes up the sum of human errors—arises from an unbalanced action of the various faculties of the mind; and to the extent, therefore, that any one faculty is deficient in its comparative relation to the others in any individual, such is the extent of his departure from true soundness of mind in regard to those objects to which the faculty may relate. For instance, we may suppose a man exerting his natural tendency to the acquisition of property: if this tendency does not exist in his mind to a greater degree than the sentiments of benevolence

and conscientiousness, he will gratify it by the acquisition of property through means consistent with justice and humanity ; but if the tendency to acquire preponderates greatly over the moral tendencies which I have named, he will then gratify it by theft or falsehood, or by any means that may be open to him ; and this will arise from his deficiency in those portions of the brain which are the necessary instruments of the two higher feelings. Owing to this deficiency, he is unable to manifest to a proper degree, these emotions, which are common to man ; and the result is, that he cannot perform the mental operations that are necessary to keep his acquisitive tendency within its legitimate bounds. Now, it would be as reasonable to expect a man to run fast with feeble legs, as to expect a man, in the case which I have supposed, to act with benevolence and justice. Just as reasonable, also, would it be to say that the man who is deficient in those portions or qualities of the brain which are necessary to the manifestation of these feelings, possesses anything else than an unsound mind.

“ To the extent, then, that any one power of the mind assumes an irregularity of development, such is the extent of the departure from mental sanity, and the consequent tendency to a disobedience of the moral or physical law over which the defective faculty was intended to preside ; and, as there exists not an individual in whom a perfect balance of all the faculties can be found, so it has been well said, that ‘ if we speak with rigorous exactness there is no human mind in its right state.’ ”

Some people, accustomed to metaphysical reasoning, will hesitate to agree to the meaning, in the full extent of the terms used, in the first sentence quoted ; but the premises is essential to Mr. Sampson’s phrenological doctrine or theory.

He goes on to assert that “ irregularities of disposition arise from two causes,—viz. the transmission of an irregular cerebral organization from parent to child ; and subsequently the effect of accidental circumstances, as bad example, ill-conducted education, injuries of the head, &c. ;” and adds, “ it is precisely from analogous causes that irregular conditions are occasioned in other organs of the body.” Now, we wish that he had placed prominently among the causes or sources of moral irregularities, man’s wilful and cherished indulgences or breaches, generally commencing in the slighter relaxations and when conscience is tender, and by what are sometimes called venial offences. Plain people will be slow to perceive how rewards and punishments, say in a future state, can justly be distributed, if vice and crime are to be chiefly attributed to causes, which place the individual beyond the sphere of free agency. We are aware of the manner in which phrenologists get over the difficulties about moral responsibility. But it appears to us that their mode of escape is of such a subtle character, that few ordinary thinkers will be satisfied with it, or believe that any reform in Criminal Jurisprudence that is professedly founded upon phrenological science can be sound and safe. Will not nine persons out

ten of pronounce our author's account and enumeration of the causes of moral irregularity to be bald and exceedingly defective?

According to Mr. Sampson's premises and principles, the following are fair inferences, however startling to common sense, or, at least, to the general sense which obtains among mankind:—

“The argument of Sir William Ellis, if received without the limitation which I have named, would lead us to presume, that if a man who has during his whole life been a model of integrity, should suddenly exhibit an uncontrollable propensity for thieving, he should be allowed the plea of insanity; but that if a man is tried for theft who has exhibited that propensity from the first moment when he was capable of action, he should, on the contrary, be considered responsible, and be severely punished.

“In one case, a sullen and morbid action of the brain produces the effect, and in the other it is produced by malformation of that organ from birth. It is the duty of Justice and Benevolence to adopt means for the cure of both. To speak of punishment, in either case, is erroneous; yet, if we could imagine it to be necessary, it would most assuredly seem more fair to punish the man who, having originally possessed a comparatively healthy organization, had contrived to impair it, than to inflict it upon one who never possessed, from his very birth, a tendency different from that which he has exhibited. Those who make the distinction in favour of the former case, might as reasonably assert that a man who falls into consumption through sudden exposure to cold, is deserving of our pity, but that he who suffers from the same disorder, owing to an original narrowness of chest, brought it on of his own accord—that it was an ‘optional’ act on his part, and that he is therefore unworthy of like consideration.”

The case supposed of a man who had throughout his life been a model of integrity, suddenly exhibiting an uncontrollable propensity for thieving, we hold to be a moral impossibility; unless despair caused by hunger, and such like, or some dreadful overturn had befallen his mind, or if you will, the organization of his brain, by lesion or other deranging causes. Whereas he who has been a thief from his boyhood upwards, in all probability had bad examples before him, or was uneducated, yet at first commenced his career of vice (could it be vice otherwise) by petty offences against which his conscience rose and chastised him, so as to render him personally responsible for the whole and every part of his career, even when his mind and feelings became callous, and conscience no longer—in consequence of wilful indulgence—acted the part of the vicegerent of heaven to him. This is the ordinary way of thinking, and any popularly accepted system of criminal jurisprudence, we believe, must recognise and teach this old-fashioned doctrine.

Our author, however, continues to reiterate his theory, and to assert that the moral depravity of any man arises from the causes

he has assigned, and which we have quoted under a twofold division. We shall therefore no longer impede the current of his argument by any trite observations of our own; but give it with some degree of continuity.

The following appears to us to be worthy of attention.

“ One great source of error in considering the proper treatment of criminals, has arisen from the fallacious opinion that insanity is limited to the operations of intellect alone; and that if no hallucination of the reason can be proved to have existed, the criminal could have been impelled by no impulse but such as his will might have restrained; and that his intellect being in an average state with the intellects of his fellow men, he might have resisted the temptation to crime with as much ease as any other person. Now, however, that it is known that the operation of the feelings and passions, which alone furnish *motives* to the intellect, depend upon the physical system no less than the understanding, our views in this respect must undergo alteration.”

The second letter commences with a variety of recorded cases, intended to illustrate and support the author's principles about the brain. The following contains part of the application of his views to the question of responsibility:—

“ All affections or diseases of the body may be traced to causes analogous to those which produce affections or diseases of the brain, viz. original malformation, sympathy with other diseased parts of the body, ill-directed exercise, contagious association, accidental lesion, &c. &c.; but when we speak of persons being in ill health, in cases where any other organ of the body than *the brain* is affected, we never think of expressing a desire to *punish* them for their misfortune, because we consider that the pain they must necessarily suffer, and the restraint and confinement to which they must submit in order to promote recovery, are circumstances that should awaken our pity rather than our anger, and we urge them to seek the aid of a competent physician. Yet the moment the brain is discovered to be the organ that is in an unsound state, our view of the matter immediately changes. We then talk of ‘responsibility,’ and of the necessity of ‘punishment’ (without questioning as to whether these terms must necessarily be united); although it would be quite as rational to flog a man at the cart's-tail for having become infected with the scarlet fever, owing to a predisposition and exposure to the disease, as to pursue the same course to one who, falling into temptation, had given way to a predisposition for taking possession of whatever he could lay his hands upon. To be sure, it might be said that the flogging could not operate so as to deter the man from catching another fever, while it might deter the thief from repeating his offence; but this distinction will not hold good, because, in the first instance, dread of the punishment might possibly induce the patient to attend in future so closely to the laws of health as to keep him safe from infection, and it could do no more in the latter case with regard to the laws of morality.”

He disposes ingeniously of certain distinctions that some may draw between the case of one who offends against the laws of health, and of him who is a moral offender; maintaining that there is no fundamental or real difference, and that both do society a deep injury. We then come to his reply to certain objections that may be taken to his theoretical doctrine:—First, that it would destroy all ideas of responsibility. We quote short paragraphs from the second letter on this subject. He says,—

“Although upon this great question legislators, lawyers, physicians, and moralists, have differed and doubted from all time, almost all of them have been unanimous in the one great error of allowing that there existed ‘somewhere’ a line of demarcation where responsibility ceased, and irresponsibility by reason of insanity was to be allowed—the former being subject in cases of murder, &c. to the punishment of death, the latter entitling the culprit to immunity. The application of these views depends entirely, of course, upon the peculiar metaphysical opinions which may dwell in the minds of the jury before whom a criminal is tried; and as no fixed ideas exist, a person may be executed as ‘responsible’ under the verdict of one jury, for the very same offence, which, committed under like circumstances, might, in the eyes of another jury, entitle him to the plea of insanity.”

This is Mr. Sampson’s general statement. Cases are next cited, Edward Oxford’s amongst others, to show the extraordinary confusion which prevails regarding the question of responsibility; and then we have this passage,—

“Thus we see, that the line of demarcation between responsibility and irresponsibility shifts place according to the imaginations of different individuals; and that although the laws of the country are so narrowly defined that the Executive is not suffered to swerve a hair’s-breadth in the administration of them, the law of responsibility is perfectly enveloped in doubt; and its administration, upon which, in reality, depends the fate of the criminal, is left to the casual decision of, in many cases, uneducated jurors, whose metaphysical notions may be reasonably presumed to be somewhat capricious and indefinite.

“The doctrine of responsibility, which appears to me to be alone consistent with reason, religion, and morality, is simply this—that, so far from the Creator having sent into the world some beings who are responsible, and others who are exempt from responsibility, there is, in fact, no exception whatever; and that every human being is alike responsible—responsible (according to the degree of his departure, either in mind or body, from that degree of sanity necessary to the proper discharge of his social duties) to undergo the painful but benevolent treatment which is requisite for his cure.”

The third letter proceeds with the consideration of this objection, his answer comprehending this broad principle, viz., that all persons are alike responsible, “according to the degree of their

departure from a perfect state, to undergo the treatment necessary for their cure." Therefore, he who offends against the moral laws, from hereditary disposition, bad example, or any other cause, ought to be removed by society from the source of contagion, and from the means of communicating his disease to others, to some place where his deficient organs would be stimulated, and his malady cured; just as he who, from neglect or rashness, is smitten with consumption is obliged to submit to the restraint of confinement, or as society would be justifiable in doing were the disease infectious—that is, to keep the person secluded, and to enforce the administration of the proper remedies.

Society, however, we think, would have more than enough to do, and certainly more than it would perform if it was called upon to take early measures of prevention and cure of mental disease in all cases, unless by general and comprehensive means, education in particular; for Mr. Sampson confesses that it is impossible to fix a point at which such disease as amounts to insanity commences. Is it not necessary that personal responsibility should be inculcated and enforced as urgently as social responsibility? The two, however, have kindred and reciprocating natures; they should and might act harmoniously.

One of the other objections which, it is supposed by our author, may be raised to his doctrine is, that it would not enforce any punishment on offenders that should deter any others from following their example. The following extract contains the principle of the answer:—

"In the case of all ordinary physical maladies, we see the pain which is inflicted upon the patient, and to which he is obliged to submit, coupled with surgical operations, tedious confinement, or nauseous and restricted diet. And this pain, which is the price at which he purchases his cure, and thereby avoids more serious pain which otherwise awaits him, being in accordance with the intentions of our Creator, is, I should presume, as likely to be effective as any punishment could possibly be, in deterring the patient himself, and the friends who witnessed it, from running any risk for the future of contracting a similar disorder. It will be observed, too, that the system to which the patient has to submit, is precisely that which, under his individual circumstances, must be the most painful to him. For instance, if a man of sanguine temperament, to whom exercise is one of the chief delights of life, indulges the tendency beyond its legitimate bounds, and by some violent action ruptures an organ of motion or respiration; he has, in order to his cure, to submit to a long period of total restraint from exercise of any kind, which to him would be the most painful infliction he could possibly undergo. If another impairs his digestive powers by over-indulgence in rich and stimulating food, he has to submit to the bitter restraint of the most simple diet. The same holds good in all cases; and in like manner it may be affirmed, that, in all cases of moral delinquency, pain would be more severely administered to the patient

by the adoption of those measures which would at the same time effect a cure, or at least insure a mitigation of his infirmity, than by any other method. This, however, would be a work of benevolence instead of revenge; for, although all his desires flow in the direction of his offending propensities, in the gratification of which he has found his only source of pleasure, and in the suppression of these faculties, therefore, the greatest amount of pain is incurred, yet as the work of suppression goes on, and other faculties are called into play, new and higher sources of pleasure are awakened, and less pain is felt from the non-gratification of the erring desire; while, at the same time, he is saved from the inevitable and accumulating consequences which would otherwise have arisen from fresh infringements of the Divine laws. It leads, therefore, to good alone, good to society with good to the sufferer: and the real good of both must always go hand in hand, since

‘ True self love and social are the same.’ ”

Having endeavoured to show by argument that there is a necessity for abandoning in moral disorders all ideas of inflicting punishment *as such* (substituting the simple effort to *cure*), our author proceeds to illustrate his doctrine by what experience furnishes, especially in the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, “an institution which is under the superintendence of a gentleman remarkable for benevolence of feeling and acuteness of intellect.” We have not room for any account of the origin and organization of this establishment. But we must quote one passage from the Warden’s Annual Report, after an experience of four years, as given in the pamphlet before us. It is in these words:—

“ ‘ The punishment (discipline?) inflicted, not merely on the body, but on the mind of the prisoner, *uniting severity and humanity*, is one which the unhappy culprit feels with all its force; but there is nothing in its operation calculated to increase his evil passions, or stimulate him to hatred or revenge. Those who have the care of him treating him with the *kindness and compassion which are due to the unfortunate man, rather than the unnecessary and unfeeling harshness too frequently displayed to the victims of folly, vice, and crime*, he is soon made to feel that the horrors of his cell are the fruits of sin and transgression, and the only certain relief to be obtained is through the Redeemer. Having no one to prompt in wickedness, or shame him for his tears, he becomes humbled in spirit, and anxious for help in the way of truth; and I am pleased to be able to say, that *I believe there are some who rejoice that they have been brought here*. I can truly say, that the more I see of the operation of our system, and the more thoroughly I become acquainted with the character of its inmates, the more important I view its establishment, and *the greater its humanity appears*. It is a mistake to suppose that the inmates of prisons are a set of outlaws and tiger-like beings, lost to all good in this world, and without hope of an hereafter. Too many (indeed most of them), on first conviction, are either neglected youths thrown into the world without education and without friends (often the victims of hard masters), or ignorant men,

the dupes of artful knaves, who know how to elude detection. Neglect of early education, the use of ardent spirits, gambling, and dealing in lottery tickets, are the most prominent causes of felony.' ”

To the want or the deficiency of common school learning, the greater number of offenders sent to this penitentiary are said in part to owe their confinement and discipline. Our author naturally, after such a statement, remarks upon the neglect of education in England, and of the obligations of society. From this point of his fourth letter to the close of the sixth, his views, with regard to the practical treatment of criminals, appear to us to be as unanswerable as they are cogently urged and benevolently conceived. Let it not be thought that he is a sentimental dreamer. His theory about mental organization may be questioned, either, perhaps, on account of its erroneous assumptions, or incompleteness; but we entertain no doubts about the consistency and excellence of the opinions and feelings which the following long extract presents:—

“It will be seen, from what I have stated, that so far from being the advocate of a sentimental humanity, which turns with horror from the contemplation of that law of the Creator by which pain is rendered consequent upon misconduct, I advocate a *severer* system than that which at present obtains, since I assert that the most severe pain which can be inflicted upon any offender, is precisely that pain which results from a philosophical treatment for his cure. It is a treatment which the patient would ever afterwards remember with mingled feelings of gratitude and terror,—gratitude for the improvement which it has wrought upon his nature, and terror at the remembrance of the prolonged and bitter struggle by which that improvement was attended. The difference between the system which I advocate, and that which is at present in force (if the vague and contradictory treatment of offenders, which is now practised, can be called a system), is simply this, that I advocate a discipline which should benevolently produce great pain at first, with the view of preventing much greater pain, which must otherwise inevitably be endured for the future; while at present we revengefully inflict pain in a lesser degree, which is productive of little future benefit to the sufferer—leaving, indeed, his disorder generally unmitigated, and oftentimes increased.

If, then, in moral complaints, the true system is that in which the cure of the offender is the sole thing to be considered (for by the means taken to effect that object we insure the other object of Criminal Jurisprudence, viz. inspiring a wholesome dread in the minds of others, as there can be no more powerful check upon the tendency to abuse an over-ruling faculty than the dread of its being forcibly subjected to entire restraint), it will be impossible to justify in any way the infliction of capital punishment, by which the grand object I have named—the reform of the criminal—is rendered altogether impossible. At the present day, the infliction of capital punishment is mainly confined to the crime of murder; and it is on that account that the chief difficulty is presented against its abolition. It will not, however, take many words to show that if capital punishments

are unsuitable as a remedy for other descriptions of crime, it is, above all, the most unfit to be applied as a corrective in the case of homicide.

“The infliction of death puts the sufferer out of the reach of improvement: it is, therefore, as far as he is concerned, *unmitigated punishment*. It has been my object to show that the mere infliction of punishment, as such, upon any human being, is an act of inherent and barbarous injustice. If I am correct in this position, it becomes my task to prove, that it is at the same time not only ineffectual in producing the result at which it aims, but that it actually aggravates the evil which it professes to cure. This must be the natural result of any unjust proceeding, since the real good of society was never yet promoted by the infliction of injustice upon any individual. The good which is done to the whole, produces in its ultimate effects good to every part.

“The punishment of man consists in the infliction upon him of a treatment which is in opposition to his desires. Pleasure arises from the gratification of his desires; pain is the result when they are offended. If a man desires above all things to gratify the tendency to destroy, which results from the activity of a faculty common to his race, it being at the time in a state of excitement so great as to overmaster the dictates of all his other and higher powers, and to act independently of them, the idea that, in gratifying it, he incurs the risk of *self-destruction*, is that which of all others would be least distasteful to him. That, under such circumstances, he might even contemplate it with pleasure, is shown by the large proportion of cases of murder which are terminated by the suicide of the criminal. The tendency to destroy is one of the blind propensities of man's nature, absolutely necessary to adapt him to his relation to the external world; and, when acting harmoniously with the intellect and moral sentiments, it produces only the most beneficial results; but, when roused to unbalanced action, it exhibits itself in maniacal fury, and, overpowering the reason and the feelings (which it must do before its possessor can commit murder), derives oftentimes as much pleasure from the destruction of its possessor, as from the destruction of any other individual. It gives in its morbid state an inordinate tendency to violent *action*—a wild desire to overpower restraint of every kind, and to break down and destroy all that comes within its reach. To one, therefore, who is labouring under this feeling, the present sanguinary law acts rather as a stimulant. The only thing that would at all operate with preventive force upon a mind in this state, would be the impression, that, if the organ should be gratified up to the point of homicide, it would subject its possessor to a life of perpetual RESTRAINT.

“From the consideration of these views, it would hardly be too much to assert, that the present system of punishment for the crime of murder has actually been the *cause* of a large proportion of those murders which have been committed; and that outrages of this nature would become extremely rare, if the stimulus which this punishment affords to this suicidal tendency (which, as I am prepared to show, is always an accompaniment of homicidal mania) were altogether removed.

“One means of judging of the efficacy of any given punishment in deterring from crime, is by observing the degree of anxiety which is mani-

fested by the criminal to escape from its infliction—particularly as to the degree of caution with which he lays his plans previously to the committal of the deed. In all ordinary cases of crime we see this caution exhibited. Burglaries are seldom executed but upon well-matured plans, and the most ingenious contrivances are employed to escape observation ; frauds are accomplished and secreted by false tales and the alteration of accounts ; and even the common pickpocket acquires his chief reputation amongst his colleagues by the artfulness with which he contrives to elude detection. The only exception to this rule is to be found in cases of homicide. The punishment for this crime is death ; and it therefore becomes necessary, in support of my last assertion, to examine into the degree of anxiety which is manifested by criminals of this class for the preservation of their own lives in connexion with the commission of the offence.

“In my next letter, I shall be able to illustrate this point by a long string of facts, calculated to impress my readers with a just estimate of the effect of the law as it at present stands, in regard to this crime.”

This is fine, and in some parts original. The fifth letter, as stated at the close of the preceding extract, shows, by a table of homicides committed in Great Britain, from 1830 to 1835, the remarkable coincidence of the suicidal with the homicidal propensity ; our author maintaining, in connexion with this table of coincidence, that the tendency of capital punishment is to act as a stimulant to the perpetration of murder. These are the concluding paragraphs of this astounding letter,—

“I trust that I have now not only amply illustrated the fact, that persons labouring under homicidal tendencies are little affected by fear of the punishment of death, but that, in a majority of cases, there is reason to believe that this punishment acts as an additional motive to the commission of the crime. Having taken the position, that its infliction is inherently unjust, there could, if that position be correct, exist little difficulty in proving that it is inexpedient.

“But as I have shown that this infliction is regarded by those who come within its scope rather as an incentive than a check to the perpetration of homicide, it may be said that there is, at all events, little inhumanity in its nature, since it accords so much with the desire of the criminal. I fear, however, that although it produces no beneficial effect in deterring from crime, it will nevertheless oftentimes be found to involve the highest refinement of cruelty. Before the crime is committed, the excitement of the culprit is at the highest pitch : when he is taken into custody, he is subjected to quiet and restraint, all stimuli are removed, his diet is of the least exciting kind. Feelings calculated to repress the activity of the destructive propensity are called into action ; and thus to the criminal, under the influence of this amended physical state, life is sometimes again made to appear an object of desire only at the very moment when it is about to be extinguished. Hence, many of the criminals, who, while they are under the influence of excitement, readily avow the commission of offences, and express an avidity to meet the punishment of

death, become, after subjection to prison discipline, most anxious to escape from its infliction. Benjamin Gardiner, the soldier who, in 1834, shot his serjeant, and exclaimed that he was 'ready to die for it,' pleaded at his trial that he did not know the gun was loaded.

"But although, when it is too late to operate upon the mind of the criminal so as to deter him from evil, the prospect of death may sometimes be rendered terrible to him, it must be recollected that its exhibition never strikes any fearful example into the minds of those who witness it, and who go there only under the influence of the lowest feelings. If these people were, for the previous month, subjected to the wholesome influence of moral advice, coupled with prison discipline and medical treatment, it is probable that most of them would abstain from attending the execution at all."

The sixth and last letter in this *sixpenny*, and very neat pamphlet, continues the illustrations of the inexpediency of capital punishment; answers objections on the part of government to its abolition; points out the neglected duties of the government; and closes with a "Summary of the principles upon which criminal law should be founded." We quote this summary, making allowance for the author's strong attachment to his theory about the brain; which theory, we repeat, does not appear to us materially to affect the benevolent practical views urged. We think that it is the thinking principles of man, his will, affections, and passions, that are to be dealt with—to which curative processes are to be applied; and that although there may be much difference of opinion with regard to the mind's connexion with the body, and as to the point where the functions of the one properly begin and the others cease, yet we believe there can be few disputes about the phenomena each exhibits, whatever be the essential sources of these phenomena. Enlightened persons are pretty well agreed as to the best treatment that may be applied towards the culture of the intellectual powers and the refinement of feeling and taste. Let these understood modes be applied to the repression of crime, and the reclaiming of criminals, all which can and must be done in accordance with the spirit of Christianity—a spirit, we are persuaded, that calls not for any sort of punishment on earth, which recognizes a particle of retaliation or revenge; which pleads alone for the best interests of the offender, and the concomitant, inseparable benefit of society. Now for our extract:—

"In conclusion, I may be permitted to repeat, that the true object of all criminal laws should be simply to remove offenders from the power of gratifying the special tendencies from the action of which their errors of conduct may have arisen, and at the same time to stimulate those faculties which have hitherto lain dormant and inefficient. This must in all cases be the most painful operation that the criminal could undergo; but the object should be, by enlightening the minds of those who are doomed to suffer it,

to show that it is undertaken with no feeling of vengeance, but with the same certainty of producing a good result to the patients themselves, as would be felt in medically administering a specific for any ordinary disease. They should be taught to feel that the *cure* of the depraved mind (or, to speak more correctly, of its disordered instrument), is the only thing that is aimed at, and that an eventual increase of comfort to themselves must be the result of the pain which is inflicted; that the desire is not to administer punishment, but the reverse—to see, in fact, how far they can be saved from punishment by an effort to produce the cure or mitigation which is benevolently desired, by the infliction of the least possible amount of pain. It is happily known, that when those who are suffering from any unfortunate tendency of mind can be made to see and understand an intention of this sort, many an offender will voluntarily submit to the necessary discipline. The pangs which are thus freely borne by that large portion of the Irish population, who have been made to know the inevitable effects of gratifying the propensity for ardent spirits, and who, while this knowledge was imparted to them, had also their higher feelings of religion, faith, self-respect, &c., stimulated by the eloquent appeals of their benevolent countryman, Father MATTHEW, is a good illustration of this point.

“The almost universal ignorance which prevails at present of the fact, that the dispositions of men are within the power of remedial treatment directed to the brain, is much to be deplored; but I am sanguine enough to believe that the time is not far distinct when men will learn that the gratification of their lower passions, by the blind punishment of unfortunate criminals, is only worthy of the days when the lash and chain were considered to be the proper portion of the madman—that they will perceive that it is the duty of those who have inherited high endowments to show nothing but kindness and compassion to their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and to endeavour to raise them as nearly as possible to their own state—and that, if they neglect to do so, they will assuredly share, with the offenders themselves, the evil consequences that may arise. Above all things, we should remember that *a mitigation of the evil tendencies of the lowest mind is never impossible so long as lesion of the brain has not taken place*; and that when lesion has occurred, and improvement is no longer practicable, death will certainly result. To destroy the life of a fellow-creature in whom any improvement may be effected, must be an act of wickedness and barbarity; and to destroy him when he has passed to the state in which death is approaching from the hand of his Maker, must be not only barbarous but impious.

“Under these views, when they shall be more effectively enforced and more amply illustrated, how much of increased happiness may be looked for! when the only object of the law shall be a consideration as to the means by which it can best work towards the permanent good and happiness of the offender, and when the injunctions of the Divine Teacher shall find a place in our hearts as frequently as they do now upon our lips, and our sole aim shall be to return good for evil!”

We are sensible of having given a much lamer account of Mr. Sampson's letters than they deserve. But enough has been shown to

recommend the entire publication to all our readers ; not one of whom can rise from a perusal of it without being pleased and instructed, and on the main practical points, we hope, deeply persuaded.

We had thought of appending some observations of our own to what has already been said and quoted ; but we find there hardly can be any novelty introduced, at least by us, on the subjects of Mr. Sampson's volume. In these circumstances we are glad to diversify the matter of our pages, whatever be the theme, and are happy at having the opportunity of doing so even with regard to the present much agitated question ; that diversity consisting fully as much in respect of the character of the author, referred to the quarter whence the observations come, as on account of any decided originality in point of argument or sentiment.

We however hold it to be a significant and gratifying token of the progress of enlightened and reflecting minds relative to the ends and tendency of punishments, that his Royal Highness Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, has recently written a book, filled with benevolent and well-digested views, intended especially for the benefit of the countries over which he may at no distant day reign, and advocating with regard to "Punishments and Prisons," principles not more remarkable as emanating from a palace, than distinguished for their unconditional breadth—their eloquent perspicuity. The Prince would abolish capital punishments, no matter what the crime,—he would dispense with corporal punishment to the utmost practicable extent,—he would, in fact, adopt the Philadelphia system, with the accommodations necessary in Sweden,—he desires above all things the moral improvement of the people, not bodily suffering even for the vilest, convinced that all such treatment is prejudicial to society, and injurious to the criminal himself.

From Mr. Laing and from other sources we have from time to time received the most discouraging accounts of the criminal statistics of Sweden ; but never before have we obtained such a striking and succinct statement of facts connected with the subject as is given by the Crown Prince. For example, we are presented with a table of annual executions in the different countries of Europe, from which it appears that Spain stands at the head, being *one* in 122,000 inhabitants ; Sweden next, being *one* in 172,000 ; and Ireland next again, being *one* in 200,000. After going through a number of countries, the royal philanthropist thus expresses himself:—"In spite of the number of executions, comparatively to the population, being greatest in Spain, and next in Sweden and Ireland, it is sufficiently well known that the number of crimes committed there is greater instead of being less, than in many other lands where capital punishments are either quite unknown, or are very sparingly used. We also find that capital punishments have been least necessary in those states where the greatest efforts have

been made for the spread of intelligence and the removal of those bands which fetter private industry. Prussia is in this respect highly remarkable." The annual executions for this last-mentioned country are said to be *one* in 1,700,000.

It would appear that, owing in a great measure to the vicious existing criminal code of Sweden, and the methods of punishment, combined with the species of oppression and serfdom that exists, crime is fearfully on the increase. The Swedish Houses of Correction are roundly blamed; while the expense of supporting these nurseries of crime is becoming a source of dismay. In one paragraph, the Prince says that there has been an increase of prisoners to the amount of 2359 in three years, and that if the average should proceed at the same rate, by the end of thirteen years the entire number would be doubled. Then, after counting the actual expense, together with the number of days' labour lost, he discovers a sad and threatening state of things in the economical circumstances of the country. He says, the picture presented is one which is as sorrowful to the humane, as it is dangerous to the calm and contentment of society, proving most unequivocally the very pressing necessity of attempting to uproot the terrible evil by powerful and extensive measures, before its destructive plague reaches the vital principle of civil organization. The following remarks are also gladdening, as affording rich promise of wisdom:—"Let us never forget that 1200, or about the half of our parishes, are still destitute of schools, and that parental care, which in Sweden has long been the only means, and will long be an important one, of popular education, in our days requires the assistance of the school to preserve its influence and its sanctity. But if it is a truth, no one will deny that uncultivated savage ignorance is the chief source of crime; we must also admit that it is often caused by misery and want. Society ought, therefore, to protect and encourage trade, commerce, and navigation; and this not so much as a guardian, but rather like an attentive and enlightened physician, who knows when and how to do away with whatever hinders the free and powerful development of the natural tendencies. This should exhibit itself less in a severely judicial examination of the possibility any one may have of obtaining his support, than in actively procuring him new and widened paths for that purpose. An improved municipal system, and an improved poor-law, are also among those measures which are imperatively called for to enable us, with any hope of success, to put a limit to the increasing poverty and demoralization which surround us."

We quote one passage more: it refers to corporal punishments. "It is objected," says the prince, "that corporal punishments are inseparably united with our manners, our habits and our traditional customs. This assertion reposes, I imagine, on a misunderstanding,

a confusion of the views of a past period with those of the present. Corporal punishments were connected with public opinion as long as they were in accordance with the prevalent religious ideas. The church itself pointed them out as a means of salvation, and the penitent sinner believed that by flagellation, bodily suffering, and severe fasts, he should recover the peace of conscience he had lost. So far from being disgraceful, corporal punishments were then regarded as an act of atonement, and the only proper way of a second reception into the bosom of the church. Thus we find them united with church penance and confession, whereby the criminal, purified by his punishment, was restored to the congregation. But this belief, these ideas, have long since disappeared. Public opinion in our day brands the punished criminal with an almost indelible disgrace, and throws him back with detestation from its bosom. Of all those who defend the suitableness of public whipping, is there one who will take the whipped offender into his service? Have we not then created a class of *Pariahs*, or moral outlaws, who are compelled to regard themselves as at continual war with society?"

These few extracts we have taken from a translation of certain portions of the prince's pamphlet, which we found in a late number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, glad to be able to aid the cause of humanity and enlightened legislation by means of such an influential writer. The publication is said to have created a sensation in Sweden. From what we have quoted, our readers will be persuaded that it abounds with striking suggestions to the people of England. We hope to see it ere long in an English dress.

ART. IX.—1. *England's Trust, and other Poems.* By LORD JOHN MANNERS. Longman and Co.

2. *Christ and Antichrist: a Poem, in Seven Cantos.* By a LAYMAN.

HEAR the words of a mighty man! "An inward prompting grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might, perhaps, leave something so written, to after times, as that they should not willingly let it die." Such was the oracular spirit of a true prophet,—a poet indeed. And to what source did he look for his promptings and his strength? "The accomplishment of these intentions," he says, "lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, so far as life and free leisure shall extend. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that some few years yet I may go in trust with him toward the payment of that for which I am now indebted; as being a work not to be raised

from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste of some vulgar amouirist, nor to be obtained of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with fire from his altar, to touch and to purify the lips of whom he pleases."

It would have been a greater wonder than that a blind man should compose a poem of unrivalled majesty and seraphic fire, had the utterer of these words died in old age and left nothing that after times should not willingly let it die. Yes, and when through like travail, and similarly conscious of a heavenly mission, another prophet ariseth, then will be the regeneration of English poetry, no matter what the prevailing spirit of the age. It will then be found that the fields are open and green, and that their fruits and fertility are inexhaustible; it will then be demonstrated that there is poetry in human nature that needs but to be touched by live coal from the altar. The fire will not even be strange, but genuine and holy; and again the world will proclaim itself as it were born again, and imbued with a life that may so exult for a season, as to be more than an equivalent for years of degeneracy and the hiding of the streams of the sacred fountain, which only after weary windings under the willows, and long intervals, glistens faintly for a moment in response to the greetings of the cheerful sun.

What the character of the revived or coming song may be we cannot, perhaps no one, can tell. Very probably it may partake of the nature of some grand phasis of society, new and young. Assuredly, however, it will not be a transient or a lurid light, bred during a fever, and addressed to maddened brains or morbid imaginations. Neither, we feel persuaded, will the themes of regenerated poetry be ephemeral or unworthy of posterity's culture and admiration.

But after all, the lament that we hear constantly poured out concerning the decline of poetry has a good deal in it of the cuckoo's song. It is the fashion of the day to utter a few generalities on the subject; just as it is the practice for multitudes to versify, who had they been men or women fifty years ago would have deemed their time idly spent over poetry, unless in reading the effusions of our great masters. The strain of genuine song that is still to be heard in silent and select retreats, is to the world drowned, amid a Babel hubbub of sounds; and the genuine is brought into disrepute by the mass of trash, of trifles, and of meretricious ornament.

The complaint is frequent that much of the indifference shown towards poetic composition is occasioned by the gigantic strides which physical science has been making, and by a sordid worldly disposition, or the strivings which the many have to make to feed the body and make *an appearance* among their fellows. That each and

all of these causes may have exerted a deadening influence, we are far from denying, although we think they have been much over-rated, just as too much stress appears to be lent to the spirit of **any** period towards evoking a fresh and copious stream of poetry. It has been properly asked what charm could the genius of the age, of the great world, have had in the breast of the Ayrshire ploughman, and indeed of many other poets who burst suddenly into being and to the amazement of mankind, when all had been gloom and barrenness for a lifetime before? Has not the Muse in this and in every other country been chary of her visitations, and apparently whimsical with regard to the periods of return? We live in hopes that America may free herself from the trammels of English imitation, and present the world with an indigenous literature in all its higher departments. The nation is still but young, and hitherto could not be expected to become a grand book-mart for the world, without neglecting more serious, urgent, and permanent advantages. Her sons have had too little leisure to court posthumous fame as poets, or to regard a mere literary reputation as the highest object of ambitious pursuit. Poetry could not hitherto have been properly a vocation in that country. We hope, however, if the golden age of poetry be for ever past in Old England; if in the history of civilization, and as soon as nations go beyond the heroic stage, exchanging true and original poetry for effeminacy, there be grounds for despairing of any future complete revival,—we trust that in the new world among Britain's offspring, our language will yet triumph in song, and bear testimony to its ample riches and the great hearts of those who cherish its treasures in a young soil.

Having noticed the circumstance that our American brethren can hardly be said to have yet enjoyed the leisure that entitles us to expect from them the happiest sportings of literary genius, or the full and solemn species of culture which a Milton lavished upon the gifts bestowed upon him by Providence, the remark naturally follows, viz., that some of our most eminent poets in recent times may be said to have written not so much for posterity as for the contemporary popular ear, and as prompted or tempted by a liberal or speculating publisher, to whom pounds, shillings, and pence, have had far greater charms than the sublime anticipations of the blind bard. With Scott, for example, writing poetry was a species of worldly traffic that has done much to cause a glut of the market, and to create poetasters. Wordsworth, and even Campbell, may be quoted as exceptions; and indeed the hoped-for generation is likely enough to set in with a light and a purity akin to what have guided the former of these masters in the regions of nature, beauty, and truth—among the affections of humble hearts, and within the grandeur and spell of God's untarnished world. The calm, the contemplative, and the gratifying Campbell may become a favourite

star also ; and not the least subduing and inviting when he sounds the trumpet of freedom. But we must not, need not, speculate at greater length, and therefore come now to business having an immediate claim upon our attention for a few seconds.

The small volume at the top of our paper is one to cheer the heart of the lover of poetry, and of him who may have for years mourned over the decadence of the Muse—who may have discovered nothing upon which to rest his hopes in these latter days of dissension, mechanism, and materiality. The author is not only a true poet, with a vein of his own, but he is of that order and eminence in the state, as to set literary fashion in a right and promising direction. He has a fine mind, manifestly adorned by art and study, while natural ease, and the glow of enthusiasm, remove his verse altogether from the charge of being tame, although not always from the effects of carelessness or of haste ; as witness not only faulty rhymes, but halting lines. It is, indeed, perfectly clear that Lord John, if he chooses, will give still better things, and that he ought to throw himself upon some subject of greater compass than any in the present volume ; or, rather, that he should take a loftier flight, and traverse wider regions than he has been led to do in “*England’s Trust*,” the largest poem in the present volume.

There are some circumstances to which allusion has not yet been made by us, that strengthen greatly the promise which we discover in the noble author’s venture. One of these is the piety of the strain, hallowing every sentiment, and lending to the nationality of the whole the most enduring grace. But, independent of the holy breathings of these poems, the writer—whether rightly or wrongly, theologically speaking, we shall not at present inquire—has adopted certain opinions with which poetry may be most happily wedded ; his religious creed and the Muse being admirably suited to reciprocate the kindest offices. We shall not express ourselves upon this point at greater length, seeing that some of our extracts are sufficiently indicative of themselves, than to state that his Lordship laments the divisions into religious parties and sects which have so long distracted England, and earnestly longs for that union and purity which he believes once distinguished the Apostolical church of this country. It is the “*Church Catholic in England*,” not the Catholic Church, that he fondly desires to see healthfully planted and watered in his native land.

These few observations may be allowed to introduce our specimens. First, of the lamented past :

“ Turn my tired gaze to some time-hallowed page
That sadly tells us of a nobler age.

* * * * *

When Mother-Church her richest stores displayed,
And Sister-State on her behalf arrayed

The tempered majesty of sacred law,
 And loved to reason, but at times could awe ;
 When kings were taught to feel the dreadful weight
 Of power derived from One than kings more great,
 And learned with reverence to wield the rod
 They deemed entrusted to their hand by God."

What ought the priesthood to do ?

" Deep in that Church what treasures buried lie
 Unseen, unlooked for by the careless eye !
 How gleam in each old half-forgotten rite
 The magic rays of Apostolic light !
 Oh, would her priests but dare to raise on high
 Her glorious banner to the storm-rent sky,
 Be bold to plead their Mother's holy cause,
 Nor shrink from one least tittle of her laws,
 Then might our England justly hope to be
 What she was once—the faithful and the free ;
 Then might she, with her meteor flag unfurled,
 Despise the threatenings of a banded world !"

Rich poetic feeling clothes kindred sentiments in the following passage :—

" Faint grows my Muse ; her too presumptuous flight,
 Reveals the glories to her dazzled sight ;
 Glories that still await old England's isle,
 Where ancient Faith and Virtue still shall smile.
 Ay ! for amid the thousand forms of crime,
 By wealth untainted and unaged by time,
 In many a hamlet yet uncursed by trade,
 Bloom Faith and Love all brightly in the shade—
 (So tender flow'rets shun the noontide beams,
 And love to nestle by secluded streams ;)
 Still, as of old, from greybeard sire to son,
 Tradition's current noiselessly rolls on ;
 Still has God's Priest the will and power to bless
 With more than earth's mere mortal happiness ;
 Still are his humble flock content to tread
 With him the path that leads them to the dead,
 Whose modest grave-stones speak to lowly Faith
 Some of the mysteries that hallow Death.
 Simple are they. They never learned to scan,
 With haughty pride, the wrongs or rights of man ;
 Nor deemed it wisdom to despise and hate
 Whate'er is noble, reverend, or great.
 O'er them no lurid light has knowledge shed,
 And Faith stands them in Education's stead ;

Albeit the sire, his daily labour done,
May tell some legend to his wondering son ;
Recount, perchance, the hamlet's oft-told tale,
How on All Hallow's Eve in yonder dale,
A spectre lorn appears ; or how of old,
Those ruined halls held barons brave and bold ;
And then, with shaking head and voice relate
Their good successor's melancholy fate :
How for their Church and King they nobly stood,
And sealed their faith in battle with their blood.
When Sunday brings its welcome boon of rest,
In all the pomp of rustic splendour dressed,
Behold the humble train in meekness bend,
To catch the blessing of their pastor friend,
And join with reverence in the heartfelt prayer,
That floats to Heaven upon the hallowed air.
Oh ! may the holy angels guard and bless
Their modest homes from modern restlessness :
May Mother Church attend each infant's birth,
Consign, life's struggle o'er, their dust to earth,
And keep, as witness to degenerate days,
Their choir to utter glory, thanks, and praise !"

Again :—

"What ! must we now confess that all in vain,
Have years of toil, reproach, unrest, and pain,
Witnessed our ceaseless struggles to restore
Back to the Church her purity of yore ?
Must we confess that Peace and Oneness fled,
And Strife and Schism triumphed in their stead ;
When the lascivious tyrant for a whim
Bade Faith resume her long discarded trim,
And in a moment's fit of heady rage
Burst the strong fetters of a fretful age ?
In truth to see the countless sects that rend
Our once united isle from end to end,
To hear their jarring and discordant sounds,
To mark the blasphemy that scorns all bounds,
The hollow charity that fain would see
'Twixt truth and falsehood no diversity,
Well might stout hearts admit a craven fear,
And read in wrath God's judgment graven here.
And if e'en now one ray of hope appears,
Like maiden's smile all brightening through her tears,
'Tis that our sons may from experience know
What bitter streams from modern fountains flow ;
And turn their steps, ere 'tis too late to turn,
To ancient Faith's yet forgotten urn."

The Sonnet which we now quote will show that it is not the Romish church that the poet lauds and laments :—

“ Hard-hearted Rome ! a grievous sin is thine,
 In that thou hast not e'en as yet suppressed
 Thy cruel mandate, under which we pine
 In foreign lands, and offerest no rest
 To souls world-wearied, way-worn, and oppressed.
 In purer days, in one unbroken line,
 The Church's children, like the seamless vest
 Of Him, her Master, bound by ties divine,
 By prayer, and vigil, fast, and sacrament,
 Stood firm, and knew not heresy nor rent.
 And now, how weary is this heart of mine,
 Because thou wilt not do thy Lord's behest,
 And still on worldly pomp and rule art bent,
 Albeit thine eye is dim, the daylight well nigh spent.”

There is much sweetness and simplicity in the minor pieces.
 “ A Night Storm ” affords a specimen :—

“ I looked into a placid lake ;
 I looked upon its shore ;
 I felt my thoughts a current take
 They never took before.

I thought of all the glorious things
 Which on this earth are spread ;
 I thought of peasants and of kings
 That under it lie dead.

I thought how vain a thing is man,
 How vain his hopes and fears ;
 And from my thoughtful eyes began
 To drop slow-flowing tears.

I looked up to a mountain's crest,
 No cloud was then thereon ;
 Unruffled was the lake's calm breast
 On which the moonbeams shone.

I thought one little moment's space
 Of high and holy things,
 Of God's redeeming love and grace,
 From which salvation springs.

And then the clouds poured out their rain,
 The waves uprose on high ;
 I looked around, but looked in vain,
 For dark was all the sky.

I thought of sinners' awful doom,
 My flesh began to creep ;
 I wished myself again at home,
 I wished I were asleep.
 I gazed—the darkness knew no light—
 I heard the waters roar,
 But could not see the fearful sight
 That I had seen before.
 I sate me down, and thought, and prayed,
 Till hope had well-nigh flown :
 I saw my crimes and sins arrayed
 Before me, one by one.
 Flash came the lightning's livid flame,
 Loud rolled the thunder peal,
 Till quivered all my trembling frame,
 And sense began to reel.
 It ceased, and suddenly I saw
 Again the mountain's crest :
 Fear, wonder, love, and holy awe,
 Strove in my humbled breast.
 I rose up from the steaming ground,
 I rose, and walked away ;
 I heard a solemn, soothing sound,
 And calmed my soul to pray.
 Since then full many storms I've seen
 Stir up the raging sea ;
 But ne'er has night so dreadful been
 As was that night to me."

One example more, where ease and elegance are united ; but concluding haltingly :

" Lady ! 'tis not that thine eye is bright,
 'Tis not that thy face is fair,
 'Tis not that thy step is free and light,
 'Tis not for thy raven hair ;
 'Tis not that thy voice is low and sweet,
 'Tis not for thy foot so small,
 'Tis not that thy lips are love's own seat ;
 'Tis for something worth them all.
 'Tis that thy soul is pure as the light,
 It is that thy words all tell
 The goodness with which thy heart is bright,
 That now—ah, lady ! farewell !"

" Christ and Antichrist,"—the Redeemer and his adversaries, whoever these may be, is a theme suggestive of such sacred and

awful things that it would require more than a Milton to tread amongst them,—more than he who came short in “*Paradise Regained*.” Sure we are, at any rate, that nothing less than an imagination so divine as was Heaven’s gift to that man, and tutored in the same school, can ever enter the Temple, and traverse the avenues to the Holy of Holies.

Two things at least must be consciously possessed by him who would trace the life of Christ, and describe or predict the triumphs of his doctrines, if attempted in verse: the writer must be poetically inspired and of the order of the first of the prophets; and he must, after long study and labour have become master of the poetic art. Nor perhaps could even a Milton, had he undertaken to narrate in measured lines the history of our Saviour, have done other than offended the devout, or escaped falling wonderfully behind the artless, the life-looking and the life-giving narratives of the Evangelists.

Were it not that “*Christ and Antichrist, a Poem in Seven Cantos*, by a Layman of the United Church of England and Ireland,” belongs to a canting and intolerant class of publications, breathing hatred and persecution, we should by no means deem the present occasion worthy of more than some half-dozen of words. But we are frequently obliged to look into the pages of similarly offensive and irreverent books, wearing the garb of poetry; and for once we may be excused for noticing their bad character.

We hesitate not to pronounce a work to be profane that ventures to mouth in almost every line such awful words, and to handle such solemn prophecies, as the present author, without scruple and without any appearance of judgment, whatever be his blind zeal, largely introduces; sometimes, too, for the purposes of furious although feeble railing. Has he even asked himself and seriously pondered whether his Cantos will do most harm or most good? If he fancies that he can by such means batter down the Romish church, and buttress the divided Establishment of England, he is to be pitied; if the thing has been undertaken to ridicule the intolerant party of the “*United Church*,” of which he professes to be a member, he is still more to be considered an object of commiseration, and has marvellously miscalculated the extent of his abilities. We are willing, however, to believe that he is sincere and in earnest; and this supposition brings us to remark that no man can be guiltless, if possessed of common sense, who would rush no better equipped than the Layman into the field which he has chosen. Sectarian heat, and a doggrel vocabulary are not sufficient for such a warfare, or such an exposition as he has ventured on. We should say to the man who steps into the sanctuary, “*See that vanity does not mislead thee, and that thou hast schooled thy feelings and thy natural powers. Be sure thou hast earnestly inquired whether thou art anointed, and let thy examination of thyself be thorough and in*

trembling ; otherwise ordinary decency and feeling will condemn thee."

Just let us hear what is the Layman's purpose and the nature of his attempt. He says that, "deeply impressed with a sense of the dangers which threaten the Protestant Church of England and Ireland on every side, and aware of the unceasing efforts which are making to sap her foundations, and destroy her bulwarks, as well by the dark and insidious designs, as by the open violence of her numerous and powerful enemies, he ventures respectfully to dedicate it (the poem) to his countrymen." His attempt is to oppose "a barrier against the further progress of Romanism in his native land by demonstrating (in what he trusts will be considered an attractive form) the irreconcilable difference between Christianity and Popery—between truth and falsehood—'by contrasting the life and heavenly doctrines of the Redeemer, as displayed in the New Testament, with the pride, the superstition, and cruelty of the Church of Rome, by which Christ and his Gospel are set aside, in order that the sacrilegious and presumptuous priest may stand before the ignorant as a God.'"

We must now have a specimen of the attractive form by which the Layman gives us narrative, argument, expostulation, and emotion, by turns. But first we quote the *suitable* motto to his narrative comment on the New Testament:—

"HAMLET.—Look here upon this picture, and on this!

QUEEN.—Oh Hamlet, you have cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET.—Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half!"

We now open at random for a sample of the attractive poem, and where the Layman will be heard in his narrative strain:—

"Now one whom Jesus dearly loved was ill,
Which having heard, the Lord continued still
Beyond the river Jordan ; there sojourned,
There taught, nor t'wards Jerusalem returned.
Lazarus was brother to that maiden fair,
Who poured a box of spikenard, ointment rare,
Upon the Saviour's head, Mary by name ;
Pious her act, and lasting is her fame.
His elder sister Martha, when she made
The Lord a feast in Bethany displayed
Her love and zeal to do him reverence
By stately service and magnificence ;
Which Jesus gently checked, when she applied
For Mary's aid, who modestly beside
The great Instructor sate, nor would consent
That one thus godly-minded, and attent

Upon his doctrine, should for earthly toys
 Relinquish wisdom's choice, unearthly joys.
 But Jesus loved them all, and frequently
 Sought their abode in passing Bethany ;
 Therefore they sent, when sick their brother lay,
 Unto the Lord, who kindly thus did say,—
 ' This sickness is not mortal, but that God
 Be herein glorified.' Then He abode
 Still two days in the desert. ' Now I bend
 My steps into Judea, there my friend
 To visit,' Jesus said : ' Master refrain,'
 All the disciples cry, ' go not again,
 For there the Jews, who envy you, and hate,
 And sought erewhile to stone, still lie in wait.' "

Here comes a hortative ; predictions and their interpretation follow :—

" Britain, maintain the truth—God's chosen race,
 Thy favour'd sons. Then never shall disgrace
 Tarnish thy western isle, but all thy foes
 Shall perish at his presence ; then all those
 Who fall on thee, as chaff before the wind
 Shall fly, on whom thou fall'st, thou shalt to powder grind ;
 So shall thy Eden isle, for ever free,
 Shine glorious—emblem of true liberty !
 Foul Superstition then shall fly thy shores,
 Which more the creature than the God adores.
 Victorious thou on ocean and in field,
 Obedience to thy God alone shalt yield.
 Britain ! maintain the truth ; then shall thy sway
 Endure for ages, and thy foes dismay.
 Thou—as predicted of thee—hast o'ercome
 Th' usurped dominion of that beast of Rome,
 Which the beloved disciple saw arise
 From hell's profoundest pit ; thou, whom his eyes
 Beheld in heavenly vision, wide displayed
 The book of knowledge, by whose powerful aid
 He spake of thee—' sitting as on a sea
 Of mingled glass and fire.' "

In a note, the " sea of mingled glass of fire," is held " clearly" to describe " the insular and glorious position of England." We now quote an *elegant* homily on gold ; the poet approacheth, with his thunders, Antichrist :—

" Seductive gold
 Bribed the rapacious guard, who gladly kept
 The secret,—thenceforth stating, ' As we slept,
 His armed disciples in vast numbers came,
 And stole his body.' Thus all sense of shame

Base gold can quell. Deep, deep within the mine,
 The shining curse lay hid by power divine ;
 But man, in evil hour, tilling the ground,
 Near the broad margin of a lake profound,
 The tempter spied ; or mingled with the sand
 Of some proud river, watering arid land ;
 Enamour'd of its charm, with mimic skill,
 Like to himself, ' save that it cannot kill,'
 A molten image forms, then loudly calls,
 To his dumb god for help, and prostrate falls
 Before the idol ; nor can understand,
 Nor apprehend, a lie in his right hand.
 Go cast your images in loathsome holes,
 The dark abodes of dragons, bats, and moles,
 And Christ shall give you life ! Depart, depart
 From sin, and purify thy mind and heart.
 Deposit treasure in the heavens above,
 For where your treasure, there your heart and love
 Will centre. Garments store which wax not old ;
 Make peace with mammon ; of unrighteous gold,
 A faithful friend, which at your utmost need,
 Shall plead your cause, recount each generous deed.
 For thee, the widow's voice ascends the skies ;
 For thee, the orphan's prayers to heaven arise ;
 For thee, the captive exile thou hast freed,
 And slave redeemed, in tears for mercy plead ;
 Nor vainly plead : the Saviour Judge forgives,
 Blots out thy sins, thy soul for ever lives.
 How few, alas ! who hold the glittering ore,
 With charitable hand dispense ; for more
 They sigh, they pant, they labour, and they toil,
 Defile their consciences, their bosoms soil."

The memory of the sainted Queen Bess is thus celebrated :—

" Next famed Eliza rose, in virgin might,
 Reformed religion—Christian—heavenly bright
 Her steps attends—wise, prudent, skilful, strong,
 A thousand blissful memories eager throng
 To hail the valiant queen. Behold her ride
 As warrior armed, a nation at her side,
 And God to aid her cause. His tempests rise,
 Before whose boisterous breath th' Armada flies ;
 Wide scattered, wrecked, or taken, few return
 Of thy invincibles : hence, tyrant, learn
 A mightier than thou, Britannia's throne
 Guards and sustains ; her rocky shores bestrewn
 With thy proud vaunting fleet. In order placed
 Within her Tower, the engines which disgraced

Thy bigot rule ; such, such, the princely dower
 For thy rapt bride designed, and such thy dream of power.
 In venerable age revered, in mind
 Unbroken, she to God her soul resigned,
 Leaving her people happy, great and free.
 Now James ascends the throne ; from Scotland he."

We are rapidly carried by the prophetic bard's wand to the period of the "glorious revolution," and thence to the present moment ; our young queen and the stalwart Dan receiving appropriate notice.

" A glorious revolution now draws on,
 William and Mary mount the vacant throne ;
 The Christian faith in purity maintained,
 Foul Antichrist in double fetters chained.
 Victoria ! break not quite this linked chain,
 Curb his increasing power, his pride restrain ;
 Young as thou art, and knowing only good,
 O learn not evil, best not understood ;
 Let past experience of such ills suffice,
 Wouldst thou the hooded serpent sting us thrice ?
 Bitter and sweet this day before thee placed,
 Choose thou the sweet, the bitter do not taste.
 Thy kindly predecessor almost freed
 The rampant monster. What has been the meed ?
 Emancipation gained : he vowed and swore,
 He neither asked, nor sighed, nor wished for more.
 Emancipate ! he would at once o'erturn
 Our holy faith ; ravage, destroy, and burn
 The forest of our Carmel. See him stride,
 Scattering his frothy venom far and wide,
 Till like the tares, by evil angel sown,
 The tender wheat be stifled and o'ergrown.
 See the fair daughters of our favoured land
 To divers altars led ; unholy band
 Of wedlock, with idolaters contract.
 Union abhorred—unrighteous, wicked pact !
 Soon shall their sons at Baal's altar bend,
 Desert God's temple, and his shrine attend.
 ' Granting the evil mighty, how can I
 The spreading cancer stay ? Shall I apply
 Sweet opiates to the wound ?' They have been tried,
 And by his country's glory misapplied.
 Advance thy banner, strike a deadly blow,
 False steps retrace, and lay the monster low.
 Emancipation has been tried in vain,
 Rescind it—England is herself again !
 Thy pardon, gracious Queen, my country's wrongs
 Demand redress, to thee redress belongs."

We shall not trouble our readers with any account of the clumsiness of the construction of the "Poem;" the rigmarole lines are significant enough of the skill of the artist. We conclude with a sample of the champion's bold freedom with sacred things, commencing, however, in Miltonic fashion:—

"Thou, Lord, whose will in Heaven and Earth is done,
Aid now my efforts, thou my verse inspire;
Accord one ray of intellectual fire,
That with no trembling hand, or feeble lay,
Thy Son's sublime ascension I display.
Unfold, ye gates—ye everlasting doors
Unfold; Jesus, the King of Glory, soars!
First fruits of those who die; aloft he springs,
By his own power upborne; no angel wings
His flight sustain; no fiery foaming steeds,
No flaming chariot, he desires or needs.
Unfold, ye everlasting doors! let in
The Life of life—triumphant over sin!
Death's mighty Conqueror asserts the skies,
And to his rightful habitation flies."

ART. X.—*Speech for the Defendant in the Prosecution of The Queen v. Moxon, for the Publication of Shelley's Works.* By T. N. TALFOURD, Sergeant at Law. London: Moxon.

WE have here Sergeant Talfourd's speech revised, which was delivered in the Queen's Bench, June 23, of the current year, and on an occasion when literature and the law of libel were brought into collision in a singular and striking manner. It is certainly not a usual proceeding, neither would it, if often repeated, redound to the credit of the British bar, for Counsel to revise and publish their own crack speeches. The present instance, however, was worthy of an exception; not merely on account of the importance and the novelty of the prosecution, but the eloquent ability, and the ornate, the elaborate, character of the defence. Nor is it inopportunistically observed by Mr. Talfourd that the case "has been unavoidably deprived, by the urgency of political topics and electioneering details, of the notice it would have received from the press at a calmer season." He has, therefore, judged rightly, both for the interests of the public, and his own reputation, to report his own speech. We must shortly state the facts which gave rise to the trial, and to the accomplished advocate's forensic display; next follow him through some of his arguments and periods; and lastly express our opinion of his effort, as well as of the present condition of the law with regard to the prosecution of public offences.

Mr. Hetherington, a person of some notoriety, and a bookseller in London, was indicted by the Attorney General, in 1840, for selling certain numbers of "Haslam's Letters to the Clergy of all Denominations," each sold at *one penny*. They were charged as containing libels on the Old Testament. The party defended himself, but was convicted of *blasphemy*; and the sentence was imprisonment of four months in the Queen's Bench prison.

Mr. Hetherington—who rested his defence "mainly on a claim of unqualified right to publish all matters of opinion, and on the argument that the work charged as blasphemous came fairly within the operation of that principle"—seems to have deemed it becoming him to resent the conduct towards him by the public prosecutor by selecting publishers of the highest respectability for indictments, that he, in his turn, might teach a lesson; and thus, in some measure find a set-off to his previous defeat. Accordingly he commissioned a person in his employ to purchase from Mr. Moxon and others, Shelley's "Queen Mab," forming part of a complete and uniform edition of that poet's works; and having thus obtained copies, indictments were preferred at the Central Criminal Court against the general vendors, which were eventually removed to the Queen's Bench. Mr. Moxon was the original publisher of the edition, and his case came on at the date mentioned at the beginning of our paper.

The prosecution was conducted in the name of the Queen, that is, of Hetherington, who taking advantage of the armoury furnished by law could, through her Majesty's name, thus lend dignity to his proceedings, and, in effect, act the part of an Attorney General. And this is the general account given by the Sergeant of the indictment against Mr. Moxon, that he—

" ' Being an evil-disposed and wicked person, disregarding the laws and religion of this realm, and wickedly and profanely devising and intending to bring the Holy Scriptures and the Christian religion into disbelief and contempt, unlawfully and wickedly, did falsely and maliciously publish a scandalous, impious, profane, and malicious libel of and concerning the Christian religion, and of and concerning the Holy Scriptures, and of and concerning Almighty God,' in which were contained certain passages charged as blasphemous and profane. It then set forth a passage in blank verse, beginning, '*They have three words: well tyrants know their use, well pay them for the loan, with usury torn from a bleeding world!—God, Hell, and Heaven;*' and after adding an innuendo, '*meaniny thereby that God, Hell, and Heaven, were merely words,*' proceeded to recite a few more lines, applying very coarse and irreverent, but not very intelligible comments to each of those words. It then charged, that the libel contained, in other parts, two other passages, also in verse, and to which the same character may be justly applied. It lastly set forth a passage of prose from the notes, the object of which seems to be to assert, that the belief in the

plurality of worlds is inconsistent with 'religious systems,' and with 'deifying the principle of the universe;' and which, after speaking in very disrespectful terms of the statements of Christian history as 'irreconcilable with the knowledge of the stars,' concludes with the strange inconsistency pointed out by Lord Denman in his charge (if the author's intention was to deny the being of God), 'The work of *His* fingers have borne witness against them.' "

Going into the speech, we find the advocate stating and complaining that four passages are set forth, torn violently asunder from their context, and found in an edition of several volumes, comprising more than twenty thousand lines of verse, the whole work presenting "the entire intellectual history—true and faithful, because traced in the series of those works which were its events—of one of the most extraordinary persons ever gifted and doomed to illustrate the nobleness, the grandeur, the imperfections, and the progress of human genius—whom it pleased God to take from this world while the process of harmonizing his stupendous powers was yet incomplete, but not before it had indicated its beneficent workings."

The foundation of the defence may be discovered in the following excerpts from the Sergeant's speech: "Queen Mab" was written at the age of eighteen, "a composition marked with nothing to attract the casual reader—irregular in versification, wild, disjointed, visionary; often difficult to be understood, even by a painful student of poetry, and sometimes wholly unintelligible even to him; but containing as much to wonder at, to ponder on, to weep over, as any half-formed works of genius which ever emanated from the vigour and the rashness of youth." "The question is, whether it is blasphemy to present to the world—say rather to the calm, the laborious, the patient searcher after wisdom and beauty, who alone will peruse this volume—the awful mistakes, the mighty struggles, the strange depressions, and the imperfect victories of such a spirit, because the picture has some passages of frightful gloom?"

Again,—

"It is not a sinful Elysium, full of lascivious blandishments, but a heaving chaos of mighty elements, that the publisher of the early productions of Shelley unveils. In such a case, the more awful the alienation, the more pregnant with good will be the lesson. Shall this life, fevered with beauty, restless with inspiration, be hidden; or, wanting its first blind but gigantic efforts, be falsely, because partially revealed? If to trace back the stream of genius, from its greatest and most lucid earthly breadth to its remotest fountain, is one of the most interesting and instructive objects of philosophic research, shall we—when we have followed that of Shelley through its majestic windings, beneath the solemn glooms of 'The Cenci,' through the glory-tinged expanses of 'The Revolt of Islam,' amidst the dream-like haziness of the 'Prometheus'—be forbidden to

ascend with painful steps its narrowing course to its furthest spring, because black rocks may encircle the spot whence it rushes into day, and demon shapes—frightful but powerless for harm—may gleam and frown on us beside it ?”

We remember when reviewing the impression in question of Shelley's poems, as edited by his widow, that we were of the number of journalists who blamed her for withholding some of the more startling passages, because his was a mind for philosophers to study ; and that it was unfair, both to the dead and to the living, to give a broken or imperfect representation of a poet who was a psychological phenomenon ; especially when his errors could never be understood by the masses, or relished by them, so dreamy and mystified was their texture and flight. If we were right when thus expressing ourselves, of course we would not have approved of the suppression of the passages upon which Mr. Hetherington fastened his prosecution. But to return to Mr. Talfourd's defence ; he proceeds to consider the passages impugned. We cannot, however, possibly follow sentence by sentence the orator's criticism upon each indicted portion or fragment. Yet something must be quoted from the part of the speech under consideration, in justice both to the speaker and the poet. The Sergeant observes of “Queen Mab,”—

“ All, indeed, is fantastical—nothing clear except that atheism and the materialism, on which alone atheism can rest, are refuted in every page. If the being of God is in terms denied—which I deny—it is confessed in substance ; and what injury can an author do, who one moment deprecates the ‘deifying the Spirit of the universe,’ and the next himself deifies ‘the spirit of nature,’—speaks of her ‘eternal breath,’ and fashions for her ‘a fitting temple ?’ Nay, in this strange poem, the spiritual immunities of the soul and its immortal destinies are distinctly asserted amidst all its visionary splendours. The spirit of Ianthe is supposed to arise from the slumbering body, and to stand beside it ; while the poet thus represents each :—

‘ ’Twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The self-same lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there,
Yet, O how different ! One aspires to heaven,
Pants for its sempiternal heritage,
And ever changing, ever rising, still
Wantons in endless being ;
The other for a time the unwilling sport
Of circumstance and passion, struggles on,
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly ;
Then, like a useless and worn-out machine,
Rots, perishes, and passes.’

"Now, when it is found that this poem, thus containing the doctrine of immortality, is presented with the distinct statement that Shelley himself in maturer life departed from its offensive dogmas—when it is accompanied by his own letter in which he expresses his wish for its suppression—when, therefore, it is not given even as containing *his* deliberate assertions, but only as a feature in the development of his intellectual character—surely all sting is taken out of the rash and uncertain passages which have been selected as indicating blasphemy! But is it not antidote enough to the poison of a pretended atheism, that the poet who is supposed to-day to deny Deity, finds Deity in all things?

"I cannot proceed with this defence without feeling that I move tremulously among sacred things which should be approached only in serene contemplation; that I am compelled to solicit your attention to considerations more fit to be weighed in the stillness of thought than amidst the excitements of a public trial; and that I am able only to suggest reasonings which, if woven into a chain, no strength of mine could utter, nor your kindest patience follow. But the fault is not mine! I cannot otherwise even hint the truth—the living truth—of this case to your minds as it fills and struggles in my own, or protect my client and friend from a prosecution without parallel in our legal history. If the Prosecutor, in return for his own conviction of publishing some cheap and popular work of alleged blasphemy—prepared, calculated, and intended by the author to shake the religious principles of the uneducated and the young,—has attempted to assail the efforts of genius, and to bring into question the relations, the uses, the tendencies of the divinest faculties, I must not shrink from entreating you to consider those bearings of the question which are essential to its justice. And if you feel unable fully to examine them within the limits of a trial, and in the atmosphere of a court of justice, yet if you feel with me that they are necessary to a just decision, you cannot doubt what your duty to the defendant and to justice is, on a criminal charge! Pardon me, therefore, if I now seek to show you, by a great example, how unjustly you would deal with so vast and so divine a thing as the imagination of a poet, if you were to take his isolated passages which may seem to deal too boldly with sacred things, and—without regard to the process of the faculty by which they are educed—to brand them as the effusions of a blasphemous mind, or as tending to evil issues. That example will also show you how a poet—devoting the noblest powers to the loftiest themes—when he ventures to grapple with the spiritual existences revealed by the Christian faith, in the very purpose of vindicating 'the ways of God to men,' may seem to incur a charge like the present, and with as much justice, and may be absolved from it only by nice regard to the tendencies of the divine faculty he exerts. I speak not of a 'marvellous boy,' as Shelley was at eighteen, but of Milton, in the maturity of his powers, when he brought all the 'spoils of time,' and the clustered beauty hoarded through a long life, to the deliberate construction of a work which should never die."

We must pass over the Sergeant's quotations from "Paradise Lost," and a comparison of the language which Milton puts into

the mouth of Satan, as compared with the strongest passages of Shelley's "Queen Mab," in order to find room for one extract more, in which the range, the scope, and the nature of poetry are finely indicated. Says the orator, himself a poet of no mean rank,—

"The poetry which pretends to a denial of God or of an immortal life, must contain its own refutation in itself, and sustain what it would deny! A poet, though never one of the highest order, may 'link vice to a radiant angel;' he may diffuse luxurious indifference to virtue and to truth; but he cannot inculcate Atheism. Let him strive to do it, and like Balaam, who came to curse, like him he must end in blessing! His art convicts him; for it is '*Eternity revealing itself in Time!*' His fancies may be wayward, his theories absurd, but they will prove, no less in their failure than in their success, the divinity of their origin, and the inadequacy of this world to give scope to his impulses. They are the beatings of the soul against the bars of its clay tenement, which though they may ruffle and sadden it, prove that it is winged for a diviner sphere! Young has said, 'An undevout astronomer is mad;' how much more truly might he have said, An atheist poet is a contradiction in terms! Let the poet take what range of associations he will—let him adopt what notions he may—he cannot dissolve his alliance with the Eternal. Let him strive to shut out the vistas of the Future by encircling the Present with images of exquisite beauty; his own forms of ideal grace will disappoint him with eternal looks, and vindicate the immortality they were fashioned to veil! Let him rear temples, and consecrate them to fabled divinities, they will indicate in their enduring beauty 'Temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' If he celebrates the delights of social intercourse, the festal reference to their fragility includes the sense of that which must endure; for the very sadness which tempers them speaks the longing after that 'which prompts the eternal sigh.' If he desires to bid the hearts of thousands beat as one man at the touch of tragic passion, he must present 'the future in the instant,'—show in the death-grapple of contending emotions a strength which death cannot destroy—vindicate the immortality of affection at the moment when the warm passages of life are closed against it; and anticipate in the virtue which dares to die, the power by which 'mortality shall be swallowed up of life!' The world is too narrow for us. Time is too short for man,—and the poet only feels the sphere more inadequate, and pants for the 'all-hail hereafter,' with more urgent sense of weakness than his fellows:—

"Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital heat too cold; these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul which leads
To ecstasy, and all the frigid bonds
Of time and change disdaining, takes her range
Along the line of limitless desires!"

These are specimens of this elaborate forensic effort, which ought to induce some of our readers to put themselves in possession

of the whole, on account of the intellectual treat which it affords, but still more as inviting reflection with regard to the position of literature in relation to any unprincipled informer that may be sedulously on the outlook to annoy and ruin unsuspecting persons of eminent worth and long tried professional honour. We have hopes, indeed, that Hetherington's prosecution of Mr. Moxon will lead to revision and reform. What, indeed, would be the condition of literature, as well as the risk of all the most respectable publishers and booksellers in the kingdom, if every work which contained speculative opinions, which religionists may hold to be at variance with the doctrines of Christianity, were to be prosecuted for libel? Nay, were such passages as may be liable to objection, as are to be found in Gibbon, Hume, the ancient classics, and many other works of long established celebrity, to be expunged, would not the character of such publications become a question of useless and perhaps mischievous speculation, while their acknowledged beauties and uses, so long as they were unmangled, would be lost sight of and thrown away? One thing we can declare with regard to the vexatious prosecution of Mr. Moxon,—we have not heard an intelligent person speak of its nature and issue, who has not given it as his decided opinion that the law in such cases should at least be taken beyond the sphere of private individuals' meddling and of launching it at whomsoever envy, enmity, or caprice may select; all the time neither religion nor any good interest being served by such wanton and indecent activity.

With regard to Sergeant Talfourd's effort on the occasion to which our pages refer, we entertain considerable admiration. It displays a highly refined mind, and feelings not merely of personal friendship, but of solicitude for the interests of literature, as well as the sanctities of genius, of a noble and characteristic kind. Trying the speech, however, as addressed to a jury presumed to be constituted of plain men, it was too elaborately worked up, and too exquisitely illustrated. The reading, the criticism, and the metaphysics of the orator, were very probably lost upon some of the jury. And all this subtlety and refinement, when direct arguments and common sense views might, we think, have been more effective. Not that such plain matter-of-fact statements and appeals as we refer to were abandoned or overlooked. The intention of Mr. Moxon was not bad; never could he be suspected by any man in possession of a sound mind; and this was distinctly enough put by the advocate. The innocuousness of Shelley's ravings was also forcibly urged. But then the whole was held together by such a poetic and silken web of argument, as might render the majority of twelve men distrustful, or bewilder them; so that they could not nicely discriminate, or fully comprehend any distinct point. Again, to bring old John Milton under supervision and critical comparison

seems to have been a questionable attempt. He has so long been regarded as a religious poet, one of such eminent piety of life, Christian mettle, and stern as well as pure principles with respect to civil government, that to treat him in the same manner that the fantastic, dogmatic, and notionate Shelley may excusably, and even favourably be done, may have appeared to a few Englishmen like injustice and irreverence. Besides, no man can rise from a perusal of the "*Paradise Lost*," without the positive experience of an intelligible enlargement to his religious views, and his homage and adoration of the One living and true God being invigorated. The case at best—after Shelley's inspirations, half-shaped and wild, have been felt—is a wild and mystical sort of worship of something unknown. To us, the parallel was not happy, however beautifully laboured. Yet the speech, if not the most powerful, is one of the most beautiful that we ever read, and was delivered in behalf of interests and principles which we hold to transcend any that can honestly and wholesomely be urged to the contrary.

ART. XI.—*The True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture ; set forth in Two Lectures.* By W. PUGIN, Architect. London : Weale.

Gothic properly applies to the rude architecture of the middle ages, constructed by the northern nations, who had no determinate or existing style, but who clumsily imitated the churches of the metropolis of the Christian world. Specimens will be found in what are called the Saxon or Norman styles of this country, and, indeed, to a greater or less extent wherever the Romans had been masters. The general forms and modes of arrangement peculiar to Roman architecture may be traced throughout, although distance of time and space from the first models appear, as was natural, to have proportionally increased the differences and the divergencies. The peculiar habits and condition in regard to civilization of nations had their diversifying influences also. Still, the general character of the species of architecture that thus arose was the same ; its birth taking place in the fourth century, being partly induced by the Gothic invasions of Italy, and being also generally practised by the nations to whom the term Gothic may with equal propriety be applied. In the twelfth century, however, this style was subverted by the introduction of the pointed arch, which marks a new era, and was destined in its turn to originate another style.

Where, when, how, and by whom the pointed arch was invented, are points which have given rise to much discussion and controversy. Many theories have been broached with regard to the way in which it was suggested ; and almost every country in Europe has laid claim to the honour of having first presented specimens of the pecu-

liar style. Without troubling ourselves with these contentions, we mention one striking fact, viz. that the pointed arch made its appearance almost simultaneously in several countries, and yet when there could be very little intercourse between these nations of Europe; so that no new discovery of the kind in question can be supposed to have travelled rapidly. When therefore we consider these circumstances, and in connexion with the fact that the introduction into Europe of the new style of arch followed closely,—judging from existing monuments,—the first crusade, the opinion has reasonably found strenuous advocates that it is of Eastern origin, and that a knowledge of it was acquired in the Holy Land, being thence speedily and extensively brought home to Europe. This opinion is strengthened by another circumstance which appears to have been authenticated, viz. that prior to the first crusade something analogous to the pointed arch did exist in the East, so as to have been sufficient to suggest and to recommend the adoption of the germ of the style under consideration. At the same time, it may be pretty strongly asserted, that the introduction of that prototype was not accompanied by its ordinary accessories in after-time; its light clustered pillars,—its featherings and graceful traceries,—which appear to have resulted from its adoption; so that to European nations must be assigned the credit of educating the beautiful style of architecture whose distinguishing feature the lancet arch is.

The name that this style deserves has been a subject of itself on which very opposite ideas have been entertained. From what we have already stated, we cannot be of the number of those who apply the term Gothic to it in the ordinary acceptation of that word—a term which properly applied to the preceding style. And yet this title, which was opprobriously given to the pointed-arch style, during the degeneracy of taste that succeeded its subversion, continues still to be indiscriminately used. The disgrace of applying this term to it attaches itself to an Englishman, Sir Henry Wotton, who wrote on architecture early in the seventeenth century. It was continued by Evelyn, who applied it more directly; and the authority of Sir Christopher Wren finally settled its use. Within the last half-century, however, a better taste has been formed, in this country particularly, and has led to the appreciation of that which is indeed our national style; and within that period many attempts have been made to explode the universally decried, unjust, and inapplicable appellation. Still these attempts have not yet been successful; nor, in fact, do any of the names suggested appear to be sufficiently general and pertinent to recommend their adoption, unless we stick to the phrase the “Pointed style.” Any of the several countries that contend to have the honour to give it a title, must be viewed as an usurpation, and an instance of unauthorized exclusiveness. The term “Christian,” applied frequently to this

style, although in several respects happy and relevant, would seem to be unjust to that truly Gothic architecture which arose on the extinction of the Roman empire, and was subverted by the introduction of the pointed arch; the former owing its diffusion and progress, if not its origin, to the Christian religion. The term *pointed*, therefore, may be conveniently adopted on account of its comprehensiveness, its distinctiveness, and its descriptiveness; this graceful and beautiful style being a graft on the Gothic architecture of northern Europe, just as the circular arch of the Romans had been on the columnar character of the Greeks; with, however, a far more attractive result.

If any nation has a right to christen by its own name the pointed style, the English constitute that nation, and next to them the Germans; among both of whom pointed architecture took root, grew into strength, and flourished greatly. Those provinces of France, too, which were often closely connected with England, display admirable specimens of it. Still, it is in our own country where its growth is the most marked and its maturity the most perfect. Another remarkable fact is, that its several stages of advancement can be the most easily traced amongst us. We find that this last-mentioned circumstance can be strikingly illustrated sometimes even in the various portions of the same structure, according to the period of its construction. All this can be done from the ingrafting of the simple lancet arch on the Norman or Gothic piers in the time of Henry II., to the highly enriched groinings and ramified traceries of the age of Henry VII. Still, the changes are so gradual, so natural, and so finely blended, that the one in advance appears spontaneously to result from that which was the last. And herein is to be seen the strongest marks of originality on the part of the English; for the same thing cannot be stated of the continental nations. The disposal, distribution, and unique character of the interiors of the English structures also surpass all others; their splendour is unrivalled.

The principles of Pointed Architecture, as set forth by Mr. Pugin, in "Two Lectures delivered at St. Marie's Oscott," forms a beautiful quarto volume; for besides the text, which is a superior specimen of typography, there is a variety of illustrations, etchings and woodcuts, that are finely executed, and that have much spirit and character. But the work possesses merits of a more valuable kind still; for it presents a masterly and also an enthusiastic exposition of the principles of what is generally denominated the Gothic style, or, as we have already stated, that ought to be called the "Pointed;" although Mr. Pugin seems to prefer the term Christian. Indeed his admiration of that style is so great, that he appears to regard it as the only one suited for a temple in which God is to be worshipped; and especially adapted to this country,

both on account of the climate, and also of the habits or associations of the people. Yet it is the fact that this truly national style, and which flourished for at least four centuries in this country, went so much into desuetude and disgrace, as to afford a charge amounting to one of reproach to the taste of the patrons of art in the nation, and of disgrace to our artists. We have indeed hinted that there has been a degree of revival; but still it cannot be denied that with some of the finest examples of the style before us, the very first principles of it have been forgotten, and are to this day overlooked by our architects in general; otherwise how should we have so many examples of incongruous designs, and so uniformly strange departures from those plans, proportions, combinations, and accessories, which produce the wonderfully elegant and picturesque effect of the true *pointed*?

The reproachful fact of neglect and ignorance combined being noticed, it is not impossible to find reasons for the change of taste and usage that is so much to be lamented; which falling off and descent, Mr. Pugin's work, we anticipate, will very considerably check. First, the unlimited and unreasonable preference shown to the study of the ancient classics must naturally have begotten an undue and indiscriminate taste for Greek architecture. Next, and concomitant with the fashion in learning which came into vogue when what are called the "dark ages" had elapsed, the monastic institutions and the very form of religion with which Gothic architecture was associated, and of which it was supposed to be the suitable representative, were banished from the land; the substance and the emblems departing together. But lastly, and not less influentially, yet as a natural consequence of the change of national faith, architects and everybody secularized—profaned, as it were, the *religious* style, by applying it to every sort of use, and by thrusting among its essential beauties all kinds of monstrosities of design and fancy. No wonder when all these influences were in active, incessant, and prolonged operation that the main principles of Gothic architecture were lost sight of, and its beauties marred and unperceived. Just hear how Mr. Pugin ridicules absurdities which are constantly and everywhere before us:

"Modern grates are not unfrequently made to represent diminutive fronts of castellated or ecclesiastical buildings, with turrets, loopholes, windows, and doorways, all in a space of forty inches.

"The fender is a sort of embattled parapet, with a lodge-gate at each end; the end of the poker is a sharp-pointed finial; and at the summit of the tongs is a saint. It is impossible to enumerate half the absurdities of modern metal-workers; but all these proceed from the false notion of disguising instead of beautifying articles of utility. How many objects of ordinary use are rendered monstrous and ridiculous simply because the artist, instead of seeking the most convenient form and then decorating it,

has embodied some extravagance to conceal the real purpose for which the article has been made. If a clock is required, it is not unusual to cast a Roman warrior in a flying chariot, round one of the wheels of which, on close inspection, the hours may be described; or the whole front of a cathedral church reduced to a few inches in height, with the clock-face occupying the position of a magnificent rose-window. Surely the inventor of this patent clock-case could never have reflected, that, according to the scale on which the edifice was reduced, his clock would be about two hundred feet in circumference, and that such a monster of a dial would crush the proportions of almost any building that could be raised. But this is nothing when compared to what we see continually produced from those inexhaustible mines of bad taste Birmingham and Sheffield: staircase-turrets for inkstands, monumental crosses for light-shades, gable-ends hung on handles for door-porters, and four doorways and a cluster of pillars to support a French lamp; while a pair of pinnacles supporting an arch is called a Gothic-pattern scraper, and a wiry compound of quatrefoils and fan tracery an abbey garden-seat. Neither relative scale, form, purpose, nor unity of style, is ever considered by those who design these abominations: if they only introduce a quatrefoil or an acute arch, be the outline and style of the article ever so modern and debased, it is at once denominated and sold as Gothic."

Other monstrosities in modern fashions and patterns in the department of upholstery are incidentally noticed.

"While I am on this topic, it may not be amiss to mention some other absurdities which may not be out of place, although they do not belong to metal-work. I will commence with what are termed Gothic-pattern papers, for hanging walls, where a wretched caricature of a Pointed building is repeated from the skirting to the cornice, in glorious confusion—door over pinnacle and pinnacle over door. This is a great favourite with hotel and tavern keepers. Again, those papers which are shaded are defective in principle; for, as a paper is hung round a room, the ornament must frequently be shadowed on the light side.

"The variety of these miserable patterns is quite surprising; and as the expense of cutting a block for a bad figure is equal if not greater than for a good one, there is not the shadow of an excuse for their continual reproduction. A moment's reflection must show the extreme absurdity of repeating a perspective over a large surface with some hundred different points of sight; a panel or wall may be enriched and decorated at pleasure, but it should always be treated in a consistent manner.

"Flock-papers are admirable substitutes for the ancient hangings; but then, they must consist of a pattern without shadow, with the forms relieved by the introduction of harmonious colours. Illuminated manuscripts of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, would furnish an immense number of exquisite designs for this purpose.

"These observations will apply to modern carpets, the patterns of which are generally shaded. Nothing can be more ridiculous than an apparently reversed groining to walk upon, or highly relieved foliage and perforated tracery for the decoration of a floor.

“The ancient paving-tiles are quite consistent with their purpose, being merely ornamented with a pattern not produced by any apparent relief, but only by contrast of colour; and carpets should be treated in precisely the same manner. Turkey carpets, which are by far the handsomest now manufactured, have no shadow in their pattern, but merely an intricate combination of coloured intersections.”

But we must come back to the immediate and proper subject of these Lectures, and hear something more of modern perversion and absurdity:—

“What absurdities, what anomalies, what utter contradictions do not the builders of modern castles perpetrate! How many portcullises which will not lower down, and drawbridges which will not draw up! how many loopholes in turrets, so small that the most diminutive sweep could not ascend them! On one side of the house machicolated parapets, embrasures, bastions, and all the show of strong defence, and round the corner of the building a conservatory leading to the principal rooms, through which a whole company of horsemen might penetrate at one smash into the very heart of the mansion! for who would hammer against nailed portals when he could kick his way through the greenhouse? In buildings of this sort, so far from the turrets being erected for any particular purpose, it is difficult to assign any destination to them after they are erected, and those which are not made into chimneys seldom get other occupants than the rooks. But the exterior is not the least inconsistent portion of the edifices: for we find guard-rooms without either weapons or guards; sally-ports, out of which nobody passes but the servants, and where a military man never did go out; donjon-keeps, which are nothing but drawing-rooms, boudoirs, and elegant apartments; watch-towers, where the housemaids sleep, and a bastion in which the butler cleans his plate: all is a mere mask, and the whole building an ill-conceived lie.

“We will now turn to those mansions erected in what is termed the Abbey style; which are not more consistent than the buildings I have just described. To this class Fonthill belonged, now a heap of ruins, and modern ruins too, of mere brick and plaster. In such a house something of an ecclesiastical exterior had been obtained at an enormous expense, and a casual passer-by might have supposed from some distance that the place really belonged to some religious community; but on a nearer approach the illusion is soon dissipated, and the building which had been raised somewhat in the guise of the solemn architecture of religion and antiquity discovers itself to be a mere toy, built to suit the caprice of a wealthy individual, devoted to luxury. The seemingly abbey-gate turns out a modern hall, with liveried footmen in lieu of a conventual porter; the apparent church-nave is only a vestibule; the tower a lantern staircase; the transepts are drawing-rooms; the cloisters, a furnished passage; the oratory, a lady's boudoir; the chapter-house a dining-room; the kitchens alone are real; everything thing else is a deception.”

But Mr. Pugin might admire without limit the Pointed or Gothic style, and that justly, as regards England, without decrying

all others. He might perceive the exquisite grace, beauty, and appropriateness of his favourite, without denying that in certain circumstances the Grecian deserves the preference. But this is the way in which his enthusiasm is expressed,—

“A pointed church is the masterpiece of masonry. It is essentially a stone building: its pillars, its arches, its vaults, its intricate intersections, its ramified tracery, are all peculiar to stone, and could not be consistently executed in any other material. Moreover, the ancient masons obtained great altitude and great extent with a surprising economy of wall and substance: the wonderful strength and solidity of their buildings are the result, not of the quantity or size of the stones employed, but of the art of their disposition. To exhibit the great excellence of these constructions, it will here be necessary to draw a comparison between them and those of the far-famed classic shores of Greece. Grecian architecture is essentially wooden in its construction; it originated in wooden buildings, and never did its professors possess either sufficient imagination or skill to conceive any departure from the original type. Vitruvius shows that their buildings were formerly composed of trunks of trees, with lintels or brest-summers laid across the top, and rafters again resting on them. This is at once the most ancient and barbarous mode of building that can be imagined; it is heavy, and, as I before said, essentially wooden: but is it not extraordinary, that when the Greeks commenced building in stone, the properties of this material did not suggest to them some different and improved mode of construction? Such, however, was not the case: they set up stone pillars as they had set up trunks of wood; they laid stone lintels as they had laid wood ones, flat across; they even made the construction appear still more similar to wood, by carving trygliphs, which are merely a representation of the beam-ends. The finest temple of the Greeks is constructed on the same principle as a large wooden cabin. * * *

“The Greeks erected their columns, like the uprights of Stonehenge, just so far apart that the blocks they laid on them would not break by their own weight. The Christian architects, on the contrary, during the dark ages, with stone scarcely larger than ordinary bricks, threw their lofty vaults from slender pillars across a vast intermediate space, and that at an amazing height, where they had every difficulty of lateral pressure to contend with.”

The volume, however, merits high praise; and is manifestly the result of deep study and thorough examination, and also of masterly skill. It may even be consulted with profit upon the scientific principles of architecture without reference to any particular style. Our concluding extract affords a proof of this general excellence, and a good specimen of Mr. Pugin's cogent and concise writing. He is announcing the principles and the rules which cannot be dispensed with without injury to use and to beauty:—

“1st, That there should be no features about a building which are not necessary for convenience, construction, or propriety; 2d, That all orna-

ment should consist of enrichment of the essential construction of the building. The neglect of these two rules is the cause of all the bad architecture of the present time. Architectural features are continually tacked on buildings with which they have no connexion, merely for the sake of what is termed effect ; and ornaments are actually constructed, instead of forming the decoration of construction, to which in good taste they should be always subservient.

“ In pure architecture, the smallest detail should have a meaning or serve a purpose ; and even the construction itself should vary with the material employed, and the designs should be adapted to the material in which they are executed.

“ Strange as it may appear at first sight, it is in Pointed architecture alone that these great principles have been carried out ; and I shall be able to illustrate them from the vast cathedral to the simplest erection. Moreover, the architects of the middle ages were the first who turned the natural properties of the various materials to their full account, and made their mechanism a vehicle for their art.”

ART. XII.—*Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals, from the Inauguration of King Edward the Sixth.* By W. TILL. London : Longman.

NOBILITY, Royalty-loving people we are ; how comes it, unless it is put thus, that we are eternally pleasing and praising ourselves in this shape,—that we are talking about lords, ladies, and this and that, on the score of aristocracy ? The truth is, that every person we ever met with delights to say something of his friend under some such form as “ my lord ;” and, to use the words of Lady Chatterton, when speaking of the widow of Charles James Fox, we never, in this old aristocratic country of ours, think of nobility of character, circumstance, or state, without some prefix indicative of nobility, or of something different from a mere *Mr.* or *Mrs.* But be assured there is such a thing as nobility of character. Every body admits this, and yet none of us appreciate the simple and grand truth. Oh ! when we think of that broad, brilliant, and honest man Peter, who, amidst his terrible denials, had the strength of mind to give up and say, if not in set words, yet in significance, that he was deeply and strangely wrong ; could we not take a lesson, demean, and humble ourselves, so as to be great in our little way, and be full of truth and purpose, so as to work out a good and great end ?

But how easy to exclaim, protest, and admonish ! We must come back to a point of truth, and again admit and declare that the English dearly love a lord. Who did you ever meet with that did not pride himself and you too with the circumstance and expression of “ My Lord ?” We confess, with all the coolness of our

little philosophy, that we take such flattering unction to ourselves, when we utter the word, "lord." But this, in some degree, is still a diversion from our subject; we must contrive to be a little more particular.

Why, knightages, baronetcies, peerages, and everything in the forms of aristocratic distinction, have been the themes of discussion and importance for the few last months to an unusual degree. There must, therefore, be a demand for such books as speak of titled personages; and a proof of adherence to notables is to be found in the fact that even a Chartist loves to quote a lord.

County and borough elections are not the only signs of political and national feeling; or the exclusive spheres in which admiration or homage can be displayed towards the aristocracy. The number of new books, and the reprints of a class of publications, in which the titled of the land are given, with their ages, marriages, and families, prove that there are many readers of such works beyond the exalted themselves. There is significance even in the fact that although there be much fewer peers than baronets, yet that there is a far greater number of books printed, and of course read, relative to the former than the latter. For example, there is a new edition, for this year, of "*Debrett's Peerage*," which has been so frequently reprinted that no longer is it deemed necessary, it would appear, to mention the number of editions in the title page. There is a work of a kindred nature, by John Burke, in four volumes, that has been proceeding piece-meal for years, called a "*Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, enjoying territorial possessions or high official rank, but uninvested with Heraldic Honours*," that the English people will dearly like to consult.

We indeed all know that many of the most wealthy, ancient and celebrated families in the kingdom, who only receive the general name of gentry, have a better right to the appellation of noble than two thirds of the Continental counts and barons. Mr. Burke says, in the preface to the first volume, that "in these pages will be found the lineage of nearly 400 families, enjoying in the aggregate probably £2,000,000, and deriving, many of them, their territorial possessions from William of Normandy; invested, however, with no exclusive title, and born to no exclusive privilege."

We are not reviewing either of these two works, but are merely noticing them as evidences of the tendency of the popular mind. Other works of a similar character might be adduced. For instance, there has lately been published "*The Book of Mottos borne by Nobility and Gentry, Public Companies, Cities, &c., with their English Signification, Bearers' Names, Titles, &c.*"

Now Mottos is a subject that admits of curious illustration, just as heraldic history does. Indeed the short sentences which go under

that name constitute a prominent feature in all armorial bearings or *insignia*. But it is as the expression of some sentiment, and as an indication of taste or event that one takes an interest in any instance of the sort. Human pride and vain boasting may frequently be discovered in these sentences; akin in fact to the information to be met with in Mr. Burke's Genealogical History, where the accounts were generally furnished by a member or the members of the family described; and, therefore, we may be sure that a vast quantity of absurdity, as well as of falsehood, is to be found in such books. Still, the English love to consult them. The vulgar believe in them; and a constant demand, we may rely on it, will be kept up for them.

Now, if a baronet, a baron, or a noble lord, creates all this anxiety and satisfaction, we may be sure that a king or a queen takes a great deal higher precedence in the eyes of the English people. Why, a coronation is enough to put the nation beyond its propriety; and, of course, coronation medals may and will be studied as excitable and valuable things. The truth is, they are valuable in an historical point of view, just as heraldries ought to be consulted, were it only for the statistical facts which they convey.

There are few studies of more historical importance than that of medals; let us sneer at nobility and royalty as we will, or scorn with a republican's hatred coronets and crowns. They are almost the sole evidence we can have of the veracity of an historian, because they constitute such collateral documents as are evident to every body, and cannot be falsified. The inquirer must ever desire such durable monuments as public buildings, inscriptions, and statues; but, above all, medals, which not only remain indelible and infallible testimonies of truth, but are capable of being diffused throughout all countries in the world, and of remaining to the latest ages.

The first who showed the importance of medals in ascertaining the dates, and arranging the order of events in ancient history, was Vaillant, in his "History of the Kings of Syria," printed at Paris in 1681. By means of medals alone, he has been enabled to fix the chronology and important events in the history of three of the most ancient kingdoms of the world: namely, Egypt, Parthia, and Syria.

Besides the purposes which the study of medals answers in the useful arts, a great variety of sources of entertainment may be found in it. Pinkerton has observed that the most barbarous nations are more pleased with the rudest efforts of art than with the most admirable works of nature; and that in proportion as the powers of the mind are large and various, such also are the pleasures which it receives from those superlative productions of art, which can only be the offspring of great genius. Hence works of art are agreeable both to the enlightened and to the ignorant.

Many points connected with the history and study of medals are worthy of attention, although the subject may at first appear barren or dry. For instance, one medal is highly prized in comparison with another, and properly so. There is not only the question of genuineness involved, but the degree of preservation in which the specimen may exist. Pinkerton, speaking on this point, says that a true judge is so nice that he will reject even the rarest coins if in the least defaced, either in the figures or legend. Some, however, are obliged to content themselves with those which are a little rubbed; whilst those of superior taste and abilities have in their cabinets only such as are in the very best state in which they came from the mint.

All ancient coins and medals, though equally genuine are not equally valuable. In medals as well as in everything else, the scarcity of a piece stamps a value upon it which cannot otherwise be derived from its intrinsic worth. There are usually reckoned four or five degrees of rarity, the highest of which is called *unique*. The cause is generally ascribed to the fewness of the number thrown off originally, or to their having been called in, and recoinced in another form.

The most difficult and the most important thing in the whole science is the method of distinguishing the true from the counterfeit. The value put upon ancient coins made the forgery of them almost coeval with the science itself; and as no laws inflict a punishment upon such forgers, men of great genius and abilities have undertaken the trade; but whether to the real detriment of the study or not, is a matter of some doubt: for if only exact copies of genuine medals are sold for the originals, the imposition may be deemed trifling. But the case must be very different, if people take it upon them to forge medals which never existed.

It is manifest that one of the principal uses of medals is the elucidation of ancient history. Hence the arrangement of the medals is the first thing that must occur in the formation of a cabinet. The most ancient with which we are acquainted are those of Alexander I. of Macedonia, who began to reign about 501 years before Christ. The series ought consequently to commence with him, and to be succeeded by the medals of Sicily, Caria, Cyprus, Heraclia, and Pontus. We quote from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which has an excellent article on the subject, and which says, "Then follow, Egypt, Syria, the Cimmerian Bosphorus, Thrace, Bithynia, Parthia, Armenia, Damascus, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Pergamus, Galatia, Cilicia, Sparta, Pæonia, Epirus, Illyricum, Gaul, and the Alps, including the space of time from Alexander the Great to the birth of Christ, and which is to be accounted the third medallic series of ancient monarchs. The last series comes down to the fourth century, including some of the monarchs of Thrace, Bosphorus, and

Parthia. * * * A most distinct series is formed by the Roman Emperors from Julius Cæsar to the destruction of Rome by the Goths; nay, for a much longer period, were it not that towards the latter part of it the coins became so barbarous as to destroy the beauty of the collection." It hardly requires to be stated, that many series may be formed of modern potentates.

Mr. Till's "Descriptive Particulars" embrace coronation medals from the inauguration of King Edward the Sixth to the present sovereign, Queen Victoria. The small volume has much in it that savours of a puff; and Mr. Till is, at the same time, not very remarkable for his calmness, when speaking of certain sovereigns, and when a scientific publication should eschew all political expressions. We must however quote some passages, and begin with the beginning. Says our author,—

"We may cease to wonder that Coronation medals commenced not earlier than 1547, the first year of the reign of the young King Edward the Sixth, when it is known that few, very few medals of any description were previously, or at this time struck: some, indeed, of his father, King Henry the Eighth are extant, at the head of which is a large one of the year 1545; having on the obverse his bust, with a furred robe or gown: on his shoulders a collar of rubies, and on his head the bonnet, usually portrayed as worn by him; surrounded by the legend, "Henry the Eighth, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and on Earth, of the Church of England and Ireland, under Christ Head Supreme." Small figures of a rose, harp, fleur-de-lis, and portcullis, each crowned, are introduced. On the reverse are two inscriptions, one in Hebrew, the other in Greek, bearing the same import as the legend on the obverse."

Our next extract concerns first of all a sovereign whose sway was of very short duration:—

"Lady Jane Grey held her sway only nine days after the proclamation of her accession to the throne; there was, consequently, no coronation: but in all probability that event would have been commemorated by a medal, from the promptitude of the attempt to coin money in her name. A piece, conjectured to be a pattern for a base shilling, has on the obverse a rose surrounded by lions and fleurs-de-lis. The legend, 'Si Deus nobiscum quis contra nos?—If God be with us, who can be against us?' On the reverse, three crowns; the legend—'Jvstitia Virtvtvm Regina—Justice the Queen of Virtues.' This rare pattern was first brought to light in 1815, and became the property of Mr. Miles; at whose sale, in 1820, the late Mr. Young purchased it for three pounds. Mary the First had no coronation medal, but there are others commemorative of several important events in her reign; one in particular, by James Trezzo, was doubtless very consonant to the views and feelings of this disappointed and unhappy princess. On the obverse we have her bust, the head very like her, by no means handsome, smiling, as Pinkerton observes, 'in all the

charms of ugliness.' She is represented, attired to the neck, in the highly ornamented dress of her time; on her head is a coif, or hood; and the legend records her name and title. On the reverse, she is seen, Fury-like, seated on a rock, with a torch in her left hand setting fire to what is intended to represent the arms of those leagued against her. The heavens, made her confederates on the occasion, are issuing forth their lightning in wrath against the heretics, her Protestant subjects. In her right hand she bears two branches, one of palm, the other of laurel; on her head is placed a celestial coronet, and at her feet are manacles or fetters. The inscription, 'Cecis visvs, timidis qvies—Sight to the Blind, rest to the Fearful.' There are extant of this medal, specimens in bronze and silver; a very fine one, struck in gold, of the time of Mary, of extreme rarity, is in the possession of Lieut.-Col. John Drummond. It has reference to the commotions excited by the Duke of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others, early in 1554."

With regard to the term Inscription, it is to be observed that Numismatists make a distinction between it and a legend; the latter being the words which surround the subject, the former, some additional notice on the field of the coin. This is, at least, a general rule with respect to Roman medals. In reference, however, to those under consideration, Mr. Till uses indifferently, and for the sake of variety, both as synonymous.

We again quote:—

"Charles the First ordered two medals to be engraved by Briot; firstly, on his coronation in England, and secondly, in Scotland: on the former is seen the bust of the king in his coronation robe, decorated with the collar of the Garter, his neck encircled with a ruff, and on his head the diadem; the face towards his left, surrounded by name and title. On the reverse, an arm, with gauntlet and sword, issuing from a cloud; the legend, 'Donec pax reddita terris—Till peace be restored to the earth:' Charles being at this time at war with Spain. This medal, of very fine work, is extremely low in relief, which in no way detracts from the merit of its execution. In the exergue, 'Coron, Feb. 2, 1626.' The Scottish coronation medal represents the bust of the king, splendidly habited, with lace collar; indeed, if the exquisite portraits of this sovereign by Vandyke are authorities, this likeness of Charles must be very correct, as Briot has here evidently taken them as his originals. The bust is adorned with the order of the Thistle, as well as of the Garter, the former taking precedence; the head surmounted by a crown different in form from the one on the English medal; the whole encircled with name, &c., as King of Scotland and England: in this instance unlike the legend on the other, where he is styled King of Great Britain. On the reverse is a thistle, the inscription 'Hinc nostræ crevere Rosæ—Hence our Roses have grown;' a complimentary allusion to the derivation of our sovereign, or the English rose, from the thistle of Scotland. Some few of these medals were struck in gold found in that country. In the exergue, 'Coron. Junii 18, 1633, B.' The coronation ceremony was performed in Edinburgh."

Of William and Mary we are told,—

“A splendid silver medallion in Mr. Haggard's collection, executed in Holland on the occasion of the coronation of their majesties, has their busts on the obverse, each encircled within a separate wreath, formed of branches of rose and orange trees, the latter laden with fruit, as the former is bedecked with roses; and surmounted with the crown and four sceptres, above which is an eye, symbolical of Divine Providence. The busts rest on two cornucopias and the book of the seven seals, near which is the cap of liberty; under these is another book, bearing this inscription, ‘*Leges Angliæ—The laws of England;*’ and in the field of the medal is the following, ‘*Sal. Reg. Fel. Pub.—The safety of the Government, Public Felicity;*’ the legend, ‘*Aurea Poma mixto Rosis*’—‘Golden Apples mixed with Roses;’ an elegant allusion to the union of the House of Orange with the Rose of England. On the reverse is an old oak, torn up by its roots, lying prostrate beside a vigorous young orange tree, with shipping in the distance, and with this saucy legend, ‘*Meliorē lapsa Locavit—His place is filled by a better.*’”

We must conclude, and do so by copying out that which Queen Victoria “has chosen for her legend, ‘*Erimus tibi nobile regnum,—we will be to thee a noble kingdom.*’ In the exergue, is ‘*Inaugurata die, Junii XXVIII. MDCCCXXXVIII.*’” It is added that a great variety of medals have been issued engraved for the occasion of her coronation, but without the sanction of Government; and that they are, with few exceptions, of very inferior work.

- ART. XIII.—1. *A Summer in Western France.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Esq. B. A. Edited by FRANCES TROLLOPE. 2 vols. Colburn.
2. *A Tour in Austrian Lombardy, the Northern Tyrol, and Bavaria.* By JOHN BARROW, Esq. Murray.

WE are not disposed to complain of a book because it conducts us, as most continental tours must in these days do, over ground that has oft been trod, provided the writer brings a fair amount of literary skill to the workmanship, and possesses such talents, or has acquired such habits as will lend some degree of variety, if not of novelty to the subject, and afford so much entertainment or information as will repay the time spent in a single perusal. With regard to Mr. Trollope's “*Summer in Western France,*” we have this common fault to find, that it occupies two thick octavo volumes, when one of a moderate size might have conveyed all in it that is truly his own, or was deserving of being printed.

It is true that the provinces visited by him have not been so much perambulated by summer travellers, as some in France and Switzerland; his range being chiefly on the banks and through the districts

which the Loire traverses. Many of the scenes and objects noticed are striking, both naturally and historically; and he took a very good mode to obtain an accurate knowledge of them; that is, in so far as his eyes could go, or inquiries put to entire strangers reach, with a most persevering practice of quoting from topographical writers, who had gone before, and thus swelling the book to an unreasonable extent. He did not hurry over the ground with a steam-locomotive speed, or by public conveniences merely from one town to another, when he thought there was anything particularly worthy of being examined by him, but took to his feet and repaired to side-paths and by-ways. But then he has not the most happy knack at description, and is far too often given to go back to the early history or the subsequent fortunes of places in an uncalled for manner. He is, for example, particularly liable to present long details about cathedrals and bishops, ruined castles, and celebrated battle-fields; when, we think, the peculiar character of the people among whom his route conducted him, frequently remarkable for their primitive manners, ought to have furnished more valuable or interesting matter. We would have been much better pleased had we met with more of the practical and the picturesque, and less of elaborate writing and very general or common sentimentality; the writer's mind appearing not to be distinguished for its penetration, while his literature is of a middling sort. The fact seems to be that he was determined to fill two goodly volumes, in as far as bulk was concerned, by wire-spun description, as many anecdotes as he could pick up, legends, and accounts of such small personal adventures as occurred to him. Rash judgments as well as prejudices may also be discovered in his pages; as might naturally be expected from the son of the author of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and other publications breathing extreme political opinions, and constantly putting forth sentiments charged with admiration of legitimates and aristocrats. We do not even exactly like that a writer, who appends to his name B. A., should take shelter under another's editorship, because that person may have earned considerable reputation especially among *ultras* of certain classes. Why should a grown-up man borrow the kind of puffing advertisement from a woman which figures in the title-page of these volumes, if he is able to travel by himself and alone, or deems himself capable of writing a book at all? The thing has too much of the appearance of being a mere book-making speculation, and when joined to the other circumstances already noticed, relative to the contents and construction of the work, calls for our animadversion. Indeed, this editing of other peoples' writings, which has been gaining ground of late at a rapid pace, frequently by females, too, and when the works so recommended have sometimes been the veriest trash and at others unfit, on account of their indecency, their immorality, and spurious sentimentality,

to meet a modest eye, or to be read to a virtuous ear, is a practice that ought to be protested against, as being unfair to the public and disgraceful to literature, unless in very peculiar cases.

We must now gather a few specimens, without, however, observing the author's route particularly, or noticing what may especially concern such cities and towns as Orleans, Tours, Nantes, Poitiers, Rochfort, and Bordeaux.

To persons who contemplate a summer visit to the parts of France which our author traversed, and indeed other connected districts, there are several passages in his volumes which contain useful information with regard to the means of conveyance, especially steam navigation, on some of the French rivers. For example, we are told that the Loire is now used in this way from Nevers to St. Nazaire, a distance of about five hundred miles. The lower part of the river has been of course navigated by steam for a considerable time; but the upper is much more difficult from the want of water in the dry season. But Mr. Trollope states that by the adoption of light iron boats, which draw from nine to thirteen inches only of water, the difficulty has been in a great measure overcome.

We have mentioned that Mr. T. has many things to tell about cathedrals that might have been left out. But we observe one general statement which contains a national trait; and that the French employ the term "gothic" in a sense that would have pleased Wren himself, or any one who mightily prefers the architecture of the Greeks or the Italians. Says our author,—

"To the majority of Frenchmen—excepting always the peasants, who frequently have a great feeling of pride and reverence for their metropolitan church, and take much pleasure in visiting it whenever market-day or any other occasion brings them to the city—the cathedral offers neither pleasure nor profit. As a mere matter of taste, the churches of the middle ages are not objects of admiration to Frenchmen generally. They infinitely prefer the straight lines and plain *utility* of the modern style of building. Certain authors have, in imitation of English romantic writers, sought to excite interest by descriptions of the sombre piles and the associations connected with them; but the national taste is decidedly opposed to them. The use of the term 'gothique,' which in a Frenchman's mouth compendiously expresses all that is ugly, worn-out, disagreeable, barbarous, and inconvenient, is an illustration of the usual feeling for the style so denominated; and the vast edifices which preserve the most striking specimens of that style are not likely to be objects of his favour or attention."

The provinces of France furnish many instances of primitive manners, and frequently of attractive habits and fine character. An instance occurs where the corn-measurers of Chartres are introduced:—

“ There is a corn-market every Saturday at Chartres, the most important in France, with the exception of Paris. It is worth visiting for the sake of seeing the operations of the women, to whom the entire duty of measuring the corn, delivering it to the buyers, receiving the price, and paying it over to the sellers, is confided. These women are more expressively than elegantly termed ‘ leveuses de culs-de-poche ;’ poche signifying in the dialect of La Beauce the sack in which the grain is brought to market. These women form an organized corporation, which has existed for several centuries. They enjoy a reputation for the strictest integrity ; which is sufficiently attested by the fact that the whole transactions of the market, as above stated, are intrusted to them. Nor are they under any surveillance whatsoever. The buyer and seller alike put implicit confidence in them. The latter, when he has pitched his corn, leaves it entirely in their hands, goes about his business or pleasure in the town, and returns in the evening to receive the amount of the sale, without making any inquiries or taking any further trouble about it. The amount of confidence placed in the honesty of these women, and the importance of the charge confided to them, may be estimated from the fact that ten thousand quintals of corn is by no means an unusual quantity to change hands in one market-day at Chartres, the whole of which is invariably disposed of for ready money paid on the spot.”

There are also races of people in France, that not only differ extremely from the population of Paris and other large towns, but who do not exhibit the same manners and features of the tribes that surround them. The fact is, that from the want of roads, of intercourse, and of a knowledge of modern improvements, as well as owing to singular prejudices and other excluding circumstances, some of these races are the same in respect of dress as well as of every other social arrangement and opinion that their ancestors were centuries ago. The race, which is the subject of the following description, appears to present the most remarkable anomalies :—

“ Not far to the South-east of Fontenay, among the marshes and dikes about the mouth of the Sèvre Niortaise, and on the neighbouring coast, may still be found a few remaining specimens of a race of people now nearly extinct, which have engaged a good deal of the attention of the Poitevin antiquaries and historians. They are termed Colliberts, and have, under that appellation, been a distinct people from a period beyond the earliest records of history. Throughout the feudal period, they were never serfs or vassals ; and though the feudal maxim, ‘ Nulle terre sans seigneur,’ could hardly be said to be broken through in their case, inasmuch as they lived almost entirely in their boats, yet, miserable as their existence seems to have been, they never appear to have been inclined to change it for the less free comforts of their neighbours on the land. The most generally-received and best-founded opinion respecting these singular people, is that they are the remains of the indigenous tribe of Agesinates Cambolectri, who were chased by the Romans into the solitudes and marshy shallows which abound in this part of the coast ; and who, not being worth

the trouble of pursuing into their watery fastnesses, either then by the Roman conquerors or at a subsequent period by the feudal lords of the domains on the neighbouring coast, have ever since continued free, according to the signification of their name; Colliberts being derived from 'col,' neck or head, and 'libre,' free."

We are further informed that these people have always lived by themselves, never intermarrying or mixing in any other way with the surrounding population; and that they support themselves by fishing, while most of their families live entirely in their boats. Some few have constructed huts on the sand. The following are also statements that carry sadness with them:—

"It is not surprising that a race so characterized, and existing under such circumstances, should be hastening towards extinction. It is in accordance with a law that all experience seems to prove universal in such cases, that it should be so. There are many other instances of the descendants of a distinct race having preserved their distinctive peculiarities in the midst of another people, both races being nearly equal in point of civilization; but I know no other case of a tribe remaining almost in a savage state in the immediate vicinity of civilization for so long a period as that during which the Colliberts of Poitou have existed.

"The cause of this singularity is probably to be found in the fact that these unfortunate outcasts possessed nothing whatsoever to excite the cupidity of their more civilized and more powerful neighbours. But the natural tendency of every population to increase is not in their case sufficiently strong to struggle against the numerous checks incidental to their habits and miserable mode of life. And in a few years the Colliberts will, in all probability, have disappeared from the face of the earth, without their extinction having been accelerated by any acts of the neighbouring population."

By far the greater part of Mr. Trollope's volumes is of a light texture, either to be attributed to the nature of the themes, or the manner of treatment. But we can find another exception, at least as regards the former of these causes, although it may be alleged, perhaps, that the author is prepossessed, too sweeping in his conclusions, and that he has failed to fix upon the sources of the results named by him. The moral condition of France, as contrasted with her material progress, is represented in the most forbidding colours; and his prognostications point to still deeper depravity and the ruin of all that is noble. He says,—

"France is unquestionably advancing rapidly in physical and material civilization. It is impossible to travel through the country with an observant eye without being convinced of the fact. The new roads of her more backward and hitherto neglected provinces, and improved roads throughout the kingdom—her greatly-increased means of communication by the almost daily establishment of new competitors in the carrying business on

the public roads, and the formation of new companies for the navigation by steam of rivers hitherto profitless to commerce—the almost daily commencement or completion of quays, bridges, and other public works in almost every part of the country—the cultivation of much hitherto unenclosed ground in many provinces, and the general establishment throughout the country of agricultural and industrial societies—are all manifest and easily-recognized proofs of the progress France is making in the various branches of material civilization.

“The evidences of a nation's advancement or retrogression in moral and intellectual civilization do not lie quite so much on the surface of things, and are not by their nature so manifest to observation. But an observant traveller will not pass through the kingdom without finding many a straw which will serve to indicate which way the wind is blowing in these respects also. And I saw, both in Paris and in the provinces, enough to convince me that the country is making as decided a progress towards moral barbarism as it is towards physical civilization. The history of the world has amply proved that progress in the one of these directions is not incompatible with as rapid an advance in the other.”

He goes on to assert that—

“The most malignant symptom of this moral disease, which is destroying the nation, is the universal want of faith—not religious faith only, but of faith in anything—in virtue, honesty, and morality—in the reality of anything not cognizable by the material senses—in the government, in their superiors, in their neighbours, and in themselves. Everything but the material interests of bodily comfort and wellbeing is spoken of in the same cold, sneering tone of sceptical ridicule; and the existence of any good but that of sensual enjoyment is deemed at best doubtful, and therefore unworthy of pursuit.

“It requires but small penetration to perceive that such a temper of mind must lead to a degree of selfishness and *individualism*, which, as soon as ever it becomes sufficiently universal, must sever the bond which binds individuals into bodies politic, and dissolve society into its original elements.

“Among a variety of small traits and indications of national feeling, which, as I said just now, serve as straws to show which way the wind blows, many, though producing an impression at the moment of their occurrence which is not afterwards effaced, are themselves of a nature to slip from the memory. One unmistakeable index, however, to the moral sentiments of a people, may be found in their newspapers and popular literature; and throughout the whole of my tour through the provinces, I took considerable pains to ascertain what newspapers and books were the most read. The cafés and reading-rooms afforded me the means of judging of the first, and the contents of the circulating libraries, and the information of the keepers of them, supplied a tolerably sure criterion of the latter.

“The *Charivari* is, comparatively speaking, an expensive paper, and would not therefore be found in the smaller and poorer cafés. But in those of more pretension it was invariably taken; and was, as far as very

constant, and, I may say, very extensive observation could enable me to judge, more eagerly asked for and more constantly in hand than any other publication. The nature of this print is unfortunately too well known to make it necessary for me to characterize it with much particularity. It is written certainly not without much talent; but its staple contents are blasphemy, obscenity, and unceasing attacks on every species of existing institution, whether Whig, Tory, or Radical. The Church, the State, the Law, the Tribunals, the Judges, the Peers, the Deputies, the Ministers, be they whom they may, are all in turn assailed with its clever though somewhat monotonous ridicule. It is difficult to conceive the idea of a publication of a nature to be more extensively and deeply pernicious than the *Charivari*."

The circulating libraries are said to contain matter no less indicative and pernicious than the favourite and popular sheets of the public press. Mr. Trollope names several of the writers who are among the most prolific of any now in France, and whose fictions and reasonings find innumerable readers, who hardly ever peruse any other works, or at least none that have not a vile tendency; forming, in fact, according to the representation before us, the nightly reading of the young of both sexes—"works not one of which any English father of a family would dream of suffering to enter his house."

But it does not appear that the author of this representation enjoyed opportunities sufficiently intimate, various, and extensive, to form an accurate judgment of the nation. His mode, indeed, of casting the blame of France's degeneracy and descent upon the Revolution is proof of limited consideration and the want of calm decision. Cafés and reading-rooms are not the only spheres for judging of a people. It should be borne in mind, too, that while a great number of sterling works are issuing from the French press, the feverish literature which the dramatists and the novelists of Paris are supplying so abundantly, may be but the proofs of a transition-state, and one that will result in a strong and healthy reaction. However, we shall not indulge any further in mere conjectures, but will introduce our only other extract from these volumes by stating that their author must have met with living proofs, as well as many reminiscences, in La Vendée, which cheered his conservative feelings. Here are some interesting examples,—

"The most notable asylum of the Vendéan women and children, and such of the men as were not absent on expeditions, was a regular sylvan city, which was called Le Refuge. This was situated in the heart of the thick forest of Grâla, which stretches over a considerable space of country, some leagues to the southward of Clisson. This place of concealment was first resorted to in 1793, and for a long time proved a secure asylum for a very great number of Vendéan families, whose villages were destroyed. A great number of huts, constructed of branches and sods of

turf, were arranged in regular streets. A larger shed was erected for a church ; and the prescribed community lived in their sylvan city in peace, waiting for happier and better times. There are old couples still living who were married in this woodland retreat ; for it may be easily imagined that there was no lack of priests at Le Refuge, seeing that the hottest persecution was directed against ecclesiastics who refused to submit their consciences to the dictation of an Atheist government. Many Vendéans, too, are still living, who first saw the light under the leafy roofs of the cabins of Le Refuge."

Mr. Barrow's work differs in several respects from the one upon which we have just now been engaged. In the first place it is of a reasonable size, forming one neat volume, similar in regard to dimensions to more than one or two tours which have formerly been given by him to the world, and which have been favourably received. Mr. B. is also a sensible writer, much better informed, and more cautious, than some who undertake to instruct home-abiding people concerning foreign lands. It is true that the volume before us is the embodiment of a series of notes taken during a rapid journey, viz., between the 2nd of July and the 20th of August, 1840, counting the date of departing from the Thames to that of his arrival at the same place. The consequence is that many pages have the character of a dry itinerary or of a diary. But still, even then, the reader meets with frequent notices that add to our acquaintance with particular spots, or that are brought into contrast with what the author has observed or experienced in other places.

The most interesting and novel parts of the book belong to the two most remarkable passes of the Alps ; but especially to the Tyrol, a region which is not visited, as compared with Switzerland, so often as it merits. And yet the former, as regards scenery, romantic association, peasantry, and patriotic recollections, can hardly be surpassed. But it is proper to notice that Mr. Barrow, with his accustomed candour and manliness, admits that "It struck us, from the moment we had passed the Stelvio, and the same idea continued to impress us more forcibly as we proceeded along the valley of the Inn, and was more than ever confirmed by our last day's journey, that, however convenient a large carriage may be for a party, whether a private or a hired one, in travelling over the flats of Lombardy, or the plains of Bavaria, it is of all others the least adapted for the Tyrol, if the traveller be desirous of seeing anything beyond the great public roads." He adds, "it would be a hopeless task to ascend with it any of those fine transverse valleys, full of sylvan beauty, of picturesque and romantic scenery, which open into the three or four great longitudinal valleys which pervade the Tyrol."

Having landed at Antwerp, we have some notices of the railroads

of Belgium, upon which our author had not heard that any accident had occurred. But he mentions one event which at first must strike our readers:—an engine-carriage with a baggage-waggon having had to pass over a canal, and coming up at full speed when the bridge was drawn to the side, to let barges pass, the engine flew fairly across, the gap being nearly thirty feet, “without further mischief than dragging the baggage-waggon into the canal, and damaging the top of the wall on the opposite side.”

Having reached Carlsruhe, Mr. Barrow proceeded through Schaffhausen to Zurich, and observes on the way, concerning a remarkable pass in the Black Forest, that although it has obtained the name of Höllenthal, or Valley of Hell, it is more deserving of that of Paradise. The falls of Schaffhausen have been too often described to detain us; but an anecdote of two infatuated young gentlemen may be repeated in connection with that celebrated cascade:—

“George Viscount Montague, and Sedley Burdett, Esq., second son of Francis Burdett, Esq., perished in the rash attempt of descending the falls of Schaffhausen, out of a mere bravado of doing what never had been attempted before. The magistrates, having heard of this resolution, and knowing that inevitable destruction must be the consequence of such an attempt, did all they could, by placing a guard, to prevent it. These young gentlemen had provided a flat-bottomed boat; and as Lord Montague was stepping in, his servant seized his master by the collar, but he broke from him and pushed off with his companion, and they were never seen or heard of more. The servant remained three weeks near the spot bewailing the fate of his much-loved master. Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, two young men, the first-mentioned of whom was on his way home to be united with the amiable and accomplished Miss Coutts.”

Zurich affords Mr. Barrow an opportunity to relate some things concerning Lavater, being the birth-place of that good and pious pastor. We are told that he was shot in 1799, by a French soldier, before the door of the church he had so long served, although he had a few minutes previously performed an act of benevolence for the murderer, and was in the act of assisting another wounded Frenchman. Massena is reported to have offered a high reward for the discovery of the criminal; “but though he was supposed to have been well known to Lavater and his family, they refused to inform against him.” Some state that the physiognomist lingered a few months, others that it was only for a few days.

We next quote a description of one of the two wonderful passes over the Alps, viz., the Splügen, to which reference has already been made, and by a road that is known by the name of the *Via Mala*; although our author states that it is now in reality a most excellent highway, “a road hewn out of the almost perpendicular

sides of one or other of the precipices of this most extraordinary rent." The account proceeds,—

" Shortly after entering this gap, the first impression was made both on the sight and hearing, occasioned by a foaming torrent at the depth of three or four hundred feet beneath us. This was the Hinter-Rhein, rolling and roaring over its rocky channel; while, above us, a perpendicular and frequently overhanging precipice, of at least as many *thousand* feet, rose in fearful grandeur. The road we had to traverse was literally a shelf, in many places scarcely exceeding six or seven feet in width; in some entirely cut out of the mountain, and in others resting upon the edge of a bank beneath it sloping down to the verge of the river, and in others again partaking of both.

" We had not proceeded far along this confined road, in some places too narrow, I think, to admit of two carriages passing, ere we came to a gallery or tunnel, upwards of two hundred feet in length, cut through an overhanging rock, round which it must have been utterly impossible ever to have passed, and which, in fact, never was attempted, until the gallery was cut through; previous to which, the only accessible way was that of making, before reaching this point, a long detour by a zig-zag road over the summit of the mountain, and thus alone avoiding this rocky obstacle.

" Having passed through this gallery, the road continues exceedingly good, having a parapet wall on one side, and the face of the mountain on the other, the width being probably about eight or ten feet, while the faces of the two opposite mountains of the chasm could not be more than some forty or fifty feet apart. We had not proceeded far before we were under the necessity of crossing the ravine over a stone bridge to gain the road, which was now conducted along the opposite side of the river, and so continued till we arrived at the second or middle bridge, leading to which is a second gallery, of small extent, cut through the rock.

" Before arriving at this second bridge we had passed a small recess in the mountain precipice, and suddenly and unexpectedly perceived a few scattered houses perched in it; a situation that did not appear to be enviable in any respect, either for agriculture, pasture, or trade. We passed without stopping this desolate spot—continuing our route by the side of the gorge, and found it even more stupendous than it had hitherto been, increasing in grandeur and sublimity as we advanced along it.

" The hasty sketch (in the frontispiece) of the second gallery and bridge conveys but a very faint idea of the grandeur and sublimity of the objects it is meant to represent. Indeed it has always appeared to me, that the pencil is utterly inadequate to express to the senses, or convey to the feeling, the true picture which Nature has stamped on such remarkable spots as this, or generally on such romantic scenery as mountainous countries afford. This single-arched bridge bestrides the chasm at a height of not less than four hundred feet, and the position of it bears some resemblance to the old Devil's Bridge at the pass of St. Gothard, when I saw it, before the new one was erected, though the one in question is five times the height of the Devil's Bridge.

" On leaving the second or middle bridge, the scenery again becomes

less bold, but the gorge here is so contracted that the two opposite faces of the mountains appear almost to unite, even down to their bases, and nearly to conceal the river, which in one spot we entirely lost sight of, where it was forcing its way under the impending rocks. Near this spot we crossed the third bridge, and changed again, with the change of the road, to the opposite side of the river; and here we took the opportunity of occasionally scrambling up or down the less precipitous portions of the defile, to obtain better and more correct views of this extraordinary gap in the mountains, than could be had from remaining in the carriage. At one spot we descended to have a full or nearer view of a waterfall, where a pretty cascade of the Rhine was tumbling over a rocky ridge.

"We were now approaching the outlet, or rather,—travelling against the stream,—the inlet to the ravine of the *Via Mala*; where the destructive power seemed mostly to have been exerted, and the effects of it displayed in the scattered and confused masses of rocky fragments, of enormous magnitude, which had been separated from and rolled down the mountain side by the force of the waters that had swept everything before them, uplifting and heaping the pine trees in such masses as to obstruct the current of the river.

"At a short distance before we reached the village of *Splügen*, we also passed a spot where one of the mountain torrents had burst forth, destroying several cottages, and carrying away bodily the greater portion of a large house which stood by the road-side, and the shattered walls of which are still remaining, as a melancholy record of the calamity that had recently befallen this unfortunate village. The inundations and destructions caused by this torrent hereabouts, would seem to be of frequent occurrence, and their ruins are awful to contemplate."

We shall not linger long in Lombardy, but only state that at Milan Mr. Barrow saw no signs of the Italian hatred which has been so often represented as being general against the Austrians. He also questions the account given by some travellers, who report that the injury which the picture of the *Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, has sustained, was chiefly occasioned by the French having made the apartment in which that masterpiece of art is to be seen, a sort of barracks, using the picture as a target. Eustace says, "The heads were their favourite marks, and that of our Saviour in preference to the others." But Mr. Barrow discovered no proofs of such wanton destruction, and attributes the great decay of the work to age and to the dampness of the wall upon which it is painted.

On leaving Milan, Mr. Barrow and his friends decided on proceeding into the Tyrol by the other remarkable pass to which some allusion has been made, viz., the pass of the *Stelvio*. We must quote some paragraphs giving a description of this stupendous region, which is stated to be the highest of the Alpine roads.

"Soon after this we attained the highest summit of the Pass of the *Stelvio*, which is marked by a granite column, and through which passes

the boundary line that divides Lombardy, and Switzerland also, from the Tyrol. The difficulty of measuring the height of mountains like those of the Tyrol, where frequently no base line can be had, and the barometer, in such a situation, being an imperfect instrument for the purpose, is fully apparent in the different heights assigned to the Pass of the Stelvio. Perhaps Mr. Brockedon's will be the most accurate of any. He says, it is the highest pass in the world traversable for carriages, being 2417 feet higher than the crest of the passage of the Mont Cenis, and 780 feet higher than the estimated line of perpetual snow in the latitude of the Stelvio. The crest or highest ridge of Mont Cenis is 11,460 feet; but—

The crest of the Pass is - 6773 feet.

Add - - - 2417

Pass of the Stelvio - 9190

“ This is probably near the truth, as Murray, in his Hand-book, sets it down (but gives no authority) at 9270 feet above the level of the sea. But both are certainly wrong with regard to the line of perpetual snow: Murray stating it at 800 feet only below the summit, and Brockedon at 780 feet; whereas the curve of perpetual congelation in $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of latitude is 7250 feet, consequently that line will be at 1940 feet below the pass; and the fact is, that in the hottest part of summer snow surrounded it on all sides.

“ The view that now bursts upon the sight on reaching the summit of the pass is superior to that of any Alpine scenery I have witnessed—the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, bearing no comparison with it. It is a view so vast and comprehensive, and of objects so stupendous, as to impress on the mind of the observer a feeling of reverence and awe, and perhaps of humiliation also, to find himself a mere atom in the creation, surrounded by some of the most sublime among the varied and manifold scenes which the hand of Nature has supplied for the contemplation of man.

‘ All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.’

“ A succession of peaked rocks, rising one above another as far as the eye can reach, whose dark masses are seen protruding from the pure white glittering snow, and the frowning glaciers suspended from their sides, the varied hues which clouds and sunshine alternately impart, the magnificent mountain of the Ortler-Spitz, towering above all the rest, and crowning the head of the valley with its peaked summit just rising to a height of not less than 14,400 feet above the level of the sea—all these grouped together in one cluster as it were,—present to the mind of the spectator a picture of grandeur and sublimity, that no time can efface, and no description—either with pen or pencil—convey.

“ We now commenced the descent into the Tyrol, and were glad that our route had brought us into that country at a point of view so favourable and so magnificent. Bearing in mind the character one has heard of the Tyrolean Alps, it is, of all others, the precise point at which, from its

bold and majestic features, one would wish to arrive, and be told—'This is the Tyrol.' All that the traveller could have imagined of magnificent mountain scenery, of black and rugged rocks, contrasted with pure white snows and gloomy glaciers, would here seem to be realized to the fullest extent."

Mr. Barrow was prepared in imagination to meet with nothing that was not brave, manly, and honest, in the character of the Tyrolese; and he appears not to have been disappointed. We now let him describe some of his actual impressions, as received in the course of his limited acquaintance with the country and people.

"The devotion of the Tyrolese, however, is evidently less a matter of form, and marked with a greater degree of warmth, than in the generality of Catholic countries. They seem, if I may be permitted to say so, in greater *earnest* in their devotions, and I believe are more strictly attentive to their religious duties, in private as well as public, than is the case in most parts of the continent.

"In the centre of the broad street stands a full-length and exalted figure of the Virgin Mary, around which are almost always to be seen a group of people kneeling; but in the evening, when this statue is usually lighted up, a large concourse assemble, attracted, perhaps, on that occasion, as much by the glare of the lights and glitter of the ornaments with which the figure is dressed, as by an impulse of religious duty, no apparent ceremony or mark of respect being required.

"The Tyrolese, however, are, as I have observed, beyond all question a most religiously disposed people. This opinion is not given because of the multitude of crosses, and crucifixes, and figures, seen by the road-side, and of the innumerable little chapels, or the vast number of painted boards posted up, descriptive

" — of most disastrous chances

Of moving accidents by flood and field,"

but because, in all their obeisances and genuflections, there is obviously an earnestness and sincerity, a gesture of humility, and a conviction that they are doing what is right, that must remove all suspicion of these being considered by them merely as so many forms."

Again:—

"What I have seen, however, both of the country and people, has afforded me much pleasure and satisfaction; the former, for its limited and industrious population, being capable of yielding—and, in fact, does yield—all the necessaries, though few of the luxuries, of life, plenty of food and clothing; and as to the second, we heard of no poor-laws nor poor-houses; and the helpless and the destitute are generally, I believe, relieved by charitable donations and institutions, conducted by the monks and the clergy. In the whole distance of not less than 180 miles that we travelled through the most frequented part of the Tyrol, we never met a beggar of any description in town or village, or on the road.

"The rich pasture of the natural grasses and clover in the valleys and

sides of the mountains support their cattle through the summer months, and afford them hay for the winter ; and that most useful grain, the maize, with wheat, barley, and rye, supply the people with farinaceous food, which, with milk and butter and cheese, constitute the principal diet of the peasantry. Their sheep thrive well, and afford them occasionally a meal of animal food ; and their wool, with the culture of flax and hemp, supplies them with clothing. But without an extraordinary degree of energy and activity, even the necessary supply of these could not be acquired. The snow-clad mountains, with their glaciers and naked rocks, occupy at least four-fifths of the territory of Northern Tyrol ; but cultivation is seen to smile in every valley and ravine, in every gorge and pass across the mountains, and high up on their sides wherever the smallest patch of soil has fixed itself ; in many places so elevated and apparently inaccessible, as to make it difficult to imagine how the necessary implements and other ingredients for cultivation can have been carried up.

“ Wherever one of the larger valleys occurs—however narrow its surface, however niggard its soil, however excluded from the benignant rays of the sun—a village, dense with population, with a little church overlooking it, is sure to be found.

“ Thus struggling as it were for existence, and at all events subsisting wholly without luxuries or superfluities, the Tyrolese are certainly a noble race of men, well made and well set up, with a lofty and erect bearing ; their moral character is that of a brave, sincere, and simple-minded people, not much given to boisterous mirth, but rather of a serious and sedate turn—blunt in their manners, but without rudeness, reminding me very much of the Norwegian peasantry. They are not gloomy nor morose, but disposed to social meetings ; fond of music and fond of dancing ; the peasantry acting plays of their own, resembling, it is said, our ancient mysteries and morris-dances.

“ They are independent in their feelings, but highly loyal to their sovereign, and warmly attached to the House of Austria. Happy and contented with his condition, secluded in his valley from all but his own countrymen, and ignorant of what is passing in the rest of the world ; free from all the heart-burnings and rancorous feuds engendered by difference of opinions and disputes in matters of politics and religion ; the Tyrolean peasant and his countrymen, united as one people, professing one faith, live in harmony and brotherly love ; and if any one virtue more than another can exalt the Tyrolese character, it is that which I have before mentioned,—the rigid observance of their religious duties.”

We shall not descend with our author into Bavaria, or accompany him any further on the present occasion ; but hope to have his guidance again, when he may have had a few weeks of summer leisure ; for whether his tour be at home or abroad, it is sure to contain many tokens of sound sense and general information.

Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen. By James Bruce. London :
Smith, Elder, and Co.

ABERDEEN, as we had occasion to mention when lately giving some particulars concerning an Antiquarian Literary Club which has recently been established in that city, is the centre of a province which from very remote times has given birth to many distinguished individuals. The capital of the province itself, as might be expected from its being the seat of a University, stands prominently forward as the foster-mother of genius and learning; and is even to this day celebrated on account of some of the living teachers of youth in the various departments of philosophy and letters. The clergy, too, as well as the professors, who have not been bred to serve at the altar, or who may have betaken themselves to academical tuition exclusively, have furnished not a few eminent men; and under the supremacy of Presbytery, as well as during the reigns of Catholicism and Episcopacy.

Mr. Bruce has with very considerable ability and candour, together with the natural enthusiasm of a native of Aberdeen, chronicled in this duodecimo volume the lives and the merits of a number of the worthies who have shed honour upon the city and the province. He has given us the biographies—in a condensed form, and also in a style characteristic enough of a part of Scotland which is proverbially distinguished for the *pawkiness* of its inhabitants—of John Barbour, Bishop Elphinstone, Bishop Gavin Dunbar, Dr. Thomas Morrison, Gilbert Gray, Bishop Patrick Forbes, Dr. Duncan Liddel, George Jamieson, Bishop William Forbes, Dr. Arthur Johnston, Edward Raban, Dr. William Guild, Alexander Ross, George Dalgarno, John Spalding, Henry Seougal, Robert Gordon, Principal Blackwell, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Beattie, Dr. Hamilton, and Dr. Brown. These are names which significantly indicate by their sound the very part of the British empire to which they belonged. But there is a list that might be added; for Mr. Bruce has felt it becoming in this first venture to leave behind “Gilbert Jack, Dr. William Barclay, Walter Donaldson, John Johnston, David Wedderburn, Dr. Patrick Dun, Andrew Cant, Provost Jaffray, the very learned Dr. John Forbes, Andrew Baxter, the metaphysician, the Gregories, Gibbs, the architect, Morison, the botanist, Baillie Skene, the Rev. John Bisset, Professor John Kerr, the Gerards, and the Fordyces.” It is very probable, however, that the reception of this unpretending volume by the author’s townsmen, and by many general readers throughout the kingdom, will be such as to induce him to continue the *Lives*; for although there are opinions here and there advanced, and sentiments expressed, that may give offence to certain large parties in Scotland who are not remarkable for charitable or lenient constructions, yet we should think there is,

even among these, such an amount of nationality, that they will with silent pride hail any volume that exalts the fame of Old Scotia. Besides, not a few of the living although heated *literati* of the north *countrie* have sat at the feet of the Gamaliels of Aberdeen, and all such will naturally claim a right to a portion of the honour reflected on their *Alma Mater*, by such a publication or testimony as the one before us. A few particulars may be added with regard to the religious and educational institutions that have been erected in Aberdeen.

Old Aberdeen, tradition says, was a place of note in the reign of Gregory, who conferred on it some privileges about the year 893. In 1004, Malcom II. founded a bishoprick in Banffshire, to record a certain signal victory which he had there gained over the Danes; which bishoprick was translated to Old Aberdeen by David the First; and in 1153, the then bishop obtained a new charter from Malcom the Fourth.

The Old Town lies about a mile to the north of the New Town, at the mouth of the Don; and the most distinguished building in it is the King's College, a large and stately fabric. At the Reformation, when the zeal of the barons of Mearns, after stripping the cathedral of its roof, and otherwise dismantling it, was proceeding with blind fury to destroy the college buildings, these were preserved by the spirit of the principal, who armed his people in defence of that seat of learning. This college was founded in 1494, by William Elphinstone, bishop of the place. But James IV. claimed the patronage of it; since which time it has been called the King's College. Hector Boethius was the first principal of the institution, and was sent for from Paris for that purpose, on an annual salary of forty merks Scots, at thirteen pence each. The professorships are Divinity, Medicine, Civil Law, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Greek, Humanity, and Oriental Languages; and there are numerous bursaries for the poorer students.

New Aberdeen consists of many fine streets, presenting a spacious and elegant city. The public buildings are numerous, and many of them are handsome. The chief is the Marischal College, founded by George Keith, earl marshal, in the year 1593. It contains, besides lecture-rooms, a public school for conferring degrees, a common hall, decorated with some fine paintings, chiefly by Jameson, a library containing above 11,000 volumes, a museum, but not on a large scale, and a well-furnished observatory. The original establishment was a principal and two professors of philosophy; but there have since been added, by the munificence of rich individuals, a third professorship of philosophy, and others of Divinity, Mathematics, Chemistry, Medicine, and Oriental Languages. There are likewise many bursaries for poor students.

The records of Aberdeen are preserved from the time of William the Lion, A.D. 1214. From the beginning of the 15th century the journals of the magistrates and town-council come down in a regular series. The town was a place of some commercial importance at an early period. It suffered, to be sure, occasionally from the casualties and calamities incident to the almost continued warfare of rude ages; but from the figure which it made in Scottish history, and the preservation of its records without a break or gap for so long a time as has been stated, a compiler or author who undertakes such a task as Mr. Bruce has done must have many helps.

We like books having a local character; for they are generally written by persons possessing an intimate knowledge of that about which they write, and are most probably imbued with an enthusiasm on the subject selected, and with which they may have been familiar from their childhood. Accordingly, be it mineralogy or botany, we welcome works of the kind, not merely because they treat of scientific matters and accumulate valuable facts, but because they individualize and distinguish one spot, township, or parish, from all others. We feel still more lively if the author attaches himself to antiquarian branches, combining with his local lore the legends and superstitions current amongst his neighbours. But chief of all must any reflecting person long to learn who have been the immortals whose genius and achievements have shed the halo that may happen to sanctify any particular neighbourhood, and who, far beyond the sphere of their personal acquaintance, have impressed their thoughts, awakening and solacing by turns and simultaneously.

Again, one entertains a strong relish for the human characteristics of particular localities, eras, and classes of persons. Take Scotland, for example, at any time beyond the last half century, and especially any part of the country that was at a distance from the fashionable circles of Edinburgh and of London, whether that distance was created by habits or by space; and the leading or most eminent individuals so situated will have been found to preserve much of their natural characteristics whether in the way of quaintness, oddity, or general temper. They had not, fifty years ago, been subjected to the friction of fashion, nor had all been reduced to nearly one standard of polish. We are old enough to have seen some of the supreme judges of the land, of which we particularly speak, who were in speech and deportment unhewn diamonds,—who resisted every innovation that would render them subject to modes generally accepted,—who took, we may be sure, considerable pride in the possession of what they regarded as originality. Our readers may rest assured that Aberdeen has not been barren of such characters; and even the few extracts which we now introduce will satisfy any one

that humour and entertainment, as well as instruction, may be abundantly found in the lives of Mr. Bruce's worthies.

Here is something for Teetotallers ; the authority is Dr. Duncan Liddell, who wrote a book two hundred years ago, about the art of preserving health :—

“In this little book,” we are told, “Liddel has discussed the subject of eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercise, in much the same way that a medical writer in the nineteenth century would do,—for there is much truth in the remark of Bacon—‘Medicine is a science which hath been, as we have said, more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced ; the labour having been, in my judgment, rather in circle than progression. For I find much iteration but small addition.’ The only thing which may surprise the reader in these days, when many physicians assert that wine and spirits are poison, is the liberal allowance which the doctor tolerates of such articles, and the rules which he lays down for drinking. He mentions, under this head, that his own countrymen and the English are in the way of taking a draught of Spanish wine in order to give them an appetite for their dinner—a practice which has very properly been allowed to fall into desuetude. Indeed, the doctor’s whole notions, on the subject of drinking, are of the most lax description. He quotes, without any disapprobation, the advice of Avicenna, who recommends it as an excellent thing for the health to get completely drunk once a-month ; though Liddel ought certainly to have reminded his readers that the learned Arabian physician bears the character of having been a notorious toper. It is proper, however, to mention, for the sake of the characters of Avicenna and Liddel, that the pious and moral Mrs. Hannah More, the very female Wilberforce of the religious world, recommends a regular debauch, at reasonable intervals, in preference to a habit of moderate drinking ; and the wholesomeness of the practice has been vouched for, we believe, by the most learned amongst the ancient physicians. Liddel, however, severely condemns the behaviour of those people who take plentiful quantities of strong drink upon their stomachs in the morning, which he says disorders the liver, and brings on dropsy ; and he also reprobates the conduct of the Roman youths, who, as we learn from Martial, in drinking the healths of their sweethearts, used to quaff off as many cups as there were letters in the fair one’s name—a piece of gallantry which has happily been abolished by Christianity ; and which, if it were fashionable in modern times, would be the death of any promising young man who should be unfortunate enough to be bewitched by the charms of any of the Carolina Wilhelmina Amelias who are now to be found in genteel families.

“The doctor has prescribed a variety of remedies for the effects of debauchery ; such as, a long lie in your bed in the morning, fresh air, and so forth. He adverts to the usefulness of a little wine and water, or brisk small beer (*cerevisia tenuis*), as a cure ; but he outrages, we suspect, all modern practice when he advises his patient, if neither the wine and water nor the small beer do him good, to proceed to wine without water, or to strong beer (*cerevisia potentior*)—certainly a strange thing to give to a

sick man. He sums up his discourse on the point by laying it down as an axiom, that any ill that you get from drink is best cured by drink—a notion still prevalent in this country, and by no means confined to the learned and scientific. The doctor's whole notions on this topic are indeed of so popular a character, that we do not wonder that he got into extensive practice; and if it be true, as the Eastern story says, that the ghosts of a physician's murdered patients haunt the doors of his dwelling, Liddel might have been exempted from this annoyance, as he put his customers out of the world in an agreeable manner. Not only does he tell them how to cure themselves after their debauchery, but, as he says, it may sometimes happen that you may be under 'the necessity' of drinking to a great extent, he communicates to you a variety of scientific schemes, by which you will be enabled to drink any conceivable quantity and be nothing at all the worse. On this head, he has omitted the famous receipt of Pliny, who instructs us, that if we just take care to sprinkle a little of the ashes of a swallow's neb, with a little myrrh, into our wine, we may go on to any extent that we please, and still be perfectly sober. This invaluable discovery was made by Horus, king of the Assyrians, as we are assured by Polydore Virgil, from whom we quote the prescription, sincerely hoping that it may be useful to gentlemen who are called on to preside over large dinner-parties. In the second part of his treatise, Liddel, amongst other subjects, has devoted a chapter to the manner in which literary characters ought to drink, sleep, and take exercise; and under this last head, he lays down the senseless regulation, which to this very day writers on health repeat, that a man ought not to fall to study or work after dinner till two or three hours have been devoted to the important operation of digestion; during which two or three hours you are required to sit, like the Hindoo god Bramah, doing nothing and thinking about nothing, in order that the gastric juice may work regularly in your inside; just as if a man of sense would not ten thousand times sooner go out of the world at once, than submit to any degrading regulations of this kind.

"Of all people, literary characters have the least need of advices of this sort, for they are generally speaking, often hypochondriacal, and but too much given to looking after the health of their precious bodies, as they are in the way of considering their lives valuable to mankind—an opinion which is by no means reciprocated by their fellow-creatures. To conclude our notice of this work, it is not only a learned treatise, but a highly amusing one; and that is as much as can be said of the best works on the same subject that have been published to this day. As works of instruction, they are all, in their very nature, pestiferous, tending to nothing but making people who trust in them invalids and hypochondriacs; for it is impossible to conceive that a man who eats his dinner upon scientific principles, and drinks, and sleeps, and takes exercise, according to printed regulations, can enjoy anything that deserves to be called health; and even if it were the case, that health could be maintained by following the laws laid down in books on the subject, it would be purchased at by far too dear a cost. It is proper, however, to state, that such works, though pernicious when consulted for instruction, are, when read as they ought to be read,—to be laughed at,—highly beneficial to health, both of body and mind."

Now for some literary particulars :—

“ It is rather a singular circumstance, that the act of printing was not introduced into Aberdeen for considerably more than a century after it had found its way into Edinburgh, though the inhabitants of this city have always been amongst the first to adopt all real improvements, as they have always been amongst the last to go into useless and unprofitable novelties. As the first man who set up a printing-press in Aberdeen, Edward Raban would have been entitled to some notice, even if he had not been, as he was, a writer both in prose and verse. Of the birth-place of Raban, no record has, we believe, been preserved; but it has been conjectured that he was a native of England. He was following his craft in St. Andrew's, when he was invited to Aberdeen at the instance of the provost, Sir Paul Menzies, and of Bishop Patrick Forbes; and was appointed to the office of printer to the city and university, with a monopoly of the printing business, which at that period it is not likely that many would have been inclined to dispute with him. He commenced business here in the year 1622, when he set up his press in a house on the north side of Castle Street, and published a treatise, ‘*De Disciplina Ecclesiastica*,’ and the tale of the ‘*Twae Freirs of Berwick*.’ Mr. Kennedy, who had not been aware of these works, mentions a prayer-book, with the calendar, and the Psalms, set to music, printed in the year 1625, as amongst the first-fruits of Raban's labours in Aberdeen. In the year 1626, as we learn from the author of the ‘*Book of Bon Accord*,’ Raban commenced the publication of an almanack, believed to be the earliest in Scotland, which was continued by him for several years, and is the progenitor of the present ‘*Aberdeen Almanack*.’ In order to relieve the natural dryness of an almanack's contents, Raban, as appears from the title of his first ‘*Prognostication*,’ had inserted in it ‘a summary discourse of the proceedings against the pope and Spaine,’ which might have been as interesting reading as the Joe Miller's jokes which generally accompany the modern Belfast almanacks. Raban, it would appear, was duly sensible of the honour of having been the first to introduce the art of printing into this city, and took care to affix to his name that he was ‘Master Printer, the first in Aberdeene.’ He was also pleased to take upon himself the title of ‘Laird of Letters.’ ”

Again,—

“ It is rather a remarkable circumstance that the literature of Scotland owes so very little to the Presbyterian clergy, notwithstanding the leisure and the opportunities which their profession affords them of rising to eminence. The national character for genius and intellect has been almost entirely maintained by our laymen—by Smollett, Thomson, Burns, Scott, Kames, Hume, and Beattie. If the whole amount of what has been done by our Presbyterian clergy were laid in one scale, and ‘*Humphry Clinker*’ and ‘*Roderick Random*’ flung into the other, the worth of these two masterpieces of the greatest and most original genius that Scotland has produced, would far outweigh the accumulated merit of the whole literature on the other side. There are some people who may think that it would not have become clergymen to have written such works as ‘*Humphry*

Clinker' and 'Roderick Random,' and that they should confine themselves to their theology. But, alas! this does not better the case. Scarcely can we point to a single religious work of merit which our national clergy have produced. Burnet, Leighton, and Scougal, belonged to another communion. We have plenty of writers on religious subjects, and plenty of ministers who have published sermons; but where are there any of them who have imbibed the spirit of the Gospel in their writings—who discover any knowledge of its moral beauty, or any sympathy with its charity and benevolence? The best and most distinguished period in the history of our Church, is that which followed the Secession, and continued till within about ten years ago. During that time her ministers were not, perhaps, learned divines of great geniuses, but they were men generally of peaceable and respectable lives; and about the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, the Church bade fair to produce a succession of men worthy of filling the pulpits and the professors' chairs in the country. The Church during that period, it may be safely said, performed the services for which an establishment of religion is intended, as efficiently within her own sphere as ever any national church at any period did. It is almost needless to add, that the flattering appearances to which we have alluded have all been blasted, and that a retrograde movement commenced about some eight or ten years ago, and has gone on with amazing success. The ministers of the *quoad sacra* churches have been admitted into the Church Courts, unions have been formed with the Seceders, every kind of delusion and fanaticism has been encouraged—the use and design of an establishment have been lost sight of—and ministers of the establishment do not scruple to affirm boldly, that the Church is not a creature of the State. Of course, in all these doings, the *quoad sacra* ministers, having nothing to lose, have aided and abetted the endowed ministers with all their might: while the endowed ministers, in their character and preaching, follow the standard of the voluntary clergy, conceiving that the state has nothing more to do with them than to give them money to live comfortably upon. This is a melancholy state of things; but they are the best friends of their country and of the Church who declare it the most distinctly—'Melius est,' says St. Augustin, 'cum severitate diligere quam cum lenitate decipere.'

Concerning Dr. George Campbell we have these notices:—

"In 1771 he received the appointment of Professor of Divinity in Marischal College, on the removal of Dr. Alexander Gerard to King's College. In that year one of his best and most important sermons was published. It was preached before the synod in April, and is entitled, 'The Spirit of the Gospel a Spirit neither of Superstition nor of Enthusiasm,' the text being that most appropriate passage in the second epistle to Timothy: 'God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love, and of a sound mind.' If any one, who is not acquainted with any sermons beyond what he has heard from the preachers now in fashion, will turn to this truly Christian discourse, we venture to say that he will be utterly amazed at what he will consider the novelty of its doctrine; and

will be alarmed by an air of heresy in every sentence. When would a man hear from a fashionable preacher what Dr. Campbell and the Apostle both lay down—that a sound mind was connected with true religion, and that good sense gives the finish to a religious character? Or what preacher nowadays would tell us, as Dr. Campbell with the authority of the Gospel tell us, that we are not to look for the spirit of the Gospel in those who call themselves Christians? or that it was fanatical for a person to consider himself a favourite of Heaven? or that it was at all wrong in those favourites to call their opponents impious? or that by these favourites a revengeful disposition was called zeal, and ‘malice against the person of an antagonist’ termed ‘love to his soul?’ Those who pay no attention to any precept of the Gospel whatever, would hold it impious to declare, as Campbell does, that all the parts of Scripture are not of equal value; and to treat the great body of religious writings and commentaries with the contempt that this truly enlightened man does in that sermon, would, at the present day, be denounced as perfect blasphemy; while we do not know what terms would be applied to the Doctor’s assertion, that there are questions relative to religion on which the Scripture is neutral; whereas, in our day, ministers are not ashamed impudently to declare that the Scripture has not only spoken on all religious topics, but has given its decision on all kinds of political subjects, and always on their side of the question; and that it settles the mode of electing ministers, and condemns patronage, the abominable Act of Queen Anne, and the exceeding sinfulness of the Court of Session.”

ART. XIV.—*The Life of Emanuel Swedenborg, with Some Account of his Writings; together with a Brief Notice of the Rise and Progress of the New Church.* Boston, U. S.

THIS is a very well arranged account of the life and religion of one of the most remarkable pretenders in the Christian world; written by a friend of his cause, it is true, for the purpose of promoting a belief in his supernatural pretensions; and therefore partaking of the character of an eulogy. But while it is calculated to edify and confirm his followers, it will be found entertaining and instructive to all. The religious public is much divided on both sides of the Atlantic; and how far this sect of enthusiasts, the most amiable, perhaps, which the history of enthusiasm furnishes, and professing an anti-proselyting spirit, may yet draw to itself inquiring credulous minds, it is not for us to conjecture. In some parts of the United States the New Church has at present a considerable number of adherents; although in England, we hardly think that there is much danger, in the existing state of disunion and discussion, requiring learning and subtlety of argument, of the Swede’s heresy gaining ground.

Swedenborg, we say, was one of the most remarkable heresiarchs

that ever appeared, as will be allowed by all candid and competent thinkers who are acquainted with the particulars of his life and character.

In fact, his origin, his connexions, his progress, are wholly unlike what have rendered other men notorious who have introduced divisions and novel doctrines among professing Christians. He did not spring from obscurity, and assume a religious character as the only means of earning distinction; he was already distinguished and extensively honoured when he took to himself the character of a prophet. He was noble by birth, and by education and habit the companion of noblemen and princes. His natural talents were of a high order, and, being cultivated by diligent study, had raised him to an elevated place among the philosophers and men of science in his day. It was while thus situated, that his mind became affected with his visionary schemes, and that he turned from the realms of science to erect a new kingdom of religion. It is impossible not to be affected by the simplicity, and, we might add, modesty, with which he stated his convictions, and urged his pretensions. So great is the *naïveté* with which he brings forward the most amazing propositions, and relates his preposterous supernatural adventures,—he wears his divine character with such an apparently unconscious and such a natural air, that one is obliged to feel that he is perfectly sincere and thoroughly in earnest. The idea of imposture never is suggested to the mind. On the other hand, we look at him with the same sort of feeling and sympathy with which we regard those unhappy persons who, with similar or precisely analogous good faith and simplicity, talk to us in a lunatic asylum of their schemes and their discoveries; and who, with the most self-convincing sincerity, adduce these as satisfactory proofs that they are at the moment in possession of sound minds. As Wesley has said, “Any one of his visions puts his character out of doubt. He is one of the most ingenious, lively, entertaining madmen that ever set pen to paper. But his waking dreams are so wild, so far remote both from Scripture and common sense, that one might as easily swallow the stories of Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant Killer.”

Swedenborg was born in Sweden in 1688, and after a life of eighty-four years died at London in 1772. He was of a thoughtful religious turn from his earliest childhood, and even then uttered such wonderful things that his parents declared the angels sometimes spoke through his mouth. As he advanced in life, he retained his love of spiritual speculations, and seemed freely to have indulged them; but, at the same time, avoided that course of religious study which is commonly thought requisite to a right understanding of revealed truth. He says, “I was prohibited reading dogmatic and systematic theology, before heaven was opened to me,

by reason that unfounded opinions and inventions might thereby easily have insinuated themselves, which with difficulty could afterwards have been extirpated; wherefore, when heaven was opened to me, it was necessary first to learn the Hebrew language, as well as the correspondences of which the whole Bible is composed, which led me to read the word of God over many times: and inasmuch as the word of God is the source whence all theology must be derived, I was thereby enabled to receive instruction from the Lord, who is the Word." Just so; he founded and invented for himself, never having received, as such a mind required, proper directions and food; so that he could deceive himself with such illogical combinations of words and ideas as we find in the passage quoted.

In the meantime, however, he pursued with great industry and success the study of science and natural philosophy; spent several years in travelling; and in 1716 was appointed by Charles XII. assessor of the mines. He was always favoured by that monarch, who was a lover of mathematics, and who devised an ingenious scheme for a new arithmetic, founded on a series of sixty-fours instead of tens, of which a particular account is given in the Appendix to the present work.

The philosophic works published by Swedenborg were numerous and voluminous, and upon very various subjects; and are said to contain certain important discoveries which have since been attributed to other persons. One of these, in anatomy, was the anticipation of a discovery respecting the brain, by which Dr. Monro, of Edinburgh was afterwards rendered famous. They contain also many experiments, observations, and suggestions on magnetism, which are commonly, we believe, esteemed to be of much more modern date, and are unjustly ascribed to much more recent writers. It is a curious fact, if it be as we are told, that in discoursing of the magnetic needle, he was drawn into a train of reasoning apparently fanciful, which yet led him to declare the existence of a seventh planet, forty years before a seventh was discovered by Herschel.

The various works alluded to occupied the time of the philosopher for many years, and deservedly gained him a high name in the world of science. During the whole of this period, however, he appears to have been groping his way to what he considered a higher region, not only of thought but of knowledge, and to have considered all that he was doing as simply introductory to the most exalted light and intercourse. The desired point was reached in the year 1743, which is the date of his "illumination," as it is styled; an illumination, the character of which, we are told in the "Life," cannot be fully understood in the present state of the church.

It is to be regretted, at least it must be a disappointment to the curious, to find that there is no account of the circumstances or of

the manner in which this wonderful event occurred. The writer simply refers to the affair as an unquestionable fact; hinting also that as it has been hitherto described, the story cannot be trusted; for that there is "a general impression among the receivers of the doctrines of the New Church, that the narrative is in itself improbable, and that although it may be in some respects true, it is nevertheless in its detail incorrectly stated." Just so, we say again: it is best not to come to particulars, and to rest on "a general impression."

But although the event itself is left so much in the dark, its consequences are not concealed. Swedenborg thenceforth gave up his scientific pursuits and devoted himself exclusively to his new spiritual vocation. He read little, keeping no books by him but a Hebrew and Greek Bible, and wrote much. His religious works amount to twenty-seven octavo volumes, it is said. He became a companion of angels and departed spirits, conversing with them at his pleasure, and proving to others that he enjoyed this intercourse by carrying messages backward and forward between the inhabitants of this and the unseen world. Many anecdotes on this subject are related in the present volume, accompanied with the assurance that neither did the prophet nor do his disciples lay any stress on such evidence in favour of the system; the point driven at being, that a true system of faith can neither need, admit of, nor be benefited by external testimony. This most convenient visionary notion appears to be put forward as an eulogy on Swedenborg for denying all claims for credence on account of the miraculous proofs of his intercommunication with supernatural beings. The people of the New Church, however, should not forget that Jesus Christ slighted not external evidence, but rested much on such testimony.

But we need not argue, deeming it preferable to quote some of the stories told. Thus, "Mr. Springer, the Swedish Consul, resident at London, who is a gentleman of the utmost veracity, makes the following statement:"—

"All that he (Swedenborg) has related to me respecting my deceased acquaintances, both friends and enemies, and the secrets that were between us, almost surpasses belief. He explained to me in what manner the peace was concluded between Sweden and the king of Prussia; and he praised my conduct on the occasion: he even told me who were the three great personages of whom I made use in that affair; which, nevertheless, was an entire secret between them and me."

Again,—

"Mr. Hart, the father, died in London, while Swedenborg was abroad; who, on his return, went to Mr. Hart's house. After being let in at the street-door, he was told that his old friend was dead: to which he replied instantly, 'I know that very well; for I saw him in the spiritual world

while I was in Holland, at such a time (near the time of his death or soon after); also, whilst coming over in the packet to England. He is not now in heaven,' he continued, 'but is coming round, and is in a good way to do well.'"

Again,—

"I asked him (Swedenborg) whether he had seen the lately deceased king Frederick the Fifth, adding, that although some human frailty or other might be attributed to him, yet I had certain hope that he was happy. His answer was, 'Yes, I have seen him, and I know that he is not only very well off, but all the kings of the house of Oldenburg, who are all associated together. This is not the happy case with our Swedish kings, some of whom are not so well off.' This he said in the presence of the consul, and the Swedish captain with whom he sailed. He added further: 'In the world of spirits I have not seen any one so splendidly served and waited on, as the deceased empress Elizabeth of Russia.'"

And again,—

"I took the liberty of saying to him, since in his writings he always declared, that at all times there were good and evil spirits of the other world present with every man, 'May I then make bold to ask, whether, while my wife and daughter were singing, there have been any from the other world present with us?' To this he answered, 'Yes, certainly;' and on my inquiring who they were, and whether I had known them, he said that it was the Danish royal family, and he mentioned Charles the Sixth, Sophia Magdalena, and Frederick the Fifth, who through his eyes and ears had seen and heard it."

The last two extracts exemplify what we have already said of the simplicity with which he spoke of his supernatural gifts. But a still more amusing or pitiable instance is recorded in his story of the angel who persuaded him to tell a falsehood and to vitiate the date of his birth. It is related thus by Dr. Hartley. Swedenborg said to him,—

" 'I was born at Stockholm, 1689.' Here he told me he was not born in that year, as mentioned, but in the preceding. And on my asking him whether this was a fault in the printing, he answered, 'No; but the reason was this,' says he; 'you may remember in reading my writings, to have seen it mentioned in many places, that every cypher or number in the spiritual sense has a certain correspondence or signification annexed:' and added, that when he had first put the true year in that letter, an angel present told him that he should write the year now printed, as much more suitable to himself than the other; 'And you know,' said the angel, 'that with us time or space are nothing;' 'for this reason it was,' continued he, 'that I wrote it.'"

Besides the life and character of this singular man, the present volume gives the titles and object of the several works which he

published, and notices of his religious opinions. The Appendix contains a brief sketch of the progress of Swedenborg's followers, and their condition, at the time the "Life" was published, in Europe and America. It is stated that there were then twenty-eight societies in the United States, sixteen ministers and fifteen licentiates. There have been several periodicals set on foot in the same country to advocate the cause. Books are also frequently published in the same interest, some of which are stereotyped, which indicates an increase of zeal, if not of converts.

ART. XV.—*The True Law of Population.* (Not yet published.)

A NEW "True Law of Population," is an announcement that may repel readers from further thinking of, or from opening the volume that contains the arguments and illustrations by which the author of it endeavours to prove that he has a right to lay claim both to the title of novelty and truth. Not only have so many discordant theories been put forth relative to the laws which regulate the amount of population and the prosperity of communities or states, but the subject has been found so abstruse, and has been treated in such a dry and bewildered manner, that many regard it as one too complicated for human development; while others appear to think that no important practical results or lessons are likely to be gathered from any theory in this department of speculation. People say, it forms one of the most perplexing or perplexed themes of political economy: nor can it be denied, that it has been rendered still more repulsive by being employed for political and partizan purposes, or by being forced to come in to maintain some preconceived philosophical schemes and dogmas.

A very moderate degree of reflection and inquiry will, however, satisfy any person that the natural and providential laws which regulate the amount and condition of population, present one of the most important subjects that can engage the human mind. In fact, the entire system of political economy, practically as well as theoretically speaking, hinges upon, or at least is intimately connected with it. The science of civil government, social condition, industrial wealth and national morality, are all closely related to it. It is therefore worthy of all men; it is incumbent upon every man who is accustomed to investigate his own nature and to examine the phenomena of society, to devote part of what leisure he can command to the consideration of a subject that bears so strongly even upon the demand for, and the supply of, the necessities of life,—of plentiful and wholesome food.

In the present volume we have a mind of no ordinary earnestness and general qualifications for such a task, addressing itself to this

great and difficult subject. The author has taken entirely new ground that is distinctly defined. We are not prepared to record either our entire assent to or dissent from his doctrines; nor do we venture to pronounce positively upon the accuracy of the numerous adduced facts, which, however, seem to have been collected, digested, and weighed with much care. But the business which we at this time impose upon ourselves, is to give as much publicity as possible to the True Law; and this we shall do by running through the different chapters, and by presenting to our readers some of the more prominent passages or ideas in them.

We have alluded to the perplexing nature of the subject, and the manner in which it has been rendered repulsive. But we are bound to say that now, whether the principles fixed upon by our author be sound or not, that at any rate he has propounded a theory that is simple and perfectly intelligible. His arguments are clear and close; his illustrations are far from dry; they are often deeply interesting, and adapted to engage the general reader; and his style is plain and forcible. Altogether the work, forming a thin volume, is concise, yet comprehensive; and we predict that it will find its way into many hands, and most probably excite extensive discussion.

The author assures us that mere chance led him to stumble upon the chain of reasoning; that in the course of every further inquiry he found facts to come upon him, uniformly pointing one way; and that a theory was the result, which he had not at first contemplated, contrary to many cases, where theory regulates the direction of investigation, and sways the spirit in which research is conducted and conclusions shaped.

Our economist begins with announcing what he believes to be the *law by which population is governed and regulated*; and next, *to prove the existence and operation of this law* from such facts as he has collected. With regard to the law itself, this is the definition and explanation:—

“The GREAT GENERAL LAW then, which, as it seems, really regulates the increase or decrease both of vegetable and of animal life, is this, that whenever a *species* or *genus* is *endangered*, a corresponding effort is invariably made by nature for its preservation and continuance, by an increase of fecundity or fertility; and that this especially takes place whenever such danger arises from a diminution of proper nourishment or food, so that consequently the state of depletion, or the deplethoric state, is favourable to fertility; and that on the other hand, the plethoric state, or state of repletion, is unfavourable to fertility, in the ratio of the intensity of each state, and this probably throughout nature universally, in the vegetable as well as the animal world; further, that as applied to mankind, this law produces the following consequences, and acts thus:—

“There is in all societies a constant increase going on amongst that

portion of it which is the worst supplied with food ; in short, amongst the poorest.

“ Amongst those in the state of affluence, and well supplied with food and luxuries, a constant decrease goes on. Amongst those who form the mean or medium between these two opposite states ; that is to say, amongst those who are tolerably well supplied with good food, and not overworked, nor yet idle, population is stationary. Hence it follows that it is upon the *numerical proportion* which these three states bear to each other in any society that increase or decrease upon the whole depends.

“ In a nation where the affluence is sufficient to balance, by the decrease which it causes amongst the rich, the increase arising from the poor, population will be stationary. In a nation highly and generally affluent and luxurious, population will decrease and decay. In poor and ill-fed communities, population will increase in the ratio of the poverty, and the consequent deterioration and diminution of the food of a large portion of the members of such communities. This is the real and great law of human population, and to show that it unquestionably is so, must be the aim of the following pages.”

What these paragraphs contain or mean may appear at present unintelligible or fancifully conjectural ; but our author's meaning soon becomes clear enough, and his matter sufficiently attractive to engage attention. His doctrine may be thus shortly expressed : wherever privations prevail, and the majority of the people can only obtain poor food—vegetables and fish chiefly or merely—there, population will increase ; but where the majority can command rich aliment in a prevalent degree—the flesh of quadrupeds, and other nutritious and luxurious food—population will decrease. He holds that this is a beautiful and beneficent provision of the Governor of all things, “ by which fruitfulness is *increased* when the danger arises from insufficient nourishment.” Our readers, like ourselves, may be at first rather at a loss to comprehend how a law can be beautiful and beneficent which adds to the number of a man's children at a rate proportioned to his descent into poverty (that is, as in other parts explained, until the actual starvation point has been reached, and famine sweeps away) ; but it is rash to condemn before a full hearing has been obtained, and therefore we proceed to indicate some principal points of the exposition.

The law of increase and decrease of population is sought to be illustrated, first, by a similar or analogous law in the vegetable kingdom :—“ It is a fact, admitted by all gardeners as well as botanists, that if a tree, plant, or flower, be placed in mould, either naturally or artificially made too rich for it, a plethoric state is produced, and fruitfulness ceases.” Again,—“ In order to remedy this state when accidentally produced, gardeners and florists are accustomed, by various devices, to produce the opposite or deplethoric state ; this they familiarly denominate ‘ giving a check.’ In

other words, they put the species in danger in order to produce a corresponding determined effort of nature to ensure its perpetuation, and the end is invariably attained." Invariably attained, our author means, unless actually killed by extreme treatment. And this is the philosophy and sentiment, as already partly quoted, which he draws from the law of nature mentioned:—

"What can be more pleasing than to contemplate this beautiful provision of the Governor of all things, by which fruitfulness is *increased* when the danger arises from insufficient nourishment for the plant or vegetable, and, on the other hand, decreased when the peril springs from a surplusage of what is needful? Thus carefully is the species guarded from extinction by want on one hand, and by implanted disease and vitiated and irregular vegetation on the other—a twofold distribution of extremes, with a medium of average and moderate fruitfulness between them; that happy mean being disturbed only for a time to ensure as far as possible a return to it."

The animal kingdom is next instanced, it being declared to be known that fecundity is totally checked by the plethoric state, but induced and increased, and rendered doubly certain, by the existence of the deplethoric or lean state. Cattle of a variety of kinds are mentioned, and the experience as well as practice of graziers and others is quoted.

Having argued that such is the law of Increase and Decrease up to man, without, however, meaning to deny that to different species of plants and animals different *capabilities* of increase are assigned by nature, the author enters vigorously upon his grand field, and with regard to the lords of creation: his plan being, first to give those general, but striking instances of the law in question, as these are observed in the general history of mankind, ancient and modern, and also of limited classes.

After stating that the evidence of medical men is now unanimous as to the effect of the plethoric state in checking fecundity in the human female, while the opposite effects produced by a poorer and lower diet are equally ascertained, certain bodies of mankind are instanced, one of the most striking being the decay "to which all systems of nobility seem to be subjected." The privileged classes in Great Britain, such as peers and baronets, have shown a uniform tendency to decrease and decay; and calculations, as well as tables, are gone into to prove "that few, if any, of the Norman nobility, and almost as few of the original baronets' families of King James the First, exist at this moment; and that, but for perpetual creations, both orders must have been all but extinct." To ancient times, foreign countries, and also to classes in this country, to whom the means of full and generous living are not denied, our author resorts for proofs, which are certainly striking and interest-

ing. The *free burgesses* of certain rich and exclusive English boroughs are brought under his scrutiny, and furnish curious statistical facts; as also is the Society of "Friends," or "Quakers," acknowledged on all hands to be an opulent and well-to-do people, who have not undergone any increase, at least, within memory; the whole affording most striking evidences, "that with generous and solid living superfluity of numbers is not to be dreaded." It cannot be said with respect to the Quakers, that intemperance keeps down their numbers.

Next, take the tendencies springing from the other or poor extremes of society; and, there, it is maintained, the law of rapid increase is not less remarkable, although it may be more difficult to illustrate and to trace it, on account of the superior multitude, and their being widely scattered over the community; rendering general references much more easy than particular instances. Still, remarkable cases are industriously searched out, and ingeniously urged. The extraordinary number of children in maritime villages, to which political economists have sometimes adverted, do not escape our author's notice. In these places the inhabitants are always of the poorest sort; but fish is plenty and cheap, being generally their principal diet. The casualties to which the men are so much exposed, must have some hand in making the young bear an unusual proportion to the adult and the aged of the male sex, at least; and thus have considerable influence upon the condition as well as the relative amount of the sprawling and the ragged young.

A very remarkable illustration is held to be found in the rapid increase of the Mutineer Colony, in the island of Pitcairn; and where the people must have struggled with wants and many difficulties for many years, forcing upon them a mode of living, according to the present theory, singularly adapted to fecundity. We pass over other examples, in order to observe the same method of inquiry applied to large bodies of men, and to the statistics of nations, in which the author of the essay argues that the same results are evolved as in the case of limited bodies. He starts in this general way:—

"It will be found, on examination, that such countries as are overpeopled are exclusively agricultural, and dependent upon vegetable food. That, on the contrary, the pastoral countries, where animal food and milk are the support of the people, their numbers are always low. In countries where the two modes prevail, the population is a medium as to number between the two extremes. The cultivation of the vine and olive, and the use of their rich products as ordinary articles of diet, will also always be found to be connected with a somewhat moderate population. Such are the general results which are to be deduced from the following details to which the author now proceeds."

The statistics of the Russian empire are examined. In those parts where the cattle are slaughtered for the sake of the tallow and hides, and where the flesh is so plentiful as to be the food of the people, the contrast is wonderful in respect of the number and increase of population, as compared with the corn-growing countries, where the aliment of the inhabitants is the exact opposite. "In short, it will be found that the regions most fertile in cattle, or, in other words, *animal food*, are the least so in men."

We need not tarry in China or Japan, in both of which, however, the essayist thinks he finds, taking the most reliable sources of information, his doctrine upheld. But our knowledge cannot be said to be deficient relative to Hindostan. Here the Brahminical religion forbids the use of animal food. Rice, of one variety or another, is the principal diet. Yet, although famine is not rare, and its devastations enormous, the population, in the level and cultivated parts, is wonderfully dense. But to come nearer home—think of Ireland, with its potato-fed population; think of the prodigious increase of the inhabitants since Elizabeth's reign, when, it has been estimated, it amounted to no more than *seven hundred thousand* in all! The population has kept swelling, "as distress and poverty and want of food increased, with an accelerated velocity, as if the pressure caused by its own density urged it forward." All this, too, in spite of civil wars and oppressions, and also of emigrations upon a large scale.

In France the population of the poorer departments is considerable, and so is the increase; in the richer, low—so much so, indeed, that M. Malte Brun "rates the inhabitants of the South for their dearth of children, which he terms 'poverty.'" The essayist carries us into many other European countries, and always finds himself brought to the same conclusion. Nay, he finds that historical epochs in the history of England are calculated to confirm his argument. From the Statute Book, and from contemporary authorities, he discovers that a decay of the population took place from the commencement of Henry VII.'s time to that of Charles II., and that this decay went on "in company with increasing luxury for the greater portion of the time, on the part of the whole people, and especially on the part of the labouring people." These historical facts, it is urged, cannot be explained upon any hypothesis built upon any supposed law of population that has hitherto been attempted to be established; and that they are only explicable when the present theory is adopted and followed out.

It is of course impossible that we can do more than indicate the train of our author's argument, and here and there let him be heard. His illustrations, too, are so numerous, diversified, and ingeniously handled or applied, that no just or adequate idea of the force of the entire essay can be obtained in any hasty outline. But, before

concluding, we must let him speak at some length for himself. The following passage succeeds many details, some of which we have touched :—

“ Upon a review of the whole statistical details of this chapter, the results appear to be so striking that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that as the food of a people degenerates from a preponderance of animal nutriment to a vegetable diet, in that *ratio* the population increases and thickens ; and that, as this description of aliment is still reduced lower, first, by the denial of all animal food ; next, by the denial of the products of the olive and the vine ; and, lastly, by the change from a wheaten or barley diet to one consisting chiefly of rice, or of the potato—in that same *ratio* will the population still go on increasing and thickening, until it has reached the verge of constant starvation, and is perpetually thinned by periodical famines and epidemic fevers, the certain consequences of this state. Nor does it appear to make any difference whether this mode of living is induced by climate naturally, as is perhaps the case in certain countries, or artificially by superstition, or by the relative position of one part of society to that of another part, as is perhaps the case in other countries. Thus, we see the most dense and redundant population in those immense regions, comprehended under the term China, in Japan, and generally throughout the peninsula of Hindostan, where the climate has almost forced the natives upon a vegetable diet and upon the cultivation of rice almost solely, and where superstition has completed what the climate probably originated. Next to this in density, however, we find the population of Ireland—which is essentially and naturally a pastoral country, and where, were it not for an artificial and depraved state of society, which has gradually compelled the mass of the inhabitants to a poor manner of sustenance, not arising out of any necessity of soil and climate, the population would have been moderate instead of redundant, and wealthy instead of poor.”

Even America, when all the circumstances of its history and condition are considered, presents no exception to the essayist's mind. The amount of immigration alone does much to explain its rapid growth in people ; this immigration, too, being nearly altogether of persons at an age that is most favourable to increasing the stock after having crossed the Atlantic. We again quote some generalities :—

“ Upon the whole of the foregoing considerations, as detailed in all the preceding chapters, it can hardly be denied that we have now arrived at the proof of a high probability that the theory of population, which it is the aim of the present treatise to establish, is true. Examining, in the first place, the causes of the increase or decrease of limited bodies of men, of whose peculiar mode of living we have the means of obtaining indubitable general information, it appears to be clearly made out, that, wherever such men are kept in the plethoric state, they cannot keep up their own numbers, much less increase and multiply. On the other hand, it seems equally clear, that, in the instances in which a great increase has taken

place, which, be it observed, are rare, this increase has invariably arisen out of a state of depletion, hardship, or low feeding. This is the state of the evidence as far as it has been practicable to collect it with regard to limited numbers of persons, with the routine of whose lives we have the means of being generally acquainted ; in the statistics of nations the same law of Nature is equally and beautiful manifest. Going through the principal nations of the globe, of which we can be said to possess anything like intimate knowledge, we trace the same law through all its varieties as accompanied and caused by the variations in the mode of living, arising out of the difference of climate, civilization, and religion."

In a chapter containing some minor facts, or such as appeared to the author insulated from those already noticed, we find this anti-Malthusian statement, viz., that so great and continual is the care taken by Providence to preserve the human species, even after the prolific state may have apparently passed, that efforts are shown, and the more observably as the period of cessation approaches, to make up for the previous deficiency. It is also asserted that fertility is increased, in the ratio of delay, until the point is passed, after which the bearing of children becomes impossible ; and a table constructed by Doctor Granville, and Mr. Finlayson, the well-known accountant, is quoted to prove this instructive fact.

As the essayist draws towards the conclusion of the whole argument and details, the matter assumes a more home-speaking and pressing character. For instance, he maintains that of late years there has been a decrease of the quantity of animal food consumed in England ; and this, from the want of returns of the cattle annually slaughtered throughout the country at large, he has done by taking the great decrease of tallow as a proof of the decrease of butchers' meat. The last paragraph of the chapter in which this subject is handled, is couched in these words :—

"Upon the whole, the author trusts he has made it abundantly apparent, that where a population rapidly increases, it will be found to do so always in company with poverty of living ; that the increase will be amongst the poor, and will march at the exact pace of the advance of the hardship and meagerness of living amongst those who so increase."

The last chapter but one in the volume contains very serious and practical matter, fairly drawn, we think, from the preceding chapters ; which chapters, if they evolve scientific views, and a theory which is sound and sufficiently broad, offer most significant hints to governments, to society in general, and respecting the general policy of any nation. The author exhibits no partizanship ; he makes no invidious distinctions. But he could not avoid either as a scientific inquirer or a political moralist, drawing some collateral and general conclusions, without which his essay would have been incomplete, and the lessons, which it is intended to teach, overlooked.

The chapter in question is thus headed,—“ Considerations of the Internal Evidence of this Theory.” We do not attempt to follow in the pages of our review the train of argument, or to condense the lessons to be met with in this chapter, but only to connect a few passages. This is the essayist’s account of the positions sought to be established by his theory:—

“ In the *first place*, if this theory of increase and decrease be true, it is true that when any species, whether of the vegetable or animal kingdom, is endangered, by a failure or diminution of its natural sustenance, and reduced to the deplethoric state, then, in such case, is an immediate stimulus given to increase, which continues as long as the state continues. *Secondly*, it is also true, that if, on the contrary, such species shall receive immoderate natural aliment, and be brought into the extreme plethoric state, then, in that case, increase is immediately checked, and decrease takes place, which continues as long as the state is continued. *Thirdly*, it is also true, that if moderate sufficient aliment, or a moderated plethoric state, is allotted to, and brought upon any species, then mere reproduction will be the result, without increase or decrease of existing numbers. *Fourthly*, that if equal portions of the same species be put into these different states, in equal degrees, it follows, as a true conclusion, that the decrease of one portion will be compensated by the increase of the other, and numbers remain as they were.”

Having ascertained, as he believes, that the Creator has provided in a way, according to the laws developed, for the physical welfare of existences, the next practical inquiry is, What are the moral results of the same scheme of laws upon the well-being and government of nations, upon the social condition of mankind? He thus expresses himself in one passage:—

“ If it be true, as the author is well convinced it is, that population is checked or increased according to varying or opposite circumstances, it follows as a plain consequence that a community may suffer in two different ways, or from two opposite mistakes, as to their social condition. If, for instance, a nation be so circumstanced that its population has a general command, not only over the necessities, but also over the luxuries of life, it may still happen that, whether this command be the fruits of mild and good government, or of great industry, or of peculiar position, or a combination of all or some of these advantages, this apparently fortunate situation may in the end be unfortunate if these advantages be abused. Evil may here arise out of a very superfluity of good; for if the bulk of a people indulge in luxury to an excess, the consequence must be, not only an effeminacy of mind and morals, and a decay of the public virtues which are necessary to the existence of states, but, in addition to this, an actual physical decay and diminution of numerical strength, probably most rapid at the top of society, and extending downward as far as the luxury reaches in the ratio of its extent.”

Take a most impressive, instructive, and far-reaching view of the effects and tendencies of a population in a state of general destitution :—

“From this operation of the Law of Population may be deduced one grand and salutary axiom, and that is, that a long-continued depression, down to destitution, of a whole people, will, in the long run, be revenged on itself and those who caused it, by the superfluous and unmanageable pauper population which it is sure to generate. From the same facts, also, we may draw another axiom, not less important; and this other axiom is, that no kind of misgovernment is so dangerous and fatal as a fiscal tyranny, whether such tyranny consists in the prostration of the poor cultivators before the rapacity of the owners of the soil, or before the united exactions of government and landlord. In either case the fruit is, at last, an overwhelming and starving population, for which society cannot find either room, food, or employment, and who are, therefore, perpetually urged, by necessity and the pangs of hunger and want, to overthrow the government which has been the means of creating and placing them in this dreadful situation. It is very clear that this description of oppression is infinitely more fatal and prolific of evil than were any of the ancient tyrannies, dreadful as some of them were. This is because their oppressions fell more upon individuals than upon classes. If a subject grew too rich, they robbed him; if he resisted, they murdered him; what they coveted, they took. But elaborate misgovernment requires civilization as well as elaborate good government; and this point they never reached. Their taxation was direct and simple, not indirect and complex. Hence, however heavy, it fell mostly upon the richer classes, and no extensive masses of men were or could be driven by it into destitution. To do this, the multiform pressure of indirect taxation is necessary, which, by laying its imposts upon the articles of daily consumption, causes a people to pay imperceptibly some fiscal tribute upon every morsel, drop, or rag, which they eat, drink, and wear, as each article is consumed.”

We are exceeding our limits; but still there is one other passage which we long to introduce into our pages, and which places the moral government of God in a very striking, indeed, in a new light; and flowing legitimately, too, from the author's theory. It regards the visionary doctrine that there can be an equality of *condition* throughout a country. No such thing, the essayist maintains, can exist so long as there is an inequality of gifts and habits. But he goes further, and points out that inequality of conditions is necessary for the well-being of society; or, in other words, is consistent with the benevolence of Divine Providence. “The stimulus of bettering our condition may be one of the motives necessary to the complete exertion of all our faculties,” and therefore a requisite to the action of society. To be sure, considerations such as these have often been urged, without, however, satisfactorily explaining to the many why the largest share of the goods of the earth should

fall to a limited class, and be denied to those below them? Here follows our author's novel exposition:—

“From this objection it is difficult to escape, if the ordinary notion as to the progress of population be once admitted. Under the theory now brought forward, however, this objection vanishes, and the most equable distribution possible, under a system in which inequality at all is necessary, is proved to prevail. For if we look at society and its progress, as here described, we find that all increase is from beneath, and all decrease from above. The holders of wealth cannot maintain a posterity long to which to transmit it. Even ‘old families,’ as is beautifully said by Sir Thomas Browne, ‘do not last *three oaks*!’ Hence the descendants of the poor, in an unbroken succession, are continually inheriting the possessions of the rich; and instead of being *entailed upon a class*, they in a perpetual routine fall to the lot of those to whom a country owes its increase of people—the poor, and the descendants of the poor. Thus, though there is individual inequality, there is no other inequality. The offspring of the poor inevitably, in process of time, become possessed of the accumulations of the rich; and then, in their turn, yield them, for want of heirs, to the children of those who have not yet become rich; a distribution so beautifully equitable, in the midst of apparent inequality, as to be calculated to excite the deepest admiration of all reflective minds. Whether riches, as some suppose, give happiness, or, as others suppose, the reverse, it is clear the happiness or the misery is not the heirloom of a single class, but falls, in turn, to the lot of individuals of all classes; an equal distribution, and worthy of that Creator who, out of seeming disorder, can produce order, and is always found to do so, when man can scrutinize his ways.”

This and other passages, towards the conclusion of the essay, exhibit a philosophy so elevated and fine, and breathe a spirit so religious and admonitory, as must go far to recommend the work to the enlightened and the earnestly inquiring, or such as may have at first felt inclined to laugh at the *plethoric* and *deplethoric* system. We have only to add that we hope to see the work published in a few days, and to learn that it is in the hands of many.

ART. XVI.—*Knight's Store of Knowledge for all Readers.*

London: Knight.

THERE seems to be no end to Mr. Knight's *unique* speculations, all of which are rich contributions to literature, many of them distinguished for the similar service they perform for art; but, above all, for the benefits they confer on the community. His undertakings have the character of originality; his schemes point to comprehensive achievements; trash of any kind he will not speculate about; nor does he even throw himself upon standard authors merely to reprint them, without note or picture, in a cheap form.

Variety, abundance, novelty, and choice essentials, are characteristics which distinguish the publications that will hand down his name, and that are now not merely ministering to the intellectual cravings of many many thousands, but are begetting longings and tastes that are generative to an unlimited extent.

We have now to introduce to our readers the first *numbers* of an entirely new Library, which, from all we learn of the plan, and from the specimens of execution before us, bids fair to rival, in respect both of novelty and value, anything that has yet emanated from Mr. Knight's house. We must give some account of the undertaking.

"If we had a word in our language," says the prospectus, "which expressed the idea of *Lines of Knowledge*, we should employ it as the title of the Series now proposed, to distinguish the work from a Cyclopedia, or *Circle of Knowledge*." A Cyclopedia it is not to be, but a "*Series of Papers*, each, for the most part, complete in itself, which, in the quantity of condensed information they may eventually contain, shall form a Library for Reading and Reference. Each contribution to the 'Store of Knowledge' will, in truth, be a Book." Every single paper or number consists of 32 columns of super-royal octavo size, price *twopence*, containing letter-press equal to a hundred ordinary octavo pages. A number is published every week, a part monthly, and a volume will be completed half-yearly. But we must tell something more, still, of the scheme, and then say and show a little of the execution, at least of a portion of the published papers.

As to the plan and purpose,—the subjects of the papers will be presented in a miscellaneous manner; although, as the series proceeds, there will be discovered in the variety and mixture the observance of a principle and an end. Still, the purchaser may select such portions as he chooses, and classify them according to his own convenience and taste.

With respect to the departments of knowledge and literature, the following particulars are worthy of attention, and they will satisfy our readers that the undertaking has novel features, and that it is calculated to effect ends which no previously contrived work can have yet done.

The information in the "Store" will be original; not a mere skilfully dove-tailed compilation; but the digested and condensed offspring of writers competent to produce entirely new works. The principle of condensation, however, is not to call for an array of dry facts and dates in the Historical department, for example; but striking periods will be seized upon, from the summit of which, or as guided by the lights and spirit which each epoch gives out, the reader will be enabled to see far around him, and to participate in the feelings and genius of ages. The Lives, again, of the men

who have most signally stamped an era or posterity will furnish other observatories. An analogous principle will be attended to in Geography, where the grand features of the globe will be described; and where select illustrations teaching not only particular truths, and communicating isolated facts, but leading to general information, will be given. There are to be no Scientific Treatises, but the *practical application* of Science is to form the subjects of many papers. Government and Law admit of succinct yet satisfactory elucidation, by treating great principles without reference to politics, and pointing out the nature of duties, rights, and social position in the case of every member of the community. The resources of the nation—Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures—open immense space for enlarged and also minute views; the former, to the expanding of the contemplative mind; the latter, the enlarging of each man's progress in profitable exertion. Domestic Economy, too, may be made the subject of exposition in short yet complete papers, so as that each discourse may be instructive to families, with regard to industry, habits, tastes, and enjoyments.

These are some of the branches which are to shoot from the tree of knowledge planted by Mr. Knight—some of the kinds of riches which are to be given out from his "Store." In a prospectus they are more fully and clearly indicated than we have done, showing that each subject has its own limits. One of them we have not yet touched, unwilling to do so in our own words, or according to the conception we may have happened to form of the purpose and plan of the series. We quote the promise with regard to the branch alluded to in the defined system:—"In Literature, the Series will not include any republication of Standard Books; but it will occasionally contain an Analysis of some great work, and a full critical Biography of some illustrious author. Some numbers will also be applied to the object of rendering our finest Poetry familiar, by Specimens and explanatory Notices; and these will form a connected Series, not large in extent, but comprising a great mass of the choicest treasures of our language, under the title of 'English Anthology.'"

The names of the authors are to be in most cases affixed to their papers, which will be a much better recommendation than any general professions however strong, or however respectable the person who might offer his assurance.

We have been thus particular, entertaining, as we do, high expectations concerning this new undertaking; and also wishing it every success, without a large measure of which it will be impossible to follow up the work. Nor is it from a prospectus of the plan of the Library, or the promises and professions of the Publishers, that we alone judge of its character and worth. We have several Numbers at this moment before us, as will have been already understood.

First comes "Shakspeare and his Writings," by Charles Knight, in two numbers; "Railways," by John Tatam Stanesby; "History of the Corn Laws," by J. C. Platt; "The Imperial Parliament," by Thomas Erskine May; "The Post Office,"—each subject in one number dismissed; and lastly, for the present, the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by André Vieusseux, in two numbers.

We received these early numbers of the Library at such a late hour in the month that it has been utterly impossible to take the most cursory glance at any of them, excepting the two first, viz., Mr. Knight's Shakspeare and his Writings; and an admirable starting the enterprising publisher and accomplished writer has made. In these two numbers, and at the cost of fourpence, we hesitate not for a moment to assert that the most satisfactory life of the great dramatist is given that has ever yet appeared. We have been quite astonished at the amount of facts, of thought, and of matured criticism that is crowded into the *thirty-two* pages, which, however, would, in the ordinary way of *getting up* books, fill a neat little volume. Here is really a store of knowledge. By excluding all extraneous matter; by addressing himself at once to each recorded particular; by an acute examination of what may be called the poet's relics; and by a common-sense interpretation of what others have perverted or mystified, all this has been accomplished. The moment one allows himself to regard the sweetest child of nature to have partaken of human nature, he must feel that Mr. Knight has presented to the world a clear, plain, and rational account of Shakspeare and his writings. For the present, and very probably for all time, nothing more will be known of him than what is told or signified in the few pages before us. We were almost about to say that we do not desire more.

A word as to Mr. Knight's mode: he has collected every authenticated fact; he has sifted every current report; and he has viewed the times and circumstances of Shakspeare and his family with a close and searching power. But he has done more; he has so collocated minute particulars, so obliged one thing to be the exponent of another, that the essay may be called a concordance and also a self-interpreting Shakspeare. He wastes not a moment in puling and blowing, although his admiration is genuine and exalted: it is hearty and manly: but he has a reason for the faith that is within him.

How comes it that Mr. Knight, that extensive publisher, should be and do all this? Is there not something wonderful here? By no means; and about half-a-dozen words will explain the apparent miracle. Mr. Knight has conducted and supplied, that is, edited his own "Pictorial Shakspeare."

We shall now present to our readers a few samples of the biographical and critical essay. They speak distinctly enough for them-

selves, both in behalf of the poet and of the writer. The passages belong to the early life of Shakspeare, and the social condition as well as character of his parents.

To the question, "Who was John Shakspeare, the father of William?" this is part of the answer:—

"We believe, as we shall presently show, that he was originally of the rank which is denominated gentleman at the present day; he was subsequently *legally* recognised as a gentleman, in the sense in which the word was used in former days. It was not incompatible with this opinion that he should be either a butcher or a dealer in wool. Whether he possessed any patrimonial property or not, he undoubtedly, by marriage, became the proprietor of an estate. He married, as we shall see, an heiress—a lady of ancient family. It was after this marriage that he was designated by some a butcher, by others a dealer in wool. There is a mode of reconciling these contradictory statements which has been overlooked by those who have been anxious to prove that Shakspeare was not the son of a butcher. In Harrison's 'Description of England' we have an exact notice of the state of society at the precise time when John Shakspeare, the possessor of landed property, was either a butcher or a woolman, or both. We have here a complaint of the exactions of landlords towards their tenants, particularly in the matter of demanding a premium on leases; and it thus proceeds:—'But most sorrowful of all to understand that men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers to have any gain at all, that *they themselves become graziers, BUTCHERS, tanners, SHEEP-MASTERS, woodmen, and denique quid non*, thereby to enrich themselves, and bring all the wealth of the country into their own hand, leaving the commonalty weak, or as an idol with broken or feeble arms, which may in a time of peace have a plausible show, but, when necessity shall enforce, have an heavy and bitter sequel.' The term 'gentleman-farmer' was not invented in Harrison's time, or we should, we believe, have had a pretty correct description of the occupation of John Shakspeare."

Relative to the mother—

"The grandfather of Mary Arden was groom of the chamber to Henry VII., and he was the nephew of Sir John Arden, squire of the body to the same king. Sir John Arden was a son of Walter Arden and of Eleanor, the daughter of John Hampden of Buckinghamshire. There were thus the ties of a common blood between William Shakspeare and one of the most distinguished men of the next generation—John Hampden, who was a student in the Inner Temple when the poet died. Mary Arden's property has been computed to be worth some hundred and ten pounds of the money of *her* time. Let not the luxurious habits of the present age lead us to smile at such a fortune. All the worldly goods (except his lands) belonging to her father were in the inventory attached to his will valued at seventy-seven pounds eleven shillings and tenpence; and these goods included numerous oxen, bullocks, kine, horses, sheep, besides wheat in the field and in the barn. It is probable that Mary Arden became the

wife of John Shakspeare soon after her father's death, which was in 1556. She was the youngest daughter; and she no doubt married young, for under any circumstances she must have been an aged woman when she died in 1608."

Mr. Knight, in these and other passages, is not wasting a frivolous word in support of gentility of birth in behalf of one who rose so far above all accidents of the kind; but it is in order to shed light around the education of Shakspeare, that he thus proceeds, very often exposing, with a caustic power, the ignorance and rashness of those biographers of the dramatist, who have hitherto been looked to as prime authorities; nor seldom making their absurdities suggestive of conjectures, which, although we must regard them as being but guessings, yet must generally satisfy the impartial mind that we have arrived very near to the mark. But as to William's education, we must have a little more from Mr. Knight:—

"A great deal of what would appear little less than miraculous in his writings, especially with reference to the almost boundless amount of knowledge which they contain on every subject, will raise in us not a vulgar wonder but a rational admiration when we look at him as a well-nurtured child, brought up by parents living in comfort if not in affluence, and trained in those feelings of honour which were more especially held the possession of those of gentle blood. William, the son of *Master* John Shakspeare, would, without any prejudice for mere rank, be a different person from the son of *Goodman* Shakspeare, butcher. We can scarcely conceive him killing a calf 'in a high style' without seeing him surrounded with the usual companions and associations of the slaughterhouse. His father and mother were, we have no doubt, educated persons; not indeed familiar with many books, but knowing some thoroughly; cherishing a kindly love of nature and of rural enjoyments amidst the beautiful English scenery by which they were surrounded; admirers and cultivators of music, as all persons above the lowest rank were in those days; frugal and orderly in all their household arrangements; of habitual benevolence and piety. We have a belief, which amounts to a conviction as strong as could be derived from any direct evidence, that the mind of William Shakspeare was chiefly moulded by his mother. No writer that ever lived has in the slightest degree approached him in his delineations of the grace and purity of the female character; and we scarcely exaggerate in saying that a very great deal of the just appreciation of women in England has been produced through our national familiarity with the works of Shakspeare. It was he who first embodied the notion—and he has repeated it in shapes as various as they are beautiful—of

' A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command :
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.'

Had his boyhood been surrounded with ignorance, or vulgarity, or selfish-

ness, in female shapes, we doubt if our Desdemonas, and Violas, and Mirandas, would have been quite so perfect. But a father's influence could not have been wanting in his culture. If his father, and his father's companions, had been examples of coarseness, and sensuality, and indifference to high and ennobling pursuits, we doubt if his wondrous gallery of full-length portraits of thorough gentlemen of all ages and countries would have attained its present completeness. We are not sure that the poor mad Lear, in his paroxysms of anguish, would have said,

‘ Pray you, undo this button ; thank you, sir ;’

or that Polonius would have advised his son,

‘ To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.’ ”

We are so constrained for want of room that we cannot quote a word about Shakspeare's school-education. We can only state that in one paragraph our author makes it clear to us that the dramatist was well provided in this way. But we must not resist extracting two separate passages, which are in the writer's best manner of feeling and understanding.

“ There are local associations connected with Stratford which could not be without their influence in the formation of Shakspeare's mind. Within the range of such a boy's curiosity were the fine old historic towns of Warwick and Coventry, the sumptuous palace of Kenilworth, the grand monastic remains of Evesham. His own Avon abounded with spots of singular beauty, quiet hamlets, solitary woods. Nor was Stratford shut out from the general world, as many country towns are. It was a great highway ; and dealers with every variety of merchandize resorted to its fairs. The eyes of Shakspeare must always have been open for observation. When he was eleven years old, Elizabeth made her celebrated progress to Lord Leicester's castle of Kenilworth ; and there he might even have been a witness to some of the ‘ princely pleasures’ of masques and mummeries which were the imperfect utterance of the early drama. At Coventry, too, the ancient mysteries and pageants were still exhibited in the streets, the last sounds of those popular exhibitions which, dramatic in their form, were amongst the most tasteless and revolting appeals to the senses. More than all, the players sometimes even came to Stratford. What they played, and with what degree of excellence, we shall presently have occasion to mention. The ambition of the boy Shakspeare would not have been very extravagant if he had fancied that he could make a better play than any that the players could have shown him.”

Again,—

“ When William Shakspeare was about five years of age a grant of arms was made by the College of Heralds to his father. This is the grant to which we have already alluded. It is not difficult to imagine the youthful Shakspeare sitting at his mother's feet to listen to the tale of his ‘ ante-

cessor's' prowess; or to picture the boy led by his father over the field of Bosworth,—to be shown the great morass which lay between both armies,—and Radmoor Plain, where the battle began,—and Dickon's Nook, where the tyrant harangued his army,—and the village of Dadlington, where the graves of the slain still indented the ground. Here was the scene of his antecessor's 'faithful and approved service.' In the humble house of Shakspeare's boyhood there was, in all probability, to be found a thick squat folio volume, then some thirty years printed, in which might be read, 'what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered by the division and dissension of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York.' This, to the generation of Shakspeare's boyhood, was not a tale buried in the dust of ages: it was one whose traditions were familiar to the humblest of the land, whilst the memory of its bitter hatreds still ruffled the spirits of the highest. 'For what nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock or progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division?' In that old volume from which we quote, 'the names of the histories contained' are thus set forth:—I. 'The *Unquiet Time* of King Henry the Fourth.' II. 'The *Victorious Acts* of King Henry the Fifth.' III. 'The *Troublous Season* of King Henry the Sixth.' IV. 'The *Prosperous Reign* of King Edward the Fourth.' V. 'The *Pitiful Life* of King Edward the Fifth.' VI. 'The *Tragical Doings* of King Richard the Third.' VII. 'The *Politie Governance* of King Henry the Seventh.' VIII. 'The *Triumphant Reign* of King Henry the Eighth.' This book was 'Hall's Cronicle.' How diligently the young Shakspeare had studied the book, and how carefully he has followed it in four of his chronicle histories, the three Parts of Henry VI., and Richard III., are abundant examples."

We must take advantage of a future opportunity to notice the other numbers of the Store, the subjects of which we have mentioned above.

NOTICES.

ART. XVII.—*Smallwood's Magazine*; July, 1841. No. VII. London: Smallwood.

IF the former numbers of this adventurous candidate,—none of which have come under our notice,—approached the present portion of the series in point of ability and purpose, Smallwood ought to take rank with Blackwood, not merely on account of the excellence of its lighter articles, and the freshness which imbues both verse and prose, whether the papers be descriptive, plaintively or humorously sentimental, but the cast of philosophy and the style of expression which distinguish Mr. Morris's article, for example, on "The Tendency of Public Opinion in the XIXth Century." Indeed as regards the department of *belles lettres*, the contributors to this number are able to shine and to delight at will, several of them, we pre-

sume, being regular contributors to the work ; nor would it be easy to collect and to unite so many having congenial yet happily diversified parts and tastes in any monthly periodical.

Smallwood appears to eschew politics ; but he is at home, hearty, and finely suggestive upon the drama.

We do not specify the various papers, nor pass judgment upon them individually and *seriatim* ; but this we in general terms say, that so highly pleased have we been with the number as a whole, that we would not give it in exchange for the New Monthly and Bentley of the same month, although they were bound up together, and sold for the half-crown.

What we have read of Smallwood we intend to read again ; and this is often the test by which we try a book, or any literary effort.

ART. XVIII.—*Lecture on Milton.* By A. A. FRY, Esq.

London : Hooper.

MOST of the elaborate and eloquent essays that have been written on Milton have been addressed to persons already familiar, more or less, with his writings. But Mr. Fry very justly thought that there was room and occasion for rousing the attention of the multitudes, who are not at all acquainted with the poet's entire writings, and who merely regard him as a poet. Therefore, our Lecturer views him in various phases, and under several aspects, viz., as a *Political* and *Moral* writer, as a practical *Statesman*, as a *Poet*, and as a *Man*.

Milton comes out of Mr. Fry's hands, mighty and noble in every view ; and the admiration is well sustained by penetrating criticism and splendid characteristic quotations. The theme is grand and fine, and has been treated with taste and power. It would be well if nine-tenths of those who think that they are educated, and who readily quote from " *Paradise Lost*," were to read this lecture ; they would hear of and see things that are both weighty and glorious, of which they never dreamt before.

The Lecture was delivered at several Metropolitan Literary Institutions. We are glad that it has been put into a permanent and transmissible shape.

ART. XIX.—*A History of British Forest Trees.* By P. J. SELBY,
F. R. S. E. &c. Part I. London : Van Voorst.

A FINE subject, and one which the people of this olden country will never grow tired of. There never could be an unseared heart that panted not, and did not at once embrace noble thoughts, at the sight of a stately tree, especially if identified with some notable person, incident, or tradition. Then, how much of real character as well as of the picturesque is there in every species, every variety, yea, in every individual ? If there be any of our readers who never marked such truthful diversities, let them but examine the representation of the limes in the part before us, the horse chestnut, &c. There is in fact, considering the price of this portion of the work, which is likely to be completed in ten monthly parts, a profusion of Wood-

cuts and Vignettes executed in the fine and faithful style which has so long distinguished Van Voorst's serial works in the department of Natural History. And yet there is nothing about these illustrations that is not useful and suitably allied to the letter-press. Mr. Selby, from his scientific stores and from his enthusiastic observation, is perfectly competent to produce an informing and a charming history of Forest Trees. He has no occasion merely to compile; and the specimens we have here shows how much he can cram into a small space without sacrificing perspicuity or attractive effect.

ART. XX.—*The Prince-Duke and the Page.* An Historical Novel.
 Edited by LADY BULWER. 3 vols. London: Boone.

WE have in a preceding article entered our protest against this system of editing, which certain lady novelists are so blameably pursuing. Mrs. Gore herself has offended most deeply in this way, very recently. She has lent the sanction of her name, and lent great flattery to two French novels, which are stuffed with deleterious matter to the chaste mind, in the garb of affected morality, morbid sentimentality, and vile pruriency. But we must not class the present work with such a censurable publication; for it is superior to the average quality of tales called historical, vividly bringing before the reader some of the more remarkable characters, events, and scenes belonging to Wallenstein's time and career.

ART. XXI.—*The Secret Foe.* An Historical Novel. By Miss ELLEN PICKERING. 3 vols. London: Boone.

RATHER a mystery than a fictitious history, we must tell the ingenious and clever authoress of Nan Darrell; for although both Cromwell and Charles the Second be introduced, it is not because the love story requires them, if any regard to probability had been observed. But as the love story itself is remarkably artificial and forced, there is the less incongruity in the structure of the whole; so that the Protector and the Merry Monarch—who are always ready to the hands of romancers, when invention is dull or fatigued, and the writer is scantily provided in respect of a familiar acquaintance with the age selected for illustration—are just as good as any other stale historical characters. But why do not those who would rival, or even imitate, Scott, remember that that man of strong common sense, as well as profound and minute knowledge of history, never selected kings and princes as the representatives of the period he intended to portray; but expended his power and his antiquarianism upon imaginary and inferior persons in the plot: and thus, whilst his novels were romances, they were also essentially histories? "*The Secret Foe*," and also the beggar who acts the part of a guardian spirit, present us with little more than an array of hackneyed romantic incidents, unskillfully and violently tied together. The work has been an uncongenial effort, and looks like one of haste.

ART. XXII.—*Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge.* No. XVII.

London : Tilt.

THIS series of Views of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other of the Public Buildings of the University and Town of Cambridge, begins the second volume in the present number. The two finished engravings are of "The Gate of Honour, Caius' College," and "Caius' College from the Fellow's Gardens." The usual number of woodcuts also illustrate the letterpress. Keux's Memorials of our great and ancient Universities require from us nothing more than the shortest possible intimation of the progress of any one of the publications.

ART. XXIII.—*Specimens of the British Poets ; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry.* By THOMAS CAMPBELL. London : Murray.

THIS is a new edition in one volume of the whole of the "Specimens," and Campbell's Essay, &c., edited by Peter Cunningham, the son of Allan. Mr. Cunningham has undertaken to correct the errors of fact and sometimes of criticism, which even the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming" is liable to commit ; and these corrections for the most part appear just and judicious, at the same time evincing poetic taste and study. With regard to the Specimens themselves, and the manner of selection, different opinions will not only be held, whether the general plan, or individual poets be taken into consideration. In some cases we may think that Campbell is too profuse, in others, too sparing, and in other again, that his samples are indiscreetly chosen. But after all, his selections are by far the best that we have ; while the Notices are more satisfactory than any we know of, that are so brief and numerous.

ART. XXIV.—*A Visitor's Guide to the Watering-places.*

- NOT a very useful Guide to a number of Watering-places of most easy and rapid access from London ; for the compiler has been much more concerned to exhibit his taste and his gatherings of an historical and picturesque kind, than to afford the information as to means of conveyance, accommodation, expenses, and so forth, relative, for example, to Gravesend, Brighton, Southampton, &c. He should have communicated far more than he has done about rail-roads and steam-boats, if he intended the volume for people whose time is precious, or who think twice before they pay once.
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ART. XXV.—*Fox's Book of Martyrs, &c.* London : Virtue.

THE Book of Martyrs, Canada, and Ireland, Illustrated, are with great spirit and regularity published. We have really nothing new to say of them unless we repeat ourselves, and that repetition would be one of hearty praise.

ART. XXVI.—*On Stammering and Squinting, and on the Method for their Removal.* By EDWIN LEE, M. R. C. S.

MR. LEE is one of the most candid, calm, sensible and well-informed writers on subjects in the medical department. Indeed, we know of no one who with such assiduity and success directs the public, sometimes by cautioning people against pretension and quackery ; on other occasions against the delusions countenanced by visionaries and professional theorists ; and frequently by means of plain and practical details, founded in science, and fortified by much experience ; for example, relative to the baths, spas, and watering-places at home, and also in a great diversity of parts on the continent.

At present there is great rivalry between certain practitioners in the cure of Stammering and Squinting ; but what is more, there is great difference not only in their modes of treatment, but in the principles of that treatment. Let every practitioner, and let every patient, before falling in with one pretension or another, consult Mr. Lee's pamphlet.

ART. XXVII.—*Moore's Poetical Works.* Vol. IX. London : Longman and Co.

THERE is nothing very remarkable in this volume, coming after so many brilliances in the preceding. The preface is rather meagre, and the notes more so. Still, the contents altogether are necessary as well as valuable in such a complete collection of the works of a mind so gifted and so singular. Satirical fugitive pieces, many of them of recent production, "The Fudge Family in England," and miscellaneous poems, constitute the body of the volume.

We learn from a note, that "Memoirs of his own Time, and of those immediately preceding him," have been left in manuscript by Lord Holland. When will they be published ?

ART. XXVIII.—*The Remorse of Orestes, King of Argos, &c., Son of Agamemnon.*

THE fall of Troy, and the events, with their agents, which followed that classical catastrophe, do not appear to us well adapted for a tale that is intended to be philosophical. At any rate, the effort before us is a failure : it will be read, we think, by few.

INDEX

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW, FOR 1841.

A

ABERDEEN, Lives of Eminent Men of, 579
Aboriginal Texan Race, Notices of, 169
Absurdities of Modern Architects, 557
Acrimony, Pastoral, and Amusements of the World, 314
Adelaide Gallery and the Parsees, 185
Admiral Benbow, Ballad on, 403
Agriculture of the Egyptians, 68
Agriculture in the Pyrenees, Notices of its Condition, 439
Alexander and Nicholas of Russia contrasted, 471
Allegory, Abuse of Egyptian, 63
Alpaca Sheep in England, 265
Amatory Feelings, Character of Petrarch's, 251
Ambition and Great Men, 19
America, Discovery of, by the Northmen, 337
American Indemnity Bill, Lord Holland on, 85
Amherst's Mission to China, Notices of, 209
Anatomist, The Spanish, and the Corpse, 250
Ancient Egyptians, Wilkinson's, 62
Anecdote of George III., 348
Anglo-Americans and Texas, 161
Antiquities, Lady Blessington on the Transporting of, 408
Apathy towards the Scottish Poor, 169
Alpine Passes, Descriptions of, 573, 575
Aphrodisias, Ruins of, 320
Arab Horses, Education of, 381
Archdeacon Coxe and the Life of Petrarch, 248
Ark, A Prolix Dissertation on the, 459
Arles, The Good Hostess at, 409
Art of Printing, Dictionary of, 328
Arthur Wellesley and Authorship, 146
Artificial Hatching and the Egyptians, 70
Assessed Taxes Bill and Lord Holland, 82
Assyria, Robinson on the term, 461
Austin, Mrs., her Fragments from German Prose Writers, 451

Atomical Parts and Mr. Reid, 231
Austrian Lombardy, Barrow's Tour in, 565
Autocrat, Russian, his Religious System, 473
Azores, A Winter in the, 388

B

BALLADS, Old, 397
Ballot at New York, How it Works, 366
Baronet's Daughter, The, a Tale, 454
Baroness, The, and M. Gisquet, 278
Barrow's Tour in Austrian Lombardy, &c., 565
Bars in Rivers, Brooks on, 134
Basil Hall and Miss Sedgwick, 506
Bath-fever, Johnson on, 29
Baths of Germany, Lee on, 21
Beamish's Discovery of America by the Northmen, 337
Bells and Pomegranates, Browning's, 90
Belief in Ghosts, Causes of the, 497
Bengal Directory, The, 292
Beresford, Advice to Lord, 153
Berlin, Chorley in, 446
Bernadotte, Notices of his Birth-place, 434
Better, The Word, and Mr. Johnson, 124
Bishop, A Layman's Letters to a, 301
Blanchard's Life, &c., of L. E. L., 217
Blessington, Countess of, her Idler in France, 407
Blue Circles and Miss Landon, 227
Boccaccio and Petrarch, 258
Boldness of Petrarch, 255
Border Life in the Good Old Times, 378
Borrow's Account of the Gipsies of Spain, 107
Breakfast Party in Paris, Description of, 445
Breeding Larke, Discourse of a, 397
British History Chronologically Arranged, Wade's, 295
Brooks on Navigation of Rivers, 134
Browning's Bells, &c., 90
Bruce's Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen, 579

Buckingham's America, 355
 Buffoonery of the Carnival in France, 433
 Bullar's Winter in the Azores, 388
 Burns, Character of, 15
 Burns's Plea for the Poor in Scotland, 169
 Business-like Recommendation, 150
 Busne, Gipsy hatred of the, 113

C

CALMET's Dictionary of the Bible, 457
 Calumny and Miss Landon, 226
 Calvin's Commentaries, 140
 Calynda, Ruins of, 321
 Cambridge, Le Keux's Memorials of, 611
 Campaigner's Life, Incidents in a, 353
 Campbell's Life of Petrarch, 247
Canny Folk, Services of the, 405
 Capital Punishments, Tendency and Inexpediency of, 527
 Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-worship, 1
 Carnival, The, in St. Michael's, 391
 Carriages, Miss Sedgwick on English, 505
 Caste, Elphinstone on Indian, 37
 Cataract, Effects of the Removal of a, 207
 Causticity of the Duke, 153
 Caxton, Notices of William, 331
 Centaur Rider, Anecdote of a, 385
 Chang Tajin's Opinion of the British Character, 212
 Chapter of Coincidences in the Life of Napoleon, 502
 Characteristics of Mosses, 104
 Chargers in the Battle-field, their diverse manners, 385
 Charles the Tenth and the Three Days, 50
 Chartres, Notice of the Corn-Measurers of, 567
 Chatham, Lord, Character of, 348
Chiffoniers of Paris, Description of, 486
 Cholera and the Parisians, 280
 Chinese People, Character of the, 208
 Chorley's Music and Manners in France and Germany, 444
 Christ and Antichrist, a Poem, 532
 Church Dignitaries and Literature, 310
Cicisbeism, Apology for Italian, 245
 Clarke's Sanative Influence of Climate, 297
 Classic Ages, Illustrations of, 324
 Climate of Texas, 160
 Coal and Iron Panegyricized, 185
 Colchester, Lord, Notices of, 348
 Colliberts, Singularity of the Race, 568
 Colonel Smith's Natural History of Horses, 378
 Colonial System, Merivale on the, 418
 Colonies, Uses of, to the Mother Country, 419
 Combe's Notes on the United States, 355

Common-place and Wellington, 148
 Composer's Business, Account of, 333
 Concessions by the Chinese, Davis on, 215
 Condition and Prospects of Poetry, 533
 Confidence of a Horse in his Rider, 382
 Conscientious Persons, A Layman's Notions of, 307
 Conservatism and Wellington, 147
 Contemptuous Retorts, Wellington's, 157
 Conversation, Brilliancy of French, 414
 Copying-clerks of Paris, Description of, 488
 Cordova, Notices of Grooms at, 119
 Coronation Medals, Descriptions of English, 559
 Correction of a Serious Error, 521
 Corsair's Bridal, Henry's, 90
 Corunna, Incidents of the Retreat to, 352
 Count Horn, Fate of, 78
 Country of the Independent Nestorians, Dr. Grant in the, 197
 Courtiers and Frivolity, 49
 Criminal Jurisprudence, Sampson's, 517
 Cromwell, Character of, 17
 Cuba, Condition of, 423
 Curran, Anecdote of, 350
 Cut-throats, Description of a Class of bravadoing, 490

D

DANGEROUS Classes of Large Towns, Frégner on, 486
 Dante, Character of, 6
 Davis's Sketches of China, 207
 Deáth, Reid's Philosophy of, 229
 Defects of American Institutions, 359
 Dendy's Philosophy of Mystery, 496
 Denunciations from the Pulpit, and Amusements of the World, 314
 Despatches, The Wellington, 145
 Devils and Luther, 8
 Devil-worshippers, Notices of the, 194
 Dinners in England and America compared, 504
 Diplomacy, Specimen of Chinese, 210
 Discipline and British Soldiers, 152
 Discomforts in France, 431
 Discovery of America by the Northmen, 337
 Discoveries in Lycia, Fellows's, 317
 Documents connected with Ludlow, 374
 Dodd's Peerage, &c., of Great Britain, 139
 Dogmatism, Instances of arrant, 127
 Domesticity in India, 35
 Dost Mohamed's Condition, and that of the British, contrasted, 482
 Dover, a Poem, 293
 Downfall of Italy and her Foreign Accusers, 237

Dramatic Works of Bulwer, 295
 Duelling, Millingen on, 72
 Duellists, Anecdotes of Female, 76
 Duke of Wellington's System of Study, 147
 Dun Race of Horses, Characteristics of the, 384
 Duree, Dr. Grant at the Village of, 196

E

EASTERN State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, Notices of, 524
 East-wind of the Scriptures, Robinson on, 467
 Editors and Newspapers, Wellington on, 156
 Edward Oxford's case, Sampson on, 522
 Edward Johnson's Philosophic Nuts, 123
 Egotism and Rousseau, 15
 Elders of the Kirk, Notices of, 173
 Election, The, a Poem, 90
 Elephant in Extremity, 515
 Elevation in Rank, Effects of, 303
 Ellis, Mrs., her Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees, 430
 Elphinstone's India, 33
 Emigration and the Scotch, 176
 England's Trust, and other Poems, 532
 English Gipsies, Notices of, 111
 Enjoyments at Funchal, 394
Equidæ, Natural History of the, 378
 Evremont, St., Anecdote of, 75
 Excellence of English Roads, 131
Exodus, Robinson on the, 463
 Expedition to China, Notices of the, 213
 Exportation and Colonies, 419

F

FACTS connected with the Treatment of Insanity in St. Luke's Hospital, 449
 Facility at Composition in Early Life, Effects of, 221
 Fairy Dances, Song for the, 406
 Farmers in America, Condition of, 367
 Farm-labourers in America, Condition of, 368
 Father Thames and the Parsees, 180
 Fellows's Discoveries in Lycia, 317
 Female Habits in India, 35
 Fiasco, Translation of Schiller's, 291
 First Impressions in London, 181
 Fitness for Office superior to Dignity, 303
 Fleury's French Stage, 43
 Forbes's History of British Star-fishes, 296
 Foresight of Wellington, 149
 Fortunes and India, 33
 Fossils found in the Old Red Sandstone, 373

Foul Play and French Duellists, 77
 Fowler's Three Years in Persia, 298
 Fragments from German Prose Writers, 451
 Frégner on Dangerous Classes of Large Towns, 486
 French, Petrarch's Estimate of the, 259
 Fresh-water Tortoises, Holbrook on, 274
 Frivolity and the Three Days, 51
 Fry's Lecture on Milton, 609
 Funchal, Sketch of the Environs of, 392
 Funeral Scene in St. Michael's, 391
 Fungi, Description of, 102
 Furnas, A Summer at the Baths of the, 388

G

GALVESTON, Progress of, 165
 Gas-baths, Johnson on, 31
Gather up the Fragments, Strict Observance of the Injunction, 199
 General Orders in the British Army, Specimens of, 483
Genus Equus of Authors, Natural History of, 378
 George III., A Country Gentleman's Estimate of, 344
 Germanism and Carlyle, 20
 Gess's Revelation of God in his Word, 142
 Ghosts, Dendy on the Belief of, 497
 Ghuznee, Occurrences at, 485
 Gillespie's Horse, Anecdote of Sir R., 382
 Gipsies of Spain, Borrow's, 107
 Gipsy Soldier, Story of a, 117
 Gisquet, M., Memoirs of, 277
 Gitanos, Habits of the, 109
 Glenullyn, a Novel, 141
 Go-a-head and the Anglo-Americans, 165
 Golden Rules of Life, 300
 Gospel, The, and the Gipsies, 115
Gospels, Robinson on the, 464
 Grant's Nestorians, 189
 Granville and Johnson, Drs., 24
 Grass of the Jungle, 516
 Grattan, Notices of, 351
 Gravesend, Parsee Ship-builders at, 170
 Greatness and Goodness, The World's Estimate of, 304
 Grecian Perversion of Egyptian Religion, 66
 Gregory's Hints for the Use of Mathematical Teachers, 425
 Grenville, Lord, Portrait of, 349
 Grooms, Gipsies as, 119
 Grub-street of Paris, Sketch of the, 415
 Gurwood's Selections from the Wellington Despatches, 145
 Gutenberg, Notices of, 330

H

- HABITS** and Hardihood of the Alpaca, 261
Hackary Koords, Dr. Grant among the, 206
Hand Book for India and Egypt, 513
Hans Place and Miss Landon, 222
Hardships of a March, 481
Harvest in the Pyrenees, 440
Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets, 453
Haydon's Dictionary of Dates, 296
Henry's Corsair's Bridal, 90
Heritors and the Poor of Scotland, 172
Heroes and Hero Worship, 1
Heroic in History, The, 1
Highlanders, Notices of the Destitution of the, 175
Hilarity and a Bishop, 309
Hindoo Battles, Manner of, 38
Hints for the Use of Mathematical Teachers, 425
Hirjeebhoy Meerwanjee in England, 177
Historical Notices of British Horses, 386
History and Literature of Italy in Reference to its Present State, 236
Hogg and Miss Landon, 223
Holbrook's North American Herpetology, 269
Homily by the Duke, 154
Horses, Natural History of, 378
Hostess at Arles, The good, 409
Hough's Narrative of the March to Afghanistan in 1838-9, 479
House of Commons, Bombay Ship-builders in the, 187
Housman's Collections of English Sonnets, 454
Humbug and the Poet of Hope, 252
Hydro-therapeutic Bath, Nature of, 26
Hypochondria and Johnson, 13

I

- Idea**, The Word, and Mr. Johnson, 129
Idler in France, The, 407
Illustrative Anecdotes, 364
Impertinences of Parisian Shop-keepers, 413
Imprisonment for Debt, Lord Holland on, 86
Incarnation of a Hero, The, 2
Incurables, Notices of the House of, 186
Independent Tribes of the Nestorians, Notices of, 190
India, Elphinstone's History of, 33
Indian Horsemen, Expertness of, 37
Ingeman's Waldemar, Translation of, 140
Ingenuity of the Egyptians, 70
Insurrections of 1820 and 1831, Italian, Character of, 239

- Intellectual Features** of Wellington, 149
Intellectual Varieties in Horses, 383, 385
Intolerance and Knox, 11
Irène and Voltaire, 46
Irregularities of Disposition, Sampson's causes for, 519
Irish Blunders, 306
Italian Music, Spalding on, 60
Italy, Spalding's, 53

J

- JACKSON'S Traveller's Remembrancer**, 454
Jackson's New Check Journal, 142
Jehangeer Nourojee in England, 177
Jewish Civil Disabilities, Lord Holland on, 87
Joanna Baillie and Miss Sedgwick, 510
Johnson, Character of, 13
Jones's Outlines of the Animal Kingdom, 456
Joseph the Second, Anecdote of, 77
Jurisprudence in Relation to Mental Organization, 517

K

- KEAKING**, Habits of, 213
Kennedy's Republic of Texas, 158
Kidnapping Ants, Habits of the, 443
Kirk-Session and the Poor of Scotland, 172
Kingship, Carlyle on, 17
Klauer-Klattowski's Selections from German Authors, 144
Knack at Story-telling, Miss Landon's early, 220
Knight's Store of Knowledge for all Readers, 601
Knox, Character of, 9
Knox's Traditions of Western Germany, 455
Kojuk, Scenes in the Pass of, 481
Koords, Habits of the Nomadic, 192
Ko-tow, The, and Lord Amherst, 209

L

- LAIRD** of Logan, The, 455
Landon, Life of L. E., 217
Large Towns, Frégner on Dangerous Classes of, 486
Latin Poetry of Petrarch, Character of, 250
Lavater, Notices of, 573
Laura, and Petrarch's Sonnets, 251
Laughing France, Incongruities in, 432
Law of Lauriston and Duelling, 78
Law of Population, The True, 591
Learning to Write, and Miss Landon, 220
Lectures on Colonization, &c, 417
Lee on Stammering and Squinting, 612
Legislative Decorum, America, 367

Letitia E. Landon, *Life of*, 217
 Le Page's French School, 456
 Letterpress Printing, Account of, 328
 Liberalism and Nicholas the First, 472
 Lichens, Description of, 105
 Liddell on the Art of Preserving Health, 582
 Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L., 217
 Lights, Shadows, &c. of Whigs and Tories, 341
 Lion-hunters and Burns, 16
 Little Wife, *The*, a Tale, 454
 Literary Habits of the Duke, 157
 Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen, 579
 Loan Societies of London, Character of, 136
Locusts, Robinson on the word, 465
 London the Metropolis of the Commercial World, 180
 Longevity, Instances of, 327
 Lord Holland, Opinions of, 80
 Lords Marchers, *The*, and Ludlow, 374
 Lost Tribes, Grant's, 189
 Love and Petrarch, 252
Love-feast among the Nestorians, 200
 Loudon's Suburban Horticulturist, 292
 Lowjee Family, Notices of the, 177
 Ludlow and the Lords Marchers, 374
 Luther, Character of, 8
 Lycia, Discoveries in, 317
 Lycian Turks, Notices of the, 323

M

MACKENZIE, Anecdote of Henry, 511
 Machine Printing, Manner of, 334
 Maclean, Mr. and Miss Landon, 228
 Madeira Illustrated, Picken's, 388
 Mahomet, Character of, 4
 Major Hough's Narrative, 479
 Man-hero, Carlyle's, 4
 Manhood of Burns, 16
 Manners, Lord John, his England's Trust and other Poems, 532
 Manners, English and French, contrasted, 410
 Manners and Customs of the ancient Egyptians, 62
 Manure, Abundance of, 106
 March of the Army of the Indus, in 1838-9, 479
 Marie Antoinette as an Actress, 45
 Mariotti's Italy, 236
 Marks, St., Description of, 447
 Marriage Ceremonies of the Gipsies, 110
 Maupin, the Actress, Anecdotes of, 76
 Medals, Importance of, to History, 561
 Melody of Petrarch's Poetry, 252
 Memoirs of a Soldier, 351
 Memoirs of M. Gisquet, 277
 Memoranda of France, &c., Lee's, 456
 Men of Letters as Heroes, 11

Mental Organization, Sampson's Theory of, 518
 Merivale's Lectures on Colonization, 417
Michaelmas Term, verses from, 400
 Military scheme of Wellington, 150
 Mill and Elphinstone as Historians, 36.
 Miller on the Old Red Sandstone, 369
 Miller's Summer Morning, 90
 Millengen's History of Duelling, 72
 Mines of Coal and Iron, England's Debt to, 186
 Mimickry and Fleury, 47
 Mineral Springs of England, Lee on, 21
Minx, *The Word*, and Mr. Johnson, 128
 Miseries of war, Wellington on the, 155
 Miss Sedgwick's Letters from Abroad to Kindred at home, 503
 Mitford, Miss, and Miss Sedgwick, 509
 Monomania, Delusions of, 501
 Monstrosities in Modern Fashions, 556
 Monuments of Calynda, 321
 Moore's Poetical Works, 286, 612
 Moral Character of Amusements, 315
 Moral Disorders and Punishments, Sampson on, 523
 Moses and a Belief in a Future State, 65
 Mosses, Rhind on, 103
 Mounting Horses, Ancient Manner of, 384
 Moxon, Talfourd's Speech for Mr., 545
 Moylan's Collection of Lord Holland's Opinions, 80
 Moyne Abbey, a Tale told of, 441
 Mud-baths, Johnson on, 29
 Muscovite Cabinet, System of the, 476
 Mushrooms, Description of, 101
 Music and Manners in France and Germany, 444
 Music and Miss Landon, 220
 Musical Education, its Moral Influence, 498
 Mystery, Dendy's Philosophy of, 496

N

NATIONAL Sensitiveness, Proofs of, 364
 Newman's Introduction to the History of Insects, 443
 Newspapers and the Romans, 56
 New Supplement to Euclid's Geometry, 140
 Nicholas the First, Russia under, 470
 Nomadic Koords, Lawless Habits of the, 192
 Non-intrusion Question, Evil Effects of, 175
 Nooroolah Bey and Dr. Grant, 206
 Norse System, Carlyle on the, 3
 North American Herpetology, Holbrook's, 269
 Northman in Italy, First Impressions of a, 59

Northmen, Discovery of America by the, 337
Notes on the United States, 355

O

OBSERVANCES in France, Mrs. Ellis on the Religious, 433
Oases, Description of the, 71
Odin, Character of, 2
Old Red Sandstone, Miller on the, 369
Omens disregarded, 50
Omnibuses, London, and the Parsees, 181
One Hundred Sonnets, Translation of, 138
Ooroomiah, Sketch of the Province of, 191
Opinions of Lord Holland, 80
Origin of Duelling, 73
Othello Denounced, 364
Otto, a Bavarian Gentleman, Story of, 499

P

PAGANISM, Scandinavian, Character of, 2
Palmerston, Lord, and the Texans, 165
Papal Court, Petrarch and the, 256
Paradise Lost and Queen Mab Compared, 548
Paris and Petrarch, 259
Parsees in England, Journal of the, 177
Pass of Kojuk, Difficulties encountered in the, 481
Pasture Grounds of the Alpaca, 261
Patriarch, Notices of the Nestorian, 203
Patronage and Merit, 304
Pau, Notices of, and its Associations, 434
Paul's Cathedral, St., and Miss Sedgwick, 509
Pay and Fighting, 151
Pedantry and Petrarch, 257
Peerage, &c. of Great Britain, 139
Percy Society Publications, The, 397
Perpetuation of Slavery, Grounds for dreading the, 420
Persian and Hindoo Poetry compared, 40
Peruvian Sheep, Notices of, 259
Petrarch, Campbell's Life of, 247
Pfeffers, Nature of the Waters of, 27
Philosophic Nuts, Johnson's, 123
Philosophy, Vegetable, 99
Phrenological Visit to America, 355
Picken's Madeira Illustrated, 388
Pickering, Miss, her Secret Foe, 610
Pickpocket, Anecdotes of a French, 283
Picture of France, Trollope's, 569
Pilgrimages to the Spas, 23
Pisa, Italian Scholars at, 243
Platonism and Petrarch, 254
Plethoric and Deplethoric System of Population, The, 592
Poet-hero, Man as a, 5
Poetry of the Gipsies, 122
Poetry, Estimate of Petrarch's, 251

Pointed Architecture, Neglect of, in England, 555

Police Force and the Romans, 58

Policy of Recognising the Independence of Texas, 167

Political Relations between England and Russia, 276

Poor-law in Scotland, State of the, 169, 171

Popular Assemblies, Wellington on, 155

Population, The true Law of, 591

Port of London and the Parsee Ship-builders, 179

Portsmouth, Miss Sedgwick at, 503

Preaching and Amusements of the World, 313

Prefect of Police in France, Notices of the, 278

Prejudices, French, towards the English, 412

Present State of Banking, by a Scotch Banker, 293

Priest, Shakspeare as a, 7

Primitive Habits, Notices of, 324

Prince-Duke, The, and the Page, 610

Prince Oscar of Sweden on Punishments and Prisons, 530

Princes and Architects compared, 178

Princess Talleyrand, Anecdote of, 415

Principal Baths of Germany, 21

Principles of Egyptian Religion, 65

Pringle's Translation of Calvin's Commentaries, 140

Printing Presses, Account of, 334

Professor Spalding's Italy, 53

Profligacy of the City of Washington, 362

Promotion and Simple Merit, 303

Prophet, Man worshipped as a, 4

Protests of Lord Holland, Collection of, 80

Ptericthys, Miller's Account of the, 373

Public Roads, Report on, 131

Pugin's true Principles of Pointed Architecture, 552

Pulpit Ministrations and Amusements of the World, 313

Puritanism, Carlyle on, 9

Pyrenean Inns, A sample of, 437

Pyrenees, Summer and Winter in the, 430

Q

QUEEN MAB, Talfourd's Criticism of, 548
Queen Mary and Knox, 10

R

RAIKES's France, 43

Raikes Currie's Address to the Working Men of Southampton, 294

Railways and Turnpike Roads, 132

Ranting Rambler, The, a song, 400

Rattlesnakes, Holbrook on, 275
 Ravines in Madeira, their Appearance, 393
 Reader's Business, Account of, 334
 Reading, Bewilderment of the Town of, 502
 Real Illusion, Instances of, 501
 Recognition of Independence of Texas, 165
 Records of Female Piety, 292
 Red Sandstone, Miller on the Old, 369
 Refugees in Paris, their Troublesome Behaviour, 282
 Regeneration of Italy not to be despaired of, 242
 Reid's Philosophy of Death, 229
 Religious Causes of Death, Reid on, 234
 Religious Belief of Primitive Man, Nature of, 67.
Reliquiæ Antiquæ, 141
 Remarkable Sites for Cities, 318
 Remedies for the Vices and Crimes of Large Towns, 491
 Remorse of Orestes, The, 612
 Report on Public Roads, 131
 Reported Debates, Wellington on, 156
 Reptiles of the United States, Holbrook's, 269
 Republic of Texas, Kennedy's, 158
 Responsibility, Moral, Sampson on, 522
 Restoration of the Bourbons, Lord Holland on, 84
 Restraints of Chinese Imperial Rule, 212
 Revolution and Transformation, 47
 Roads and Navigable Rivers, 131
 Robin Goodfellow, Collier's Edition of, 404
 Robinson's Edition of Calmet's Dictionary, 457
 Rommany, Notices of the, 112
 Round Table, The, by Hazlitt, 455
 Rousseau, Character of, 15
 Russian Invasion and India, 484
 Russia under Nicholas the First, 470

S

SABBATH Scenes among the Nestorians, 199
 Sagacity of the Alpaca, 264
 Salamanca, Wellington at, 151
 Sampson's Criminal Jurisprudence, 517
 Sand-banks in Rivers, Brooks on, 134
 Sandstone, Miller on the Old Red, 369
 Santa Anna and the Texans, 164
 Saratoga, Notices of, 364
 Savage's Dictionary of Printing, 293
 Scandalous Reports and Miss Landon, 225
 Scandinavian Paganism, Character of, 2
 Schonberg's Metallic Engravings in Relief, 295
 Schools of Poland and Nicholas, 474

Scriptures, The, and the Nestorians, 203
 Sedgwick's Stories for Young People, 292
 Selby's British Forest Trees, 609
 Sentimental Humanity and Mr. Sampson's System, 525
 Sergeant of the 5th Regiment of Foot, Memoirs of, 351
 Servants in France, Treatment of, 415
 Shakspeare and his Writings, by C. Knight, 604
 Shelley's Works, Prosecution for the Publication of, 545
 Shultz among the Koords, 205
 Silk and Alpaca Wool, 268
 Simoom, Notices of the, 71
 Sketches of China, Davis's, 207
 Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley, 441
 Slander and Miss Landon, 226
 Slavery and Profligacy in Washington, 363
 Slavery in Texas, 168
 Slave System of the Romans, 58
 Slave-trade, Merivale on the, 421
 Smallwood's Magazine, 608
 Smyrna, Recent Condition of, 320
 Society, French and English, Contrasted, 410
 Socrates, Dendy on the Demon of, 499
 Soldiership, Russian System of, 477
 Songs and Ballads relative to the London 'Prentices, 398
 Southwood Smith on Suicide, 236
 Spalding's Italy, 53
 Spanish Gipsies, Character of, 117
 Sparks's Introduction to Chemistry, 456
 Spas, Pilgrimages to the, 23
 Specimens of the British Poets, Campbell's, 611
 Stage, The French, 43
 Stammering, Yearsley on, 144
 Statistics of Duelling in George the Third's Reign, 79
 Statuary and the Parsees, 182
 Stephen Austin and Texas, 163
 Stereotyping, Manner of, 335
 Sterling's Russia under Nicholas the First, 470
 St. George, Anecdotes of, 76
 Stirrups, their Antiquity in England, 384
 St. Michael Oranges, Particulars concerning, 389
 Strategy, Specimen of Chinese, 211
 Stupendous Scenery, Sketch of, 396
 Success or Failure and the British Army, 152
 Suicide, Mr. Reid on, 235
 Suitors and Miss Landon, 227
 Summer at the Baths of Furnas, A, 388
 Summer Morning, Miller's, 90
 Supplement to Wade's Chronology, 141
 Swedenborg, Life of Emanuel, 586

Sword of Rath-Coll, The, 300
 Syriac Language and the Nestorians, 202

T

TALENTS and Sound Sense, 155
 Talfourd's Speech for Mr. Moxon, 545
 Taglioni and the Parsees, 183
 Taylor's Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister, 447
 Taylor's Origin, &c. of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, 295
 Temperance Tour in America, 360
 Terror, Russian System of, 477
 Testimonials, a Layman's Notions of, 306
 Texas, Kennedy's Republic of, 158
 Theatres of London and the Parsees, 184
 Thermal Springs, Sources of, 25
 Thornton's History of the British Empire in India, 455
 Three Years in Persia, Fowler's, 298
 Thurtell, Notices of, 111
 Till's Descriptions of English Coronation Medals, 559
 Titus Livius, Value set upon, 329
 Tlos, Copy of an Inscription found at, 327
 Treatment of Slaves, Spanish, 423
 Tree and Life Compared, 3
Tribute-bearer, effect of the Inscription in China, 209
 Trollope's Summer in Western France, 565
 Tropical Regions, Revolutions in, 422
 True Principles of Pointed Architecture, 552
 Turin, Italian Scholars at, 243
 Type-founding, Description of, 332
 Tyrol, Barrow's Tour in the Northern, 565
 Tyrolese, Sketches of the, 577

U

UNIQUEITY of Nicholas the First, 477
 Unguardedness of Miss Landon, 224
 Union between Great Britain and Ireland, Lord Holland on, 83
 Unromantic Comments, 254

V

VALETTA, Curious Duel at, 78
 Valley of Campan, Prevalence of Paupers in the, 437
 Vapour-Baths and the Russians, 27
Vates, Meaning of, 5
 Vedas, Elphinstone on the, 39
 Vegetable Kingdom, Rhind's, 99
 Victoria, Queen, and the Parsees, 182
 Victory, Miss Sedgwick's Visit to the Ship, 506

Vittoria, The British at, 151
 Voltaire and Fleury, 44

W

WADDINGTON's History of the Reformation on the Continent, 142
 Wade's Supplement to his Chronology, 141
 Waking Dreams of Swedenborg, 589
 Waldemar, Translated by a Lady, 140
 Walton on Naturalization of the Alpaca, 259
 Warlike? Are the Americans, 357
 Warm Baths, Cautions about, 28
 Washington, Profligacy of the City of, 362
 Watering-place, Sorts of Company at an American, 364
 Wellington Despatches, The, 145
 Western France, Trollope's Summer in, 565
 Whigs and Tories, Lights, Shadows, &c. of, 341
 Wildbad, Dr. Johnson at, 24
 Wild Horses, Notices of, 380
 Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, 62
 Winchester Cathedral and Miss Sedgwick, 508
Winds, Robinson on, 467
 Wine-Question Settled, The, 296
 Winter in the Azores, A, 388
 Wise People of England, Hints to, 152
 Witty Duelist, Anecdote of a, 75
 Wollaston's Sonnets of Petrarch, 138
 Women of England and America, Compared, 505
 Woodward on Preaching against the Amusements of the World, 301
 Wool, Notices of Alpaca, 266
 Words are Elastic, 123
 Worldly-wisdom and Wellington, 147
 Writings of Swedenborg, Account of the, 586
 Writing Verses, Miss Landon's Early Facility at, 221
 Wynkin de Worde, Notices of, 331

Y

YEARSLEY on Stammering, 144
 Yezibeas, Notices of the, 194
 Young Men to Old Women in France, Manners of, 411

Z

ZINCALI, Borrow's, 107
 Zuingle and Luther, 143



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